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GREER GARSON

EDITED FROM HOLLYWOOD By RUTH WATERBURY

WHY GREER GARSON DID NOT MARRY!

CLARK GABLE'S EXPERIENCES IN CAMP

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MOVIELAND

EDITED FROM HOLLYWOOD BY RUTH WATERBURY

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OUR WRITERS

Ann Daggett...

who wrote the excellent story on page 32 of this issue, first saw the light in Springfield, Massachusetts, but grew up to be a reporter on a Seattle paper. She has been a publicity woman and has done research work for the Saturday Evening Post. Right now, she's married to a handsome publicity agent and has a four year old daughter named Christopher. Watch for Mrs. Daggett's next story in Movieland.

Eleanor Harris...

wrote a play while at Stanford University, which landed her a job at Twentieth Century-Fox, writing movies. With the money she earned from penning "Brigham Young," she took herself to New York for a month . . . and stayed two years, her pocketbook reimbursed from the sale of stories to Glamour and Cosmopolitan. She makes her Movieland debut by editing Brian Donlevy's diary.

Fredda Dudley...

ran away from home when she was five, and begged a band of gypsies to steal her, which was doubtless the result of seeing too many movies. The gypsies wouldn't take her up on the suggestion, but she's away from her Denver home now, writing stories of Hollywood, and loving it. She has a terrific crush on Paul Henreid, whose views she reports on page 45.

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

by Ruth Waterbury

Sparkling Frances Neoi (the newiywed Mrs. Van Heflin) hos just signed a most unusuai controct in Holiywood. She's to star for MGM but not until after the advent of a Heflin heir or heiress eorly this spring.

HELLO.

This is the first issue of Movieland, and we hope you will like us. We are coming to you straight from Hollywood, and we hope to bring you the glamour and excitement, the stimulus and the inspiration of this fabulous community.

In Movieland's opinion, there is no other place left on earth in these dark days that still remains so wacky and so wonderful. It's a community where the most enchanted studio of them all, Walt Disney's, can turn itself over almost 100 percent to our war effort. It's a place where everybody always talks youth, where you are old at twenty-five, but where, actually, age has no meaning, which permits Lewis Stone, touching seventy, to co-star with Mickey Rooney, who has just kissed twenty good-bye. It's a place where you can't bury your dead loves, where you can't hide your past, but where you can always have a future.

Movieland means to bring you all of this, the color and the laughter, the romance and the creative impulses.

We repeat. We hope you'll like us.

Hollywood, of course, is deeply affected by the war. In the past year, an average of ten men a day have left for the service, changing the studios mightily.

Pretty, slack-clad office girls whisk mail to executives' desks while teen age boys enlist. Brisk, business-like women sit at publicity typewriters dreaming of ways to make million dollar cheese-cake palatable to small town and big city editors. Story writers tap out menless stories of girl meets girl before going home to meatless dinners. Signs go up: "Don't make mistakes. We can still obtain brains but metal, paper and rubber are hard to get." The male chorus boy has been replaced by girls who fill his shoes adequately but stretch male costume-hiplines considerably. Hen party chatter has replaced the noise of the howling wolf. "What's new with you?" is now "What's new with the private?" Nevertheless, the typical Hollywood patterns remain.

Here are some examples.

At the Naval Aid Relief auction held recently at Magnin's deluxe department store Herbert Marshall, whom you see there with Dottie Lamour, did all right by his wife, Lee Russell—bought her a scarlet coat and hat that should give a lot of Naval kiddies a happy New Year.

Also bidding for some of those Valentina original gowns were the foursome you see here—Director Mervyn LeRoy, Irene Dunne, Loretta Young, and Major Tom Lewis (Loretta's husband). Major Lewis seemed to want to buy everything he saw for the lovely Loretta.

An example of how Hollywood jumps the gun on romances is the silly going the rounds that Ann Sothern may marry Robert Sterling before Bob goes into service. Ann is very fond of Bob, and vice versa, but as for marrying him before he dons uniform, that's impossible for the good and sufficient reason that Ann isn't yet finally divorced from Roger Pryor. That divorce does became final next May seventh.

At that time they may wed, of course, but there isn't anything definite about it. Ann was deeply in love with Roger Pryor. Since Rog was married at the time of their first meeting, though he had long been separated from his wife, Ann had to wait a couple of years before they could become husband and wife. Her disillusion when the marriage failed was very bitter.

Bob is a very much different type from Roger, and he's devotedly in love with Ann. So you might keep your eyes peeled for license registers next May—but don't look for Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling. Look for Harriet Lake and William Hart—their true names.

★ ★ ★

As we go to press, the Errol Flynn case is not settled. It is most certainly a difficult case as far as Hollywood itself is concerned, throwing as it does an unfortunate light on an industry which on the whole is busy, dignified, and even inspired. But no matter what the result of it may be, Hollywood, always looking for laughs, cannot resist a few cracks at its expense, like privately calling "Gentleman Jim" "Just Plain Jim," or like Director Eddie Buzzell, directing "The Youngest Profession" at MGM, calling his picture full of feminine juveniles, "Flynn's Paradise."

★ ★ ★

Stephen Crane was turned down by his draft board because of a weak heart. He's now in 4-F after having been married to Lana Turner eight months.

Mickey and Ava Gardner Rooney are the current buzz of excitement wherever the inside crowd gathers. Tommy Dorsey "reconciled" these kids, after Ava threatened to divorce the Mick, but don't take too much stock in that dove of peace fluttering about them.

There are just no generalizations that stand up long in movieland. Take that oldie, that two careers in one household are enough to kill any movie marriage. Most of the time that proves out true, but this time, with Mickey and Ava, it would help if there were two careers.

The big thing is that as much in love as Mickey and Ava are—and they honestly are in love—their points of view on life and how to live it are nearly irreconcilable.

As you perhaps remember, beautiful Ava, still in her teens, was a Southern girl. She has been brought up to all the refinements, and particularly those niceties that mean meals on time, guests in the house, a formal social life.

Of all that, Mickey knows not a thing in the world. His dad and mother, more power to them, were players in burlesque, his father, Joe Yule, a burlesque comedian, his mother a chorus girl. The Mick himself just lazed around for his first six months and has never stopped working since.

Ava knows nothing of the demands of a movie career. Personally, she wouldn't be averse to one for herself. but there again, she and Mickey quarrel. He wants her to keep on being the sweet domestic creature he originally fell for. However, when Ava lives up to this role, plans a dinner party and Mickey forgets to come home for it, she burns.

There's another complication right there. When these lovers quarrels arise, Ava's mother sides with her, Mickey's mother and her husband, who is the Mick's stepfather, side with him. Joe Yule, at Mickey's insistence on the MGM payroll, keeps out of it but sometimes mutters about the hazards of marriage. It all works out to being tough on two nice kids. Maybe Tommy Dorsey playing it sweet and low can keep this mismatched but loving pair together, but don't count on it.

★ ★ ★

Movie queens can have their cake and apparently eat it, too.

The first picture (since the silent days) to go absolutely ersatz in food is "True to Life." In it Mary Martin, Dick Powell and Victor Moore dine on a massive sirloin and green peas, both of plastic. The gravy was of liquid plastic, the potatoes of carved balsa wood. It took virtuosity for the trio to register the proper gustatory approach to these lumberyard items, but they came across.

We viewed the take in the projection room, accompanied by three cooks and a waiter, and they all agreed the meal was real enough to fool Oscar of the Waldorf.

Cameramen and plaster shop technicians shared honors for the triumph. If you're planning on a little ersatz for dinner, here are the proper ingredients.

Papier-mache is most plausible for steaks, but plastic is unrivalled for joints and plaster is better than anything for pies. Moore's dish of strawberries made our mouths water, but not for long. A good ersatz strawberry is contrived of soap.

The sculptors at the plaster shop are currently working over an assortment of twenty large-sized roasts and twice as many steaks. It won't do to photograph the same joint in two films running or the audience will get tired of it. Paramount is now going ahead, stocking up a cupboard full of viands tough enough to outlast the duration.

Now all the movies have to find is an ersatz leading man to set before the festive board. And don't think they're not trying.

★ ★ ★

Edmund O'Brien and Claire Trevor, shown in the picture above talking animatedly to that sterling character actor, Charles Coburn, are often in each other's company these nights. It doesn't mean much, however. Each of them are still carrying terrific torches for the mates they left behind them, Claire for Clark Andrews, the radio announcer, Eddie for Nancy Kelly.

Eddie has gone out with numerous girls since his divorce from Nancy and for a while people took his dating with Anne Shirley, John Payne's ex, most seriously. Anne didn't, however.

Meanwhile Nancy Kelly has left Hollywood, is out on the road with the stage play, "Guest in the House." She's having to struggle along on a salary of $1000 a week.

★ ★ ★

Gail Patrick, who's ployed the role of the "other womon" on the screen so often, ploys a very different role in the life of Freeman Gosden (of Amos and Andy). You can see that she's the leading lady in his life. Goil hosn't looked os happy ond well as this since her morriage to Bob Cobb broke up.

★ ★ ★

BIRTHDAY STORY

When Rita Hayworth gave a birthday party the other evening for her brother, Vernon Cansino, she told this cute story about the two of them.

The first day they ever attended school they went together. The place was Jackson Heights, just outside New York City. The time was January and snow lay deep upon the ground. The little Cansinos (Rita was originally Rita Cansino, you remember) trudged along, hand in hand.

Suddenly, as they thought they were stepping off a curb, they discovered they were stepping straight down into a snow drift. Vernon, being the younger, completely disappeared. Rita started screaming. She thought she had lost her small brother forever. She thought she might be accused of murder, and that the very least that could happen to her would be a hanging.

She never stopped to figure out that the adult passers-by could quickly lift Vernon out of the drift, which was exactly what happened.

"I guess it proves my dramatic instinct was developed even then," Rita now says, with a grin.

★ ★ ★

NON-SINGING SINGER

Marjorie Reynolds has had fantastically crazy, fateful things happen to her in her brief career.

First, Marjorie got a starring role opposite Fred Astaire in "Holiday Inn" because Danny Dare, Paramount dance director, remembered her from some work she did two years before. She was on her way to be tested for a minor role at another studio when Dare called her, and without a test, handed her the top role.

After dancing her way to public recognition in the picture, Marjorie is placed in a wheel chair for her role in "Dixie."

Next ironic thing was that Marjorie's singing of "White Christmas" (in "Holiday Inn") made it the top song hit of the year. A top executive of Paramount immediately got all steamed up about slating Marjorie for a top musical on Broadway where she would have sixteen songs to sing. It was then that Marjorie had to tell him the truth. She can't sing a note, is tone deaf and never will be able to learn.

Her singing in "Holiday Inn" was all done by doubles.

★ ★ ★

The most military couple in Hollywood, the Ronald Reagons, out hoving o wonderful porty time. Con you imogine how hoppy Jone Wymon felt when she found thot her husbond, now with the Air Corps, wos coming bock to Hollywood to do o patriotic short about Coptoin Wheless? The Reogons hove o two-year-old doughter, so Jone described life without fother.

No wonder all four of these people ore full of smiles! Mickey Rooney ond Avo Gardner—brought together ogoin by bondleoder Tommy Dorsey—are thrilled becouse of their reconciliotion. As for the Von Heflins, the rumor is oll over town thot Mrs. Von Heflin is expecting the stork; ond you con see from the smile on Von's foce that he thinks the news is wonderful.

★ ★ ★

(Continued on page 60)

THE MOVIES GO TO WAR!

IN THIS, OUR FIRST ISSUE, MOVIELAND HAS THE HONOR TO PRESENT THE STATEMENT (WRITTEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR MOVIELAND) OF THE OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION CONCERNING FILMS, WHAT THEY STAND FOR IN WAR TIME AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING TO HELP THE WAR EFFORT

AS IT has to every other city, war has come to Hollywood. Producers who formerly thought only in terms of the box-office now are turning their minds to the task of making motion pictures a valuable weapon of war. Writers whose major task in the past was to devise ways and means for the boy and girl to wind up in a lingering kiss are now devoting much time and effort to working into their scripts vital portions of the war information program. Hollywood is more earnest in its desire to help win the war.

To secure the maximum value of the great mass communication medium of the silver screen, early last May the Bureau of Motion Pictures of the Office of War Information opened a Hollywood office. This office was assigned a dual task. First, it was to keep Hollywood informed as to governmental policy, and as to how motion pictures could best help in the war. Second, the OWI brand was to serve as the contact between the motion picture industry and the many government agencies engaged in war activities.

Contrary to a widespread belief, the OWI has no motion picture censorship powers. As a matter of fact, motion pictures are uncensored except for the export editions which must be passed by the Board of Review of the Office of Censorship to make sure that no information useful to the enemy or harmful to the cause of the United Nations is included in films sent abroad.

Nor does the OWI have any power to require producers to include matter desired by the government. The Motion Picture Bureau operates on the theory that the motion picture industry has as big a stake in winning the war as anyone, and that when producers are told what they can do to help and how to do it, they will be willing and anxious to cooperate. This democratic procedure is designed to protect the motion pictures' right of free expression.

Despite the enthusiasm and desire on the part of the studios to help win the war, the OWI found many shortcomings in the Hollywood product. Prior to Pearl Harbor the motion picture industry thought exclusively in terms of entertainment. No thought was given to the "editorial content" of films, unless it was to avoid any and all controversial subjects. Little thought was given to the problem of accurately reflecting American life. None at all was devoted to any attempt to help public understanding of important national problems.

The result of this is best indicated by the following report from an American who has been in India since the beginning of the war:

"The lack of understanding of America is due in the main to lack of knowledge. Many think we are all either playboys, cowboys or gangsters—at least that's the general impression left them as a result of countless 'B', 'C' and 'Z' grade movies. *I believe they have contributed more to a misleading idea of us than any other one thing. . . .*

"Many good movies appear, but they are balanced with the cowboy, gangster and claptrap group. They have led people to believe that we are a spendthrift nation, seldom working and certainly living in a lap of luxury which they can't help but either discredit or envy.

"Let the people see the reality—mass production, efficiency, business as it is, not as playboy movie idols run theirs, the workers and how they live, all the genuine normalcy of the American way of life.

"All the effort to 'sell' America by lectures is almost wasted. *Movies could contribute more than any other method and would involve no great expenditure.*"

The American who sees a distorted picture of life in the United States knows what to discount in such a picture, but the foreigner who has never visited the United States does not know what to discount. Therefore, the motion picture industry has a great responsibility in accurately portraying America as it is. This does not mean he should create the impression that America has solved all of its problems, that we have no villains or that we are all virtuous, superhuman beings. It does mean that our allies in neutral countries should get a clear picture, however, of what is going on in America from the type of films we export. At the same time the people of America should get a better understanding of foreign peoples when they are put on the screen.

IF THE SCREEN REFLECTS AMERICAN LIFE WITH INTEGRITY AND IN AN ENTERTAINING, ARTISTIC WAY IT CAN

HOLLYWOOD'S FIRST WAR-LOST STAR

CONTRIBUTE ENORMOUSLY TO A BETTER UNDERSTANDING AMONG WORLD PEOPLES. THIS IS WHAT OWI URGES ON PRODUCERS.

Another criticism of the industry by OWI was the heavy emphasis upon the blood-and-thunder combat pictures, to the exclusion of more thoughtful plays which would help the public understand the basic issues of the war, and would show the people what a tremendous task lay before the nation if victory is to be attained. In fact, OWI has strongly urged that the studios produce fewer, better and more carefully selected war pictures and for the rest stick strictly to "escapist" entertainment themes. OWI believes that as the burden of war grows constantly heavier the public will want a chance to get away from their worries and labors by a few hours of unadulterated amusement.

The OWI believes that motion pictures can do more to interpret the more intangible phases of war information, and to inspire the people to the gigantic war effort needed for victory, than any other mass communication medium. The government feels that in total war the motion picture industry has a grave responsibility to make the most effective use of its tremendous influence upon public thought. That idea has been hammered home by OWI's Motion Picture Bureau and the industry has accepted the challenge. Movies have enlisted for the duration.

CLARK GABLE

CLARK GABLE'S EXPERIENCES IN CAMP

Private Gable takes instructions on the subject of turning "nurses' corners." He's learned how to do it a lot faster now that he has been in the army a while.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

This is the first magazine story to come from the Air Force School where Clark Gable recently earned his rank of Lieutenant in the Army Air Corps. Given with the approval of the Army Air Force's Technical Training Command at Miami Beach, Florida, this is the story of a man who gave up an easy $7,500 a week for a tough $50 a month and the right to serve his country.

The day America entered the war, that day Clark Gable wanted to enter service. Every pressure was placed upon him to hold him back. Friends and advisors pointed out to him that he was past forty, that he was the most popular male star in films, that Washington officials wanted him in pictures. Clark listened and might possibly have been persuaded if Carole Lombard had not been killed. After that, he said, "I have to go now. I'll never make another picture until peace is declared." He went back and finished "Somewhere I'll Find You," then enlisted.

As a licensed flyer, he could have had a major's commission. One, in fact, was offered him. He refused it. He didn't want to go into the army, outranking many a man who had spent his life in service. Whatever he got, he wanted to earn.

So he entered as a private. It wasn't easy. The story is told of one officer who kept on asking him his name. Every time Clark approached, the officer would demand, "What's your name?" Each time the star would reply with the utmost courtesy, "Private Gable, sir." The fellows

His injections were among the first things he had to take. And he took not only them but a lot of other things so well that his buddies call him Great Guy Gable.

around the camp, who at first had wanted either to rib him or resent him, began responding to the Gable charm, then grew to respect him. One fellow student at the Army Air Force Technical School said, "That guy's a prince." Another howled, "Prince? He's a king!"

Hollywood grinned when that yarn was reported. "The King" has always been Clark's nickname around town. In the following story, you will see why the Army awarded him that rank, too.

"I'VE worked with you, scrubbed with you, marched with you and worried with you over whether this day would ever come . . .

"The important thing, the proud thing I've learned about us in that time is that we're men."

This was a man speaking from his heart to men. This was Officer Candidate Clark Gable about to receive his commission as a second lieutenant in the Army Air Force.

About 2500 men from the Officer Training School in Miami, of whom Gable was one, were there to receive their diplomas from Lieutenant General Henry H. Arnold.

Waves of long columns in khaki passed in review as the lower classmen paid their respects to their departing upper classmen and mentors. Speeches followed and were received with applause. But only Officer Candidate Clark Gable, chosen to speak on behalf of the graduating class, gave any hint of the work and effort, the denial and sacrifice that are the proving grounds of officer material.

"What's happened to you, gentlemen?" he asked the new officers, who had been his classmates. "Why have you changed so much in twelve weeks? Look around you. Look at each other. What you see is a picture of discipline. You know and I know that it is a discipline that did not come easily."

Yes, Clark knew.

He'd always been a debonaire person who did pretty much as he pleased. He'd worked hard and played hard, but he didn't have to knuckle under to anyone; he didn't have to take orders.

Then came the war, and Carole Lombard's death, and Gable enlisted as a private. Gable's hands shook and his voice trembled as he took the Army oath. His "I do" was very solemn when the oath was read to him. Perhaps he was thinking of a more peaceful time in his life when he had said those same words as the glamorous, golden haired Carole stood by his side. The memory of her gallantry was with him, vivid and clear, that day he said "I do" to the Army oath.

After three months of basic training, Clark enrolled in an officers' school. The officers' training school of the Army Air Force Technical Training Command in Miami Beach, Florida, is no place for the weak. The routine is rugged, rough and tough. It's a man-sized job. The first week alone is enough to make the man made of weak fibre give up. Only the exceptional have any hope of making the grade, and the Officer Candidate is never sure that he has come through until his commission is definitely awarded.

These days began for Clark as they did for the other students, at 4:30 a.m. He had to be dressed and ready for inspection by five. His room was expected to be in perfect order; his bed made, the bathroom scrubbed, everything dusted and wiped, his clothes hung in their proper places.

The neatness that was required of every soldier didn't phase Clark. He is naturally very neat.

Getting dressed so rapidly didn't phase him either. Long years on the road, one night stands and seasons in stock companies have made him a quick change artist.

But the thing that did phase Clark was scrubbing bathrooms. That nearly threw him. Now he had to get down on his hands and knees to scrub. He was big and clumsy in the beginning and just barely got through in time for inspection, but he took it all with a grin.

The rest of the day was lived at a rapid and disciplined pace. Clark marched with the other men to all activities. After morning mess he'd sit with the others for six hours in academic classes, which were held in rows of classroom sheds. For a guy with very little scholastic training this was tough, too.

A movie goer trying to pick Clark out from the other men would have found it difficult. The famous moustache was gone. His hair had the regular G.I. haircut. If you'd had difficulty in recognizing him, you would have been able to pick him out by the name card with the words, "Officer Candidate Gable, W.C." pinned on his shirt.

The heat was terrific in Miami all these months Gable was in training, no balmy thing as is the semi-tropical atmosphere of Hollywood. There was never a moment of real relaxation for a man who had become used to luxury. Everything in such a training school is executed in flights or squadrons. The men march in formation to all activities. After morning mess six hours of academic classes follow. Then comes noon mess followed by two and sometimes four hours of drill and formation and military subjects. Lights being permitted until ten o'clock, Clark had the chance to bone up and get his studies prepared except on the nights when he was assigned to Beach Patrol or interior guard or one of the many military responsibilities any man in training must be able to assume. As in war, in the Officer Candidate School the time element is the most important factor, and battles are not stopped for men to rest.

For a fellow like Clark Gable it was more than tough. It was a man-sized job that had to be met with every possible effort. Personalities only make for trouble if one has been a "name" in civilian life, and to come burdened not only with fame but with a "great lover" reputation, as Clark did, was a load. The Army has its own methods to level men to equal size, not unlike West Point and other military academies. There is a tradition at Officer Candidate School that all incoming classmen will treat with respect, respond to and be disciplined by the upper classmen. Clark Gable was no exception. Like his roommates and the rest of his class he took it on the chin and more, because he was Clark Gable. The men wanted to know what made him tick and whether he was another Hollywood myth. The men used the usual methods.

"I thought all Hollywood actors were phonys," one officer candidate said. "I figured that when the newspapers and magazines printed all that stuff about what a great guy Gable was, they were just inspired by publicity agents who get paid for getting those items in print. I never was more mistaken in my life."

A fellow student expressed what he thought of Gable in the weekly newspaper, "To Keep 'Em Flying," published at the Miami Beach School.

"It's sure strange to see Rhett Butler shrugged into the confines of a washroom, blitzing his belt and trying to study at the same time.

"Do you realize that Gable is going through the toughest streamlining in the service without any processing? When a man wants to go it the hard way—when he asks for the rigorous routine—well, it makes me open my mouth like a three-day rookie watching a crack drill team do manual of arms.

" 'Sam,' he says, and he looks straight at me, 'I'm getting more real thrill out of this than anything I've ever done in my life.' And you know that he means every word.

"From here he wants to go to gunnery school. Well, here's one soldier who hopes he makes it.

"The whistle was sounded and O. C. Gable double-timed to his position in ranks. First Lieut. Hanlon E. Davies, Squadron 1 tactical officer, followed O. C. Gable's movements with a pleased and practiced eye. He nodded toward O. C. Gable and said, 'There's a 100 per cent soldier and fighting man.' "

With the rest of the members of Officer Candidate School, Clark deserved the praise that Lt. General Henry H. Arnold gave his graduating class upon receiving their commissions. Looking them over with great pride, General Arnold said, "You showed some of your ability by getting into Officer Candidate School and showed still more by refusing to get out until we put gold bars on your shoulders . . ."

WHY GREER GARSON DID NOT MARRY

WHEN early last November Greer Garson and Richard Ney filed their intention to marry, thus climaxing one of Hollywood's most romantic courtships, the whole film colony and much of the movie public expected a wonderful wedding.

But the marriage didn't come to pass. "We talked things over," Richard Ney told the reporters two weeks later, "and we decided to postpone the marriage until after the war. It is exceedingly unfortunate for me not to be married to a woman like Miss Garson, but it has to be."

What had happened in those two weeks,

By BETH EMERSON

Richard Ney, the one man who has understood Greer Garson.

however, made a story both amusing and tender, a story most revealing about a lovely lady and the impetuous young man so deeply in love with her.

You have to know that Richard Ney has been in love with Greer Garson since the day of their first meeting. He was then a young actor, fresh from New York, about to make his screen debut in a picture called "Mrs. Miniver." Greer happened to be at the studio the day he first visited it. She was there making a wardrobe test, and Director William Wyler introduced them.

"Mrs. Miniver, meet your son," he said.

In that one glance Richard Ney, who is a sensitive young man, beheld what less subtle, less observant men in Hollywood had not appreciated. The Garson beauty has never been fully captured by the camera. Until "Random Harvest," her exquisite figure has been entirely concealed in character make-ups and in dull clothes, and her gaiety and charm have been hidden by the matronly "understanding" roles that have been continually foisted upon her, and which she has glorified far beyond their worth.

Richard Ney saw all that, but he saw, too, that she was lonely and had a gift as well as a need for laughter. He immediately began the most ardent courtship of her. Because of their being together in "Mrs. Miniver," they saw each other daily on the set, but long before that picture finished shooting, they were seeing one another almost every evening, too. Greer is quite mad for both music and dancing, and initially, that was Richard Ney's attraction for her.

Yet as they worked together, during the day, and talked and danced away the evenings, their relationship deepened. Greer, who looks on the screen ten times too mature and forty times more sedate than she will be when she is the age of her own grandmother, found every event of her life much more amusing because Richard Ney was around to share the fun of it. As they went on making "Mrs. Miniver" together, she even came to laugh at herself regarding it, for originally she had been violently opposed to making it.

She had played the sedate and middle-aged Mrs. Gladney, a woman of beautiful spiritual character, in "Blossoms In the Dust," and she was afraid that if she played another matron, she would get too saintly. She didn't want to play a role that made her appear old enough to be the mother of an RAF pilot; besides, she said that Mrs. Miniver was too much on the receiving instead of the giving end of emotions.

Everyone at M-G-M had kept trying to talk Greer into making "Mrs. Miniver," but Greer had tried to hold out for the role of

the woman who flirted with "Her Cardboard Lover."

M-G-M executives told Greer that if she'd only sign to play Mrs. Miniver, they'd give her a seven year contract without options. She said she wouldn't play that role for seven seven-year contracts. So then they told her it was her duty as a patriot to play Mrs. Miniver. The sensitive portrayal she and she alone could give would make Americans understand the English; and would serve to counteract some of the propaganda designed to make us hate our allies. Greer couldn't resist that plea. So she agreed to play the part, which up until "Random Harvest" turned out to be her greatest.

Greer and Richard Ney were completely and mutually in love by the time "Mrs. Miniver" was finished. But also by that time America was in the war. Richard Ney was on the threshold of a brilliant career, but did not wait to be called up. He joined the Navy.

Right there, Greer Garson came face to face with the decision that many another woman all over the world is finding hard to answer. Should she make a war marriage, have a beloved husband with her on brief furloughs, away from her for long, fear-laden months, or should she wait? What was her duty to her heart? What was her duty to Richard? Do patriotism and love mix well and build to a lasting marriage?

Richard, in the service, was stationed in northern California, not so far but that he could call her frequently and even come to see her with fair regularity.

He was held back by no doubts whatsoever. This would have been his first marriage, and he knew without question that Greer was the woman he loved.

But Greer had already had one unhappy marriage and one great love (though they were not the same). For the man she loved so ardently she did not marry. And she discovered the day after her wedding that the man she had married, because he loved her so much, was not the man for her. She left her husband in less than a month. Greer is neither a flirt nor a light of love. No wolf has ever been encouraged to stand on her doorstep, much less to walk into her parlor. So despite Richard's entreaties, she was still hesitating when, in October, he went back to his home town of Lakeville, Connecticut, for a short visit.

The reporters seeking him out there, got a statement from his father, Erwin Ney, who announced that Richard and Greer would be married on November first and would honeymoon at the bride's home.

No one knows why Mr. Ney, Senior, made this announcement. It is possible that Richard had been pouring out to his father his dreams and hopes concerning Greer and that the old gentleman wanted to help the boy along. The affect of it on Greer was like a goofy bombshell.

By telephone and wire Greer was besieged by requests from wedding chapels, from people who felt that no publicity could possibly help them more than the news that Mrs. Miniver had married at their particular address. Many of them offered her bargain rates for the privilege of being able to announce this. Fans by the millions wired their congratulations. Cables came from England, from Ireland, even from India. Reporters hounded her, and photographers haunted her. She was besieged by people who wanted to sell her wedding gowns, rent her the chairs she might need for the wedding, supply the wedding ring, the flowers, the wedding cake, the corsages for the bridesmaids, and all the other accessories for a fashionable wedding.

Finally on Wednesday, November fourth, Greer yielded to Richard's pleadings that she go down with him to the license bureau at Santa Monica and declare their intentions to wed. But a wedding license doesn't become effective in California until five days after it has been issued. Consequently, the marriage couldn't take place until the following Monday. And on that very Monday, Richard's furlough was up.

There was really only one way in which they could get married . . . and that was to elope. Richard wanted Greer to elope to Las Vegas.

But all this chatter about a wedding that hadn't even happened frightened Greer. She began to realize exactly what she would be up against if she did marry Richard at such a turbulent period in both their lives. Could a marriage entered into under circumstances such as this, a marriage based upon an elopement, be a success?

Greer is an intensely domestic woman. Her home in Bel Air is self-decorated with enchanting taste. She loves to fuss with food, with flowers, to serve delicious meals. She is a wonderful, thoughtful hostess. But if she married Richard, the war might put ocean and time and even death between them. And the thing that had enchanted her about Richard was the wonderful companionship they shared. War would end that companionship. Greer is so much the artist that she hates compromises and half measures. Thinking it over through the long stretches of the night, she made a decision. If their love was as great as she and Richard believed it to be, it would outlast all possible separations; it would outlast the war; it would live on after the last battle had been fought and won.

Greer Garson, British-barn film star, arm in arm with Ensign Richard Ney, actor now in the Navy, filled aut a marriage license and then turned her back an marriage.

BRIAN DONLEVY, EXPECTANT FATHER

BRIAN DONLEVY'S DIARY TO HIS CHILD-TO-BE

A SENTIMENTAL RECORD OF A TOUGH GUY FACING PATERNITY

June 28, 1942.

TODAY I learned I was going to be a father. Your mother told me about you in a most unparental location—the little bar off our living room. I'd just come in from the studio, and my fist was clamped around a half-finished highball, which Marjorie said later she'd given me to fortify me for the news. The minute she told me I remember I plunked down the drink and said.

"Well, I guess we're stuck now."

I meant it, too. This would have hurt your feelings if you'd been able to hear me. But maybe you'd have understood if I told you that your mother and I love each other very much, and we've been over a lot of tough road together in the six and a half years since we got married. It's only in the last couple of years that things really started to break for us—and now you have to come along to bawl things up. We've had such fun together, your mother and I, that it's hard for me to think of you as anything but an intruder. It'll mean we will have you to consider on trips to our tungsten mine now, and trips to New York—two compartments instead of one. Fact is, it's tough to think of all the fun you'll spoil.

Maybe I'll feel differently tomorrow. Right now, I just feel bewildered—and a little sore.

July 6, 1942.

Everything's changed now between you and me in my mind, because we're both in the soup together! Your mother isn't speaking to me this evening, and it's all because of you.

You see, you won't be here until February, so Marjorie didn't want me to tell anyone about you just yet. "Promise me you'll wait for awhile," she said that first night. "Let's keep it a secret for a couple of months."

Well, baby, I tried to. But it's a funny thing. In the last few days I've gotten kind of used to the idea of you, and now I feel swell about it—and dying to tell the world.

So today on the set of *Hail and High Water* the director shouted "Kill the baby!", which means douse one of the lights—and suddenly I opened my big mouth and began yelling about you to everyone. Once I started I couldn't stop. I've boasted about you all over the studio today, in the lunch-room, on the set, everywhere. So naturally by late afternoon people were calling Marjorie to congratulate her.

It was a pretty silent dinner tonight, all right. But I just sat there and beamed anyway. Maybe I feel kind of silly, being so excited about you all of a sudden—but baby, I sure do feel excited!

July 12, 1942.

You got your first plug in a column today—Louella Parsons said, "Mr. and Mrs. Brian Donlevy are expecting a bundle from heaven." That means *you.*

Douglas Fowley, who's in this picture with me, suggested we start a baby scrap-book for you. So I brought one home and Marjorie pasted your notice in, the first little clipping all by itself on a big page. But it looks fine. Somehow seeing you in print makes you seem even more real.

August 16, 1942.

I'm afraid you're going to have to put up with a remodeled guest-room for a home, because there's a war going on that you don't yet know about and we can't get the materials to build on the two rooms for you that we'd like to. Matter of fact, I'm just as glad we aren't making things too elegant for you. Things weren't very fancy for me when I was a kid, and it's fun for me to look back on those days.

I remember taking baths in a wash-tub in front of the kitchen stove back in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, where I grew up. Once when I lit the stove for hot water, the whole thing blew up—the stove lids stuck to the ceiling, the boiler shot out the window, and I shot out right after it. I get a kick out of looking back on those things; maybe you won't get the chance, you with your nurse and your tiled bathroom.

But nurse or not, I know some things I want for you, to make you a fine citizen. If you're a boy, I hope your fingernails are always clean—but I hope you never have a manicure. I hope you have a paper route as I did, to teach you the value of money and the importance of work. And I hope you'll be a boy scout, and that we can send you to camp in the Summers. When I was a kid I had to be mascot of a National Guard unit to get to camp, because we didn't have enough money for me to go to the scout camp.

And if you're a girl, I hope you're a girl scout—learning to knit and cook and make beds. But frankly, if you're a girl who is also a singer (like your mother, who used to sing for bands and for Eleanor Powell in pictures)—you can skip the girl scout business. If you'll only sing!

September 8, 1942.

We've practically decided on your god-father. He's a head waiter named John Steinberg, and you wouldn't be here if it wasn't for him. Some day when you're sitting on my lap begging for stories I'll tell you one I call "The Lonely Actor and the Head Waiter."

Because you'd never guess it now (thank Providence!) but when your old man first came to Hollywood he was the loneliest guy on the West Coast. I'd been eleven years on the New York stage, and this camera country was plenty strange to me.

So I used to go night after night to a spot called the Trocadero, and just sit there having a drink alone and moaning to myself. Naturally I got to know the one guy who said "Good evening" to me every night—which was the head waiter. And one night when I was particularly downcast (and I'm afraid a bit overcast) I invited him to share my empty barn of a house up in Beverly Hills.

The next day I'd forgotten all about it. But he didn't. He drove up to the house in a big car with six suitcases, two trunks and a crazy Italian cook in a white chef's cap—and we lived together for a year and a half. If he hadn't, I'd never have met your mother—or you. Because she was the singer with the Trocadero orchestra, and New Year's Eve eight years ago he dragged her over to my lonely table and introduced us.

That's all I needed, kid. Marjorie

By ELEANOR HARRIS

Brian and Marjorie Lane Donlevy honestly are "one of Hollywood's happiest couples." Now, after seven years of blissful marriage, they are expecting their first child.

Lane was what I'd been waiting for all these years. She didn't think so much of your old man for awhile—I remember she ditched me that night for a date with Robert Taylor.

But I stuck around anyway, with bunches of flowers sprouting from my fists like they grew from me, and a year later we were married. So that's why you'll probably have John Steinberg for a god-father, if it's okay with him. Without him, I never would have been a father in the first place!

October 4, 1942.

I've been thinking an awful lot about you lately—about you grown up. I want to tell you what's been on my mind:

If you have an inclination for acting, I hope you'll get your chance at it. But if there's no chance, and your heart is broken (as mine was) I hope you'll have guts enough to stay with it—because then you'll be *good*. You'll be good as a person, if not as an actor. And that's what counts.

Always remember that the thing that pays off in this entertainment business is honesty. Don't go into it for cheap publicity, don't ever cheat on your performance—because audiences will tire of you. But if you're an honest actor, the public's faithful. Look at John Barrymore and May Robson. They really loved their work, and the public always loved them. People are getting to be better judges of acting all the time. They quickly spot a performer who's not delivering.

Entertainment is so important, kid—any branch of it. What I really hope for you is that you'll be a writer. Then it doesn't matter what you look like or sound like . . . you can stand on the book. That's always been my secret ambition, you know.

But whatever you do, I hope you'll realize the importance of work. Regardless of the money you make, I hope you'll get a kick out of what you do. Because nothing but work justifies existence. *Nothing else on earth.*

November 16, 1942.

You're certainly kicking our lives around already. The twin beds are gone from the guest room, and a lot of dinky furniture is sitting there waiting for you. Your mother's talking about screening over the swimming pool so you won't fall in. And I can look out the window now at the gardener working on one of our flowerbeds. He's changing it into a play yard. I've been shopping today, too. I bought you a calendar. I want you to make notes on it to remember things for people—like your mother's birthday, and maybe our wedding anniversaries. (We got married twice, you know—once in Mexico on December 22nd, and two weeks later in Los Angeles, on January 1st.) I don't want you to make the mistake I've made too often, of forgetting the little things that make people happy.

Do you think you will?

November 20, 1942.

I'm exhausted. I've been down on the floor all evening playing with the electric train I bought you this afternoon on my way home from work. Marjorie said, "Oh, Brian! What if it's a girl!" But I noticed she was down there on the floor too. And she's a girl.

Between runs we argued about your name. She wants to call you Jennifer Ann, if you're a girl. (Cheer up—I'm fighting it every inch of the way!) And Brian II or Roger or Michael if you're a boy.

What we finally decided was not to name you anything for the first year until we've gotten to know you. Then when we pick one, it'll be right for you. So until then, get ready! On the birth certificate you'll be "Nothing Donlevy!"

December 7, 1942.

It's exactly a year today since your country went to war, and I've been thinking about you and the world you're coming into. I find I'm not worried about you at all. I went to war myself when I was fourteen. I was a pilot in the Lafayette Escadrille, and I got wounded twice in France. I hope, if you're a boy, you'll go off to war as I did. Your mother doesn't like that idea but I do—it makes you a stronger person.

Some people don't seem to want children because of the mess the world's in, but not I. There's been a war every twenty years so far, and lots of people live to be eighty—old enough to see four of 'em. You might as well see them as someone else.

The way I look at it, if you were going to be born, you'd be born to some couple—so why not to us? If we're bombed out and you're left alone, you'll get along. Might even be good for you. No, I'm not worried. Not about you!

December 25, 1942.

It's Christmas Day, and even though it's still two months before I'll see you, I wanted to wish you a Merry Christmas from your mother and me. We're staying home quietly this year. Your mother doesn't feel so well, thanks to you. And besides, this particular Christmas doesn't make us feel much like celebrating. Too many millions of people are living in terror this Christmas, and too many children are cold and hungry.

Thinking about all of it, and you, I've reached one conclusion, my coming child. . . . I don't know whether you'll be a boy or girl, but I'll bring you up to be a man.

Merry Christmas. I'll talk to you next year.

THE PERILS OF PRIORITIES

Say goodbye to this deluxe type of Hollywood glamour dress. You will be seeing no more of them since the skirts are made of souffle (pronounced not as in the food department, but so as to rhyme with the baby talk department "booful"). Souffle is a stiffened chiffon, now just a poor old forbidden fabric as far as Washington is concerned. The top drama damsels have always craved souffle because it looks feminine, retains its lines. Claudette Colbert, she of the lovely chassis, snared this last bit of it for "No Time for Love."

TURNER THE WINNER

THE U. S. ARMY'S FAVORITE DREAM BOATS

MOVIELAND TOOK A POLL OF 25,000 JOHNNY DOUGHBOYS TO LEARN THE NAMES OF THEIR PET PIN-UP DOLLS. HERE THEY ARE IN ORDER OF THEIR ENCHANTMENT.

OUR poll reveals that when a soldier gets far away from home the first trouble he deliberately thinks about is dame trouble. Straight from the middle of their hearts is the vote that makes Lana the queen of the pin-ups. Says one soldier: "They want us to frame the dolls we want to show on the shelves in the barracks. We do, in the sharpest fifty-cent frames we can spot in town. And how we subsequently frame 'em—in our dreams."

Without a doubt, Lana is A-1 in the Army and 1-A in its dreams. "Bust 34½, hip 35, waist 24 and 5 feet 3½ of tastiness," murmured one. "Say no more, brother, say no more."

Every Turner man is convinced that if Lana's present husband doesn't make her supremely happy, he, J. Doughboy, positively and personally could. They feel she wants youth and laughs and sympathy. And there isn't a man in the Army who doesn't believe that he could give these treasures to Turner.

☆ ☆ ☆

Hedy Lamarr rates second place. And not for the reason you suspect, either. The Army likes Hedy better with her clothes on. Though they think she's long on lure, Army men weren't too excited about Hedy Lamarr in a lurong in "White Cargo." They think she's too sophisticated for roles like that. But they're wild about Hedy's face and coal black hair.

The short "victory bob" may be a more patriotic haircomb, but the most patriotic men in the country like Hedy's glamorous long bob because it's "the kind a man can get his hands into."

LAMARR, The Runner-Up

No. 4

No. 3

Gene Tierney rates third. In the estimation of the clipper-outers, she out-oomphs oomph inventor Ann Sheridan. The tempting Tierney face and build make her a dish which any soldier will go for.

The age of the judge has considerable to do with his vote. Over thirty, acting starts to become important. There are a surprising number of Joes over thirty who want to watch Bette Davis wrestle with her complexes. There are Roz Russell and Greer Garson types around the camps, also. But on the whole such fellows are characters.

☆ ☆ ☆

No. 4 in popularity with the pin-up men is Betty Grable. The Army men like Lamarr dressed up; but they prefer Betty Grable peeled to as few clothes as can get by the censors.

What the Grable figure in dancing scanties can do for an army man's morale is practically everything.

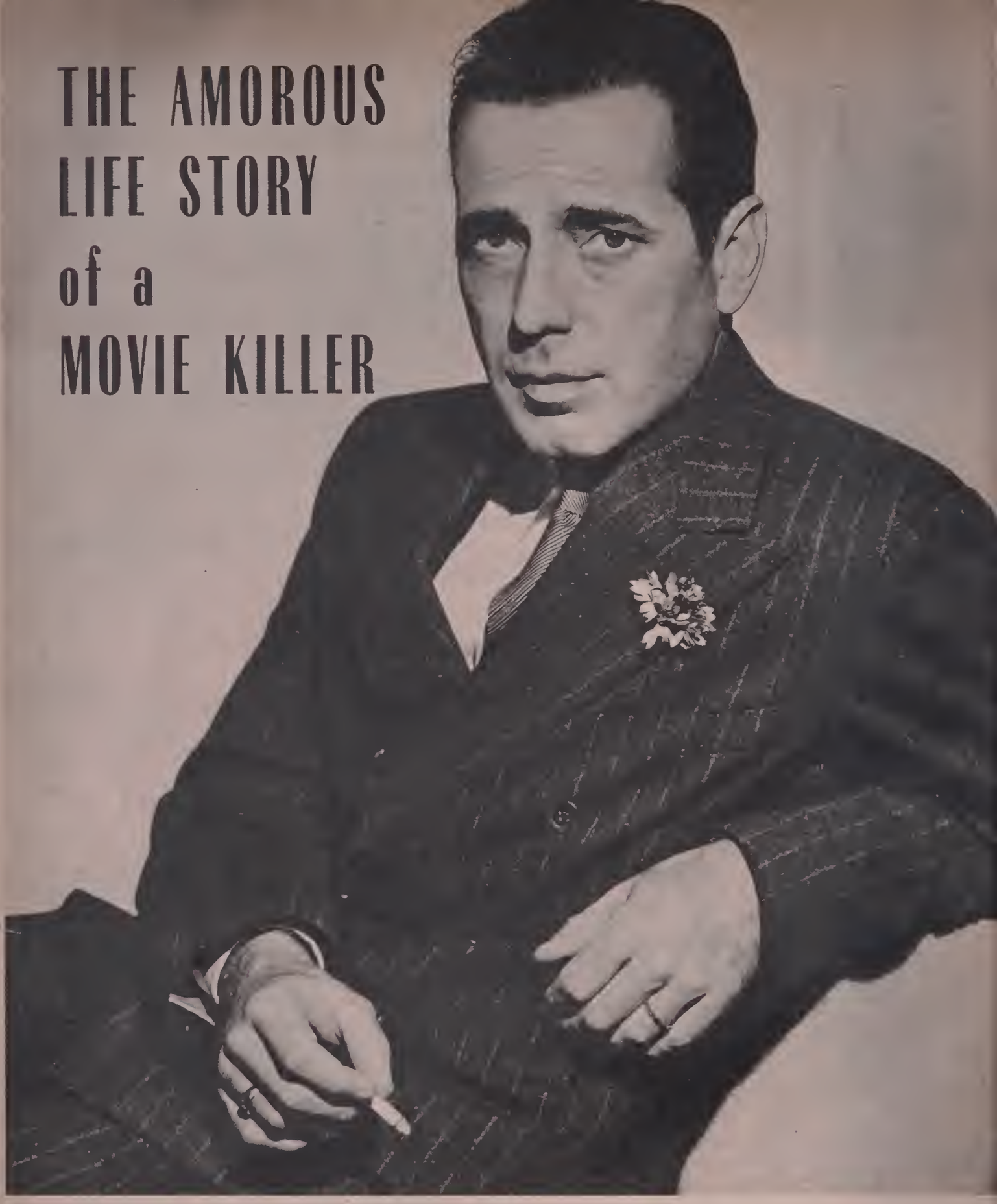
Surprise, the long-legged Alexis Smith rates fifth. The service lads say that while she may have a garden variety name, they feel that on a davenport in green satin lounging disarray, she would loom terrific. Her boy friend, Craig Stevens, who is in the Army under his true tab of Gail Shikles, rates admiring glances from his buddies.

☆ ☆ ☆

Rita Hayworth rates sixth. The super lingo experts go into high when they mention her. "I'd take off like a huge bird if she flew in here, and not fly in the opposite direction," said one. "I'll fly you," said another. "If Rita comes here on a camp show, I'm going to wangle an introduction, and no sorry creature like you is going to gum my deal. Gaze at this—er—profile of her I'm pinning up."

Thus you have the Army boys, "booked for bliss," as they call it. Watch for next month's Movieland and get the dream girls of the United States Marines.

THE AMOROUS LIFE STORY of a MOVIE KILLER



Humphrey Bogart, the star, his mouth still set and stubborn, his eyes a little arrogant, his chin still undisciplined. He thinks his pan is terrible. He doesn't know he has sex appeal. And most men don't realize it. Even the producers don't know it. But the women know it, as his three-ply marriage career attests

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME?" THE MUCH MARRIED HUMPHREY BOGART HAS WANTED TO KNOW ALL HIS LIFE. THIS PERSONAL HISTORY GIVES THE ANSWER

BY HOWARD SHARPE

Humphrey Bogart, when he was just a small baby, as sketched by his mother, the late Maude Humphrey, famous magazine illustrator. She pictured him as a frail little angel. But he proved to be neither angelic nor frail.

HIS first concrete recollection—this tracker of Maltese Falcons, this most steely-eyed of movie killers—is a cage of honey bears at Pinehurst, where at the age of four he was taken because he was "not strong."

"Little Humphrey," Mrs. Belmont Deforest Bogart often remarked of her son, "has never been really well since his terrible siege with pneumonia. He is a manly lad, but too delicate for the rougher games."

And although having convalesced, Humphrey Bogart never thereafter developed anything more serious than measles, his mother was never quite convinced that he was not a sickly child. She saw him to his best advantage in little patent leather pumps and spotless white kid gloves, turning and bowing with other small West-side New Yorkers at dancing school, where on Thursday afternoons he learned—under duress—the cotillion.

It was natural enough for his mother to picture him in terms of a magazine illustration, since she herself was the famous Maude Humphrey whose delicate blue-eyed ladies brightened the pages of the Delineator for two decades early in the 1900's. Together with Dr. Bogart, a fashionable surgeon, she maintained a correct establishment on 103rd Street at Riverside Drive for her two daughters and her son.

In those days people who could afford it, and the Bogarts could, sent their budding male offspring to Trinity School, a private academy for young gentlemen. Humphrey, who had been a Christmas present to his family in the first year of the new century, was enrolled there when he was six, whereupon he almost immediately learned that he was neither as frail in health as his mother had always insisted he was, nor necessarily a young gentleman. He was a very bored little boy with a great deal of energy, combined with unsuspected imaginative powers.

Humphrey did not exactly blow up the school, but in its classrooms he started a series of explosions that were progressively destructive. To put it bluntly, he was a bad student and a little heller, and the headmaster told him so during the periodic, heated conversations they had together in the headmaster's study.

"Herr Luther has reported you again," the headmaster would say.

Contrast Humphrey, at two, as he really looked. His mother liked him best in patent leather pumps and white kid gloves; but the hard boiled quality was asserting itself even then, so this costume pleased little Humphrey much better.

"He complains that you started a riot in class this morning, and he's given you a failure in German."

"Yes, sir."

"He says you put the other students up to throwing erasers and textbooks at him, on a given signal."

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"I don't like German."

"Nor Herr Luther?"

"No, sir."

"His report on you was accompanied by his resignation. Do you realize you have caused Trinity to lose one of its most valuable professors?"

The boy's eyes gleamed for a moment, but he said nothing. On the other side of the desk his inquisitor struggled valiantly with some strong emotion, apparently conquered it, and asked, "Since you don't like German, and you don't like English or grammar or history or economics, will you tell me if there's anything you do like, Master Bogart?"

"I like math, sir. Algebra."

"Why?"

"Because there's nothing theoretical about it—it's simply fact. You can do a problem, and get your answer, and then you can prove the answer's right."

"But these riots! This endless train of pranks and flaunting of all authority! Why do you do these things?"

The boy did not answer. He didn't know.

Even today, when he sends his mind back over the years, viewing them with perspective plus all the tremendous worldly knowledge he has acquired since, he still does not know. . . .

He remembers his youth with pleasure; the long winter seasons in Manhattan, the summer at Canadaigua Lake in Maine. One Bill Brady (who lived just around the corner on Riverside Drive and whose old man, a theatrical producer or something, came often to dine with the Bogarts) was a right guy and together they played ball in the streets until each reached a certain age, whereupon they sneaked off evenings and went to musical comedies. At Canadaigua there was nothing to do but go sailing on the lake, and read in the evenings. He was glad when, in 1914, the family decided to vacation nearer home and chose Fire Island.

It turned out to be a bad choice for the family but nothing short of destiny for Humphrey. That was the year of the Scares: the U-boat scare, and the Infantile Paralysis scare, the second of which quarantined them on the Island for two months. It was therefore a lonely summer, except for a girl whose name, he recalls mistily, was Pickles.

Accordingly, since he was fourteen and the circumstances were right, he fell in love with Pickles. She had laughing eyes, and freckles on her nose, and he could have done worse. Swearing undying devotion one moonlight night (early) on the beach, they pledged their troth over a couple of hot dogs, sealed it with a kiss sharply flavored with mustard.

Back in town once more, he mooned about the house and could not eat until she wrote that she was home again and he might visit her. But the romance soon ended.

She lived in Flatbush, which is distinctly a suburb of Manhattan. The trip took him two and one-half hours, each way. He made it once, love for Pickles dying rapidly as the miles slipped by and the realization of what romance could cost in terms of travel-time and expense was borne in upon him.

The next summer, again at Fire Island, he lost his heart to a sweet-voiced, dark haired little charmer named Bonnie Bremler, only to discover—but not until Fall—that she lived in Montclair, New Jersey, which is even further from New York than Flatbush. Again, he made one trip to visit this new belle, this time with greater cynicism. He took along a package of sandwiches for the ride, and did not arrange another meeting.

The summer after that, when he was sixteen, he went up to Andover, knowing Algebra.

But nothing else. . . .

Phillips Exeter Academy had been his father's alma mater; it was the earnest wish of the doctor, Humphrey knew, that his son should do him proud there. Somehow this knowledge struck the spring of perverseness that had always lain, unrecognized but dangerously bubbling, just beneath the surface of his personality. The boy lasted until Easter, to his own eternal mystification, since there was no rule he did not break and no requirement he did not fail to meet.

Phillips, at least in that period, used a demerit system, assigning a certain number for each class cut and for each infraction of campus law. Suspension was automatic

In the Navy in the first World War, when a husky officer ordered Bogey to do something and Bogey refused, he got his first real taste of discipline—and liked it.

Humphrey, about the time that he fell in love with "Pickles." Get the "auto", the sport shoes, the Pekingese. When this picture was taken, he had sworn undying devotion for "Pickles" over a couple of hot dogs. But the romance ended soon after.

When Humphrey grew up, this is the way he looked to his mother, Maude Humphrey. He was still "lost", uncertain of what he wanted to do, still unaware of fame, waiting around the corner, still asking "what's the matter with me?"

when a certain limit was reached.

By April young Bogart had reached his limit. It happened thus: there was a fire visible from dormitory windows one cold, very clear night. Accompanied by one or two classmates, Bogart skied to the fire, and after it had been briefly subdued he led the crowd to forbidden Gray's in the village, for food and drinks. On the way home a junior professor who had been treacherously hiding in a clump of bushes sprang into the open and gave chase.

Outraged, Bogart lagged behind the others and tripped the professor up, as he deserved.

He was sent home. It was not the same as being fired outright, actually. Mr. Bogart might return after one year, they told him, when his period of suspension would be over.

Packing in his room that night, Humphrey considered this information. Return in one year? He'd come to Andover only because his father wanted him to, and to have some fun; he'd had the fun, and they'd kicked him out for it. There certainly wasn't any other reason for going to school, that he could see. And besides, that year, he couldn't go home, with the doctor feeling that way about the old school, father-son traditions.

That night, he snapped the last bag shut, glanced in his closet again to make sure he hadn't forgotten

any of his belongings and then turned to the mirror over his bureau. He'd been putting this off, but it was time he took a look. A long look. He stared steadily at the reflected young face for some minutes, highly interested. The face stared inscrutably back at him, the mouth set and stubborn, the eyes a little arrogant, not ashamed, the chin undisciplined.

"What the hell's the matter with me, anyway?" he thought.

There wasn't any answer. Again, for all his honesty during that brief moment, he didn't know.

He couldn't think of anything better to do, so he joined the Navy. Since his parents' consent was required because of his age, he went to see his father, who gave it readily.

The United States had entered the war, by then. Humphrey was assigned convoy duty, aboard a troop transport—the old *Leviathan*—and sailed buoyant with the expectation of action. He got it the second day out, although not from the Germans. A young but husky sprig of an officer ordered him to do something, and Seaman Bogart replied, "That's not my detail."

The next moment he was sprawled on the deck, having not only been struck for the first time in his life but magnificently clipped, so that things danced about him. He arrived on his feet standing at attention. "Sorry," said the officer, "but don't say that again when you're given orders."

"I won't, sir." It was his first encounter with the kind of discipline he understood and respected. He did not repeat the offense. He made between 15 and 20 crossings, some of them complicated by the persistent U-boats, and he was never put in irons for insubordination. The charges for which he spent time in the brig always read "high spirits" or "misinterpretation of rules." Even so, because of them he missed most of his shore leaves at Brest and Gibralter and Liverpool. These experiences he did not regret, but he is still sore over a four day leave in Paris when he lost a month's salary in a crap game aboard the ship the night before it docked.

After the Armistice, when he was mustered out of the service, he was eighteen. But he was still no nearer to an understanding of what he wanted, or of what he was. He spent two years in an indifferent attempt to find out—the first as an inspector of tugs and lighters for the Pennsylvania Railroad, a job which paid $30 a week, and the second as purchasing agent for S. W. Strauss & Company, an investment house with a fifty year record of profits. Since he lived at home his salary was clear, and he spent it on clothes and on theater tickets. In company with Bill Brady he saw H. B. Warner in "The Ghost Breakers," Maude Adams in "Hop O' My Thumb," and other current plays.

Meanwhile, young Bogart groused almost incessantly.

Bill said to him one night, "You're always beefing about your job, wanting to do something different. What sort of a spot are you after?"

"I haven't any idea," Humphrey said, "and I don't give much of a damn. I'm just in a hurry to get there, that's all."

"In a hurry to nowhere," Bill muttered. "Well, Dad's starting an independent movie company—World Films, it's called—and he's got a picture coming up. Why don't you go to see him? If he gives you a job you'll be in a new line, at least."

"Good hunch," said Humphrey. The next day he took Bill to dinner. He could afford to because Mr. Brady, caught in an expensive mood, had made him his new studio manager and purchasing agent, with a cash fund of $90,000 to work from.

The next few years, during the late twenties, were what Humphrey Bogart thinks of today as his chartreuse era. There was his discovery, first off, that studio managers are men with resounding titles, tremendous responsibilities and little income; that movie actors (vintage of Rod La Rocque and Nita Naldi) for all their reputations worked hard at their jobs, believed in something, and were amazingly generous; that movies, particularly World Films' first, "Life," were made from badly written stories, and that even he, Bogart, could do better.

At least he was pretty sure he could. Still working for Brady, Sr., he became a writer in his spare time.

The word was capitalized in his thinking. He began drifting into Greenwich Village every afternoon, where he sat around in literary cafes and tried to look like a writer. There he bought chocolates at 75c apiece from Tiny Tim, and phony jewelry from the famous Sonya, and from these and other characters—and from the intelligentsia, of course—he learned certain things he had not known existed before. And after a few months he decided he was Ready; whereupon he wrote a story for the films.

It was full of blood and death. Mr. Brady, to whom he submitted it, reported that it was an interesting plot and that he'd refer it to Lasky—who referred it to Walter Wanger, then extremely unimportant, who in turn referred it to the back gate-keeper.

His salary remained at $50 a week, which he understood was very good for a company manager. One hundred was the top. "I don't think," he told Mr. Brady one day, "that there's much future in this job."

"Glad you've found it out," said Brady benevolently. He had taken a personal interest in his old friend's boy, and this, he appeared to feel, was progress. "Now look, I'm producing a couple of shows on Broadway this season. I'll make you stage manager of one."

"What's the advantage?"

"You can try your hand at acting. Every stage manager has to fill in occasionally, in bits. There's no end to where you can go from there, if you're good."

The show was called "Drifting," and on the opening night Brady stood beside him while he raised and lowered the curtains. Once, when he was tardy, Brady kicked him in the stomach. Humphrey took the hint philosophically, as he had the naval lieutenant's punch; this, after all, was not a movie set.

A short time after the opening Alice Brady, who was starring in "Drifting," though about to be a mother, came unseasonally to her time on a Saturday night; this meant that by Monday morning another actress had to be found and coached to replace her.

Thus, all day Sunday, a frantic assistant stage manager ran through the lines with one Minna Gombell downstairs, while in an unused upstairs office Humphrey cued a relatively unknown but obviously talented young actress named Helen Mencken. She had not yet knocked Manhattan theater audiences into a frenzy of tears and huzzahs by her performance in "Seventh Heaven," so of course Humphrey could not know quite how great she was. But he saw that she had red hair and a curious, lovely smile, and a slim body which she used with distinction; and he could hear her voice, with its rich overtones, its superbly timed phrasing. Indeed, as he sat looking and listening, he caught himself thinking unaccountably of Fire Island, and tasting mustard.

He did not know for some time that he was in love with her. All he knew was that if you asked him now where he was going, and why, he could tell you at last. He was going as far as he could get. He wanted to be rich and important.

The wise observer would say that a young man of his intelligence and awareness should certainly have known that he was ambitious for the first time in his life because he was genuinely in love for the first time in his life. Humphrey didn't realize that. It was three years before he married Helen Mencken, but what happened to him in those three years, and in the three years after, was all that made him into the dominant personality that he is today.

(*The love of Humphrey Bogart and Helen Mencken made Broadway history. Read about it and read the other exciting events that happened to Humphrey Bogart in the second installment of "The Amorous Life of a Movie-Killer" in the March issue of Movieland, appearing on all news stands on January 30th.*)

RESULT OF WAR

(HOLLYWOOD DIVISION)

Annabella returns to the cameras, not only for the fun of it, but to replenish the family coffers now that husband Tyrone Power is in the Marine Corps. In "Secret Mission," made at Ty's home studio, Twentieth Century-Fox, John Sutton, here shown, is the man who wins her. This is Sutton's first chance at winning any girl (in pictures). He has lost the lovelies to Tyrone in "A Yank in the R. A. F.," to Victor Mature in "My Gal, Sal," to George Montgomery in "Ten Gentlemen from West Point." But now, revenge, he gets Power's wife!

WHICH CHILD BECAME THE STAR?

THEY all were beautiful babies. Each was a wonderful child. But being brought up in exactly the same environment, having the same heredity, one child, in each of these pictures, rose to fame. Can you select the junior whiz in each group. Do you know their present names? If not, turn to page 36 for the right answers.

THE PRIVATE LIFE of a GREAT PRODUCTION

"For Whom the Bell Tolls" Changed One Movie Star's Life, Caused One Worker to Send for Aspirin Tablets and a Six-Shooter, and Started International Complications

Gary Cooper as Robert Jordan. "Someday," said author Ernest Hemingway when he met Gary eleven years ago, "I'm going to write a book about a man like you." Thus, finally, he wrote "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

BY ANN DAGGETT

"FOR Whom the Bell Tolls," the last picture on which three million dollars will be spent for the duration, has just finished shooting.

The filming of this best-selling novel marked the end to a series of events which changed the course of one movie star's life, caused international complications for a full day, and generally furnished Hollywood with competitive, crazy excitement.

How Paramount, instead of any other major studio, happened to make "For Whom the Bell Tolls," was itself a curious series of circumstances that began eleven years ago when Ernest Hemingway decided to meet the star of his story, "Farewell to Arms," which was then being filmed in Hollywood. The star was Gary Cooper.

Hemingway was much impressed with the quiet, shy man from Montana and said some day he hoped to write a book with a character in it like Cooper. It wasn't until 1940, after a trip to Spain during the Spanish Civil War, that Hemingway conceived a story whose hero could be portrayed by this long, lean motion picture actor.

Now, when an author of Hemingway's stature writes a book that he admits is aimed at pictures, the competition among the major studios is terrific. But that was not the case here because through an odd quirk of fate, Paramount stole a march on every other film company.

It happened this way. Gary was on a short hunting trip in Sun Valley in the summer of 1939. Unknown to him, Ernest Hemingway had chosen Sun Valley as the place to read over and correct the proofs on a book in which Cooper was used as the model for the hero. The two men met. Hemingway asked Cooper to read the proofs. Cooper thought the book was sensational and immediately went into action. He was scheduled to leave for the Chicago premiere of Cecil B. DeMille's "Northwest Mounted Police" of which he was the star. When Gary saw DeMille in Chicago, he told the director that he should buy Hemingway's book. DeMille, having other stories in mind at the time, suggested to Y. Frank Freeman, Paramount head, that he buy it.

Freeman, impressed by DeMille's enthusiasm, flew immediately to New York, and there, while the book was still in galley proof form, purchased it. The book sold over a million and a half copies here and in South America, meanwhile, in Hollywood casting headaches began.

Cooper was obviously the man for the role of Robert Jordan, since he was in real life the man after whom Jordan had been patterned. But Cooper was under contract to Samuel Goldwyn. Paramount wanted Sam Wood to direct the picture, but Wood was then working for Warner Brothers, filming "Kings Row."

This is Katina Paxinou (pronounced Pax-eye-new) as Pilar. She is a Greek and the way she was discovered was one of those many wacky Hollywood accidents.

★

Bergman, the beautiful storm center. Hemingway had given Bergman a copy of his novel, autographed, "To Ingrid Bergman, who is the Maria of this story." But read the riots that went on before she finally got the coveted role.

This is exquisite but worldly Zorina, who first had the role of "Marie" in "Bells," but who lost out because of a hair-cut.

The advance whispers about Hollywood is that never have such love scenes been recorded as those between Cooper and Bergman in "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

Then there was the casting of "Maria." Paramount, having Vera Zorina under contract, wanted to use this picture to build her into a valuable star. But Sam Wood wanted Ingrid Bergman. He made no secret of his wishes from the time the picture was first discussed. He knew, too, that Bergman was Hemingway's choice for the role. Hemingway in 1941, then on his way to China, had asked that Bergman meet him in San Francisco and at that time he presented Ingrid with a copy of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," autographed with, "Ingrid Bergman, who is the Maria of this story."

Things went along this way for nearly six months and then gradually began to straighten out. Sam Wood, free of "Kings Row," was willing to make a deal with Sam Goldwyn for the loan of Cooper to Paramount. That was a typical Hollywood "horse trade." Goldwyn had "Pride of the Yankees," starring Cooper, ready to go before the cameras but had no director to guide it. Sam Wood agreed to direct the baseball picture in exchange for getting the loan of Gary for "Bells."

With Gary Cooper thus cast for Robert Jordan, Maria was still uncast. For nearly a year and a half the battle raged. Scores of young actresses were tested, miles of publicity were ground out, but behind the scenes Wood contended that Ingrid Bergman was the only possible actress for the part. Paramount argued that Zorina should have it. Finally, Wood, fair in his judgment, cast aside his personal preference and agreed to direct Zorina in the role. He said they'd let the camera decide.

So then the search for the ideal Pilar, the gruff, ugly mountain woman who befriends Robert Jordan, started. Again, scores of actresses, character players this time, were tested. Wood felt that there was not an actress in Hollywood who was Pilar's type. To John Mieckle-john, casting director at Paramount, goes the credit for finally finding Katina Paxinou, a dynamic Greek actress who a year before had been a sensation on the London stage. Miecklejohn had never seen her but remembered seeing a picture of her. He wired his London office to find out if she would be available. The London office hunted frantically for Paxinou, finally found her on Broadway, New York, appearing in a very bad revival of "Hedda Gabler." Paxinou came west, was tested and became Pilar.

While all this was going on before the test cameras, three men were searching deep in the mountainous regions of Mexico, in our own Rocky Mountains and finally in California for the ideal location in which to film "For Whom the Bell Tolls." They traveled eight thousand miles altogether, but it wasn't until they visited Sonora Pass, just five hundred miles from Hollywood, that they were able to find the canyon where caves, a deep river gorge and a bridge were located within a few miles of one another.

By September of 1941 everything was finally at the location site and in readiness. Wood, accompanied by his camera crew and all the actors except Maria, Pilar and Robert, went into the High Sierras to begin the terrific task of filming this picture.

Snow was falling and Wood took his troupe into the mountains at a season when one man had to stay awake all night to keep stoves burning in cabins so that no one would freeze to death in his bed. Actors huddled beside fires built in the snow, rushing into a scene for a minute and then spending minutes rubbing frost from their ears and noses. Cameras were kept warm with hot blankets. Only for a man like Wood, who endured the same conditions as his crew, would these technicians have risked so much to film a picture. Two months of hard work went by.

Then came Pearl Harbor. The seventh of December, oddly enough, was the date set for army planes (arranged by the studio) to simulate the bombing of a guerrilla band of fighters by enemy planes. The planes, of course, were grounded on December 7th, and the sequences had to be left until permission was granted for their use in the summer of 1942. Then the entire canyon had to be covered with artificial snow for background and close shots.

By now it was July, 1942. Wood called the principals for their roles.

So you think this is a grey horse, do you? That's right, you're wrong. It is a brown horse, a trick horse, wearing grey make-up. Read about this dobbin's most embarrassing moment, caused by his new hair-do.

The "locations" were in the High Sierra country where Paramount changed the very rocks and rivers to conform with the plot and background of the picture.

Sam Wood directs Ingrid and Gary in one of their breath-taking scenes. It was Wood who turned the trick that finally got Bergman the part of "Maria."

Into the High Sierras went Gary Cooper and with him was Zorina, graceful idol of continental Europe and Broadway. Zorina never had a doubt but that she could play Maria. But the camera took over. Love scenes were photographed of her with Cooper, and her oddly chiseled face, unsoftened by long hair, took on a grotesque quality. That night she saw herself in the projection tent on location and wept. But she wouldn't give up the coveted role.

Sam Wood, who had complete o.k. on the cast, as Producer-Director of the film, had to ask for her removal. Paramount executives viewed the film, took a secret ballot, and the answer to Zorina was, "We'll give you some other role."

A few days later, soft-spoken Ingrid Bergman arrived. At first, the members of the crew were prepared to resent her. But even at the end of the first day, when they viewed the rushes, they understood. For Bergman, despite the short cropped hair the role demanded, had a poignant loveliness that no other actress in Hollywood could duplicate.

But with the casting of Bergman not all the difficulties of filming the story were solved. Technically, "For Whom the Bell Tolls" was one of the most difficult stories ever undertaken.

Wood's theory of the story was simply that it was a tender, beautiful love story, made all the more tragic because of the harsh cruel background of civil war against which it was filmed. For this reason, Wood refused to do it in "pretty" colors, but against stern grey-granite walls, charred trees and little greenery.

Because it was to be photographed in Technicolor, all the green bushes had to be removed from the canyon cave entrances, trees had to be packed over the hills, then burned to look ugly and then brought back to be erected on spots where filming was to be done. Snow had to be scattered so that it covered the entire canyon for one sequence, then swept entirely away for another. Whole canyon walls had to be painted so that light would not reflect back into the camera and spoil the film.

In one spectacular scene, Cooper gallops across the open gully pursued by the enemy, only to have his horse stumble and fall on top of his leg, breaking it. There is only one horse in Hollywood which can do such a fall and not actually break the actor's leg. The horse is brown.

In Hemingway's novel the horse is a beautiful dapple grey, worshipped by Pablo, who is accused many times of being a horse-lover because of his affection for the grey beast. The only answer was to paint the brown horse grey, which the technicians did. The shooting on this sequence had to be stopped for two days, because the horse was so self-conscious about his appearance that he wouldn't perform.

After shooting in the mountains for two and a half months, the troupe returned to the studio where huge sound stages made them feel "cooped up." Electricians went around banging their heads on overhanging beams, actors stretching

after a scene bumped into set walls. After the mammoth mountain regions in which they had been shooting, the city seemed miniature.

If the crew thought their troubles were over when they returned to the modern method of picture making, they were mistaken. Close-ups which ordinarily would have been made with artificial snow (corn flakes) had to match those taken in the genuine mountain snow, and they didn't. Studio technicians then tried to get real snow from somewhere. In mid-summer there simply was no snow close enough not to melt before arrival at the studio. The problem was finally solved by huge cakes of ice brought to the studio and after grinding them up into bits, they were thrown into a wind machine and tossed on shivering actors.

Meanwhile, the Paramount executives were having their own type of production headache. After shooting the entire picture, using the word Fascist for the attacking forces, word came from the State Department at Washington that protest would be made by Spain if such a term remained in the finished picture.

The result of this international complication was that all sentences where the word Fascist was used had to be eliminated and the word "Nationalist" inserted. This meant days in the dubbing department sound rooms, dubbing in voices of the various actors.

Finally, however, on November 30th, "For Whom the Bell Tolls" was a finished picture. Two years and three million dollars had been spent on it. So, to celebrate, the cast and crew had a huge party on the sound stage. Cooper told the story of a crew member who came into breakfast up in the mountains, after a hard night at cards, and ordered two aspirin tablets, a glass of water and a six-shooter. Ingrid Bergman was presented with a wig made of wooden curls, from a carpenter's planing tool.

And then, as if fate just wouldn't let well enough alone, the rushes shown after the party showed a technical blunder which made it necessary to re-shoot one scene the next day with some minor characters. Both Cooper and Bergman showed up on the set to watch this final shot being made.

As the two of them walked off together, Cooper said over his shoulder to Wood, "You should feel like the man who dood it."

WHICH CHILD BECAME THE STAR?

These Are The Children Who Became the Stars (Or a quick way of clearing up what puzzled you a bit on pages 30-31)

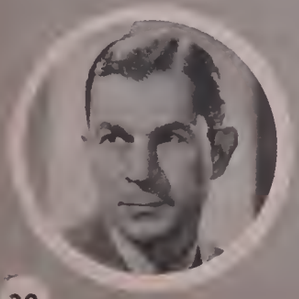
Little Miss Up and At 'Em in the lower right of the group of otherwise demure children on Page 30 is Tall Miss Up and At 'Em (or Rosalind Russell to you) today. The young person with the bangs at upper left of Page 31 turned out to be Ann (Mazie) Sothern. Her name was Harriet Lake then. He was in a uniform then and he's in a flying Lieutenant's uniform today, our future movie star at the upper right of Page 31. He's Lt. James Stewart of the U.S. Army now. Lower left, page 31, it's the girl who's the winner, a tomboy then but a demure lady now, Ruth Hussey, beautiful and charming. It's the alluring lad at the left in the final photo who became the famous one. Frank Morgan he is now, but then a Wupperman.

ROY ROGERS

Now that Gene Autry is in the Army, Roy Rogers is Cowboy No. 1 on the lot. It was Tom Mix who first told Roy that he had a chance to get somewhere as an actor. Afterwards, when Gene was on a salary strike, Roy got his first chance at Republic. He made good in his first picture, "Under Western Stars." Roy is happily married, has a ranch in San Fernando Valley, an adopted two-year-old daughter, Cheryl Darlene. This fine photograph was taken by George Hommell, Republic's distinguished portrait photographer.

THIS IS RONALD COLMAN

MOVIELAND CONSIDERS THIS THE FINEST COLMAN STORY EVER WRITTEN. READING IT YOU WILL UNDERSTAND WHY AFTER TWENTY YEARS OF STARDOM, HE IS STILL HOLLYWOOD'S MOST ROMANTIC FIGURE



By JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

Joseph Henry Steele is the only writer who could have done this story. He and Ronnie have been close friends from the day of their first meeting in 1925.

WE THREE—Ronald Colman, Lynn Bari and I—sat in the living room of a suite at the Senator Hotel in Sacramento, California. It was mid-September, the third day of a bond selling tour for the Treasury Department's billion-dollar drive. It was one o'clock in the morning and we had just returned to our rooms from a banquet. We were jittery, tired and on edge.

We were drinking double Scotch-and-sodas.

Then Ronnie broke the tension. "A man being examined for an Army commission was going through a sort of I.Q. test. Up to this point he had been doing all right. 'Has there been anything hereditary in your family—any serious disease or accidents?' the examiner asked him.

"The man thought a moment, then answered, 'Uh . . . no . . . I don't think so. The only thing I can think of is that when my mother was carrying me my father hit her over the head with a victrola, but it never affected me . . . never affected me . . . never affected me . . .' "

Ronnie's faultless poise and unfailing sense of humor saved us. Our laughter banished the jitters, and for the balance of a back-breaking, nerve-shattering tour, this phrase, "never affected me . . ." became our anodyne and restorative.

I think it apropos that Ronald Colman's career be paraphrased in this story, for this year marks his twentieth anniversary as a top-ranking star in Hollywood, assuredly unequalled in the annals of a notoriously vacillating and fickle business. For twenty years—from "Romola" to "Random Harvest"—this extraordinary man has not only maintained an exacting standard in his profession but has retained the affection and esteem of a large public so essential to perrenial stardom.

To have survived the heady wine of Hollywood after two decades is

The screen has never revealed a more handsome man than the Ronald Colman of 1922 (below), save the Ronald Colman of 1942 (above).

Movieland is given the never-before granted privilege of publishing an interior view of Ronnie's home. This is one corner of the playroom. That's Mrs. Colman at left and in the scene before the house. Like the exterior, the interior decoration is English, much of it eighteenth-century antiques. Only the playroom is in modernistic style, just for the fun of it.

in itself an eloquent tribute to the man—not as an actor, but as a man. For it takes a solid character to withstand the ravages of success, fame, adulation and, if you will, glamor.

When I have been asked, "What sort of person is Ronald Colman?" I have repeatedly answered, "He is what you have always thought he was." Because the actor and the man are the same; well-bred, courageous, introspective, romantic, reserved, humble, and the possessor of infinite good taste. And to know this is to understand why, after twenty years of stardom, after classic performances in countless classic films, he is on this anniversary being touted as the uncontested Academy Award candidate for 1942. Apparently, Hollywood, in truth, has "not affected him."

Ronald Colman has a congenital aversion for frills—mental, external and histrionic frills. During the making of "Talk of the Town" an interviewer asked him to what he attributed his long-lasting preeminence. With almost boyish embarrassment he said, "Well . . . I don't know. I think perhaps that I've just been lucky. But if there is something then it must be my dislike of tricks or mannerisms, things that identify Colman on the screen. I think the people should become interested in the character rather than in the actor. They are more apt to tire of an actor's familiar trade marks.

"The young actor," he continued, "is inclined to make too much use of props. He's always fiddling with a cigarette, or a pipe, or poking his hands in his pockets. There was a famous stage producer once who secretly sewed up the pockets of all the clothes of his actors. They were helpless without pockets.

"I used to be that way, myself. But as the years went by I tried to explore the possibilities of performing without the aid of props and I must say now, that if the script definitely calls for me to light a cigarette, I find it a difficult thing to do."

There, you young actors of Hollywood, is sage advice from a master. And when you have seen his performance in "Random Harvest" you will see what he is talking about. No tricks, no mannerisms, no props. Simply intelligence, a deep understanding, under-playing for greater power, sincerity that flows from a great heart and—Ronald Colman. That last, I am sure, will throw you.

Much has been printed about Ronnie these twenty years, much has not. I think it time that some of the things not printed saw the light of day.

Little is known, for example, of his activities for charity and war

Styles in love-making change but Mr. Colman does not date. Contrast him in the love scene with Vilma Banky (remember the glowing team they made?) as compared to his scene with Greer Garson in "Random Harvest" yet to be released. But it's the same devastating profile turned toward the camera, with the same very masculine charm and attractiveness.

Mementoes of a bond-selling tour: Ronnie and Lynn Bari look over a register in ghost town, Virginia City; Ronnie plays host at a bar (this reason—typical and charming); he exchanges autographs. Note our author at the extreme right of this shot.

relief, of which more anon. But first, it is not generally known—due to his ban on such publicity—that he is one of the few privileged to wear the Mons Medal with the 1914 bar. This medal was issued to the survivors of the first hundred-thousand British soldiers to face the German hordes in the First World War. Kitchener's "Contemptibles," they were dubbed, for their temerity in facing the Hun millions.

He was wounded at Messines, at the battle of Ypres. The vivid memory of his war and post-war experiences left an indelible mark on the youth who enlisted on the first day of the war. Here was first born that crusading spirit that has characterized him in the present conflict.

Ronnie is also a top radio star. He gets $5,000 an appearance. In the past two years he has contributed more than $100,000 of his radio time to various causes, from Community Chest to Russian War Relief. As President of the Hollywood Division of British War Relief he has administered the broad war activities of the local British colony, contributed heavily from his own purse, traveled far and wide on personal appearances, made recordings and films, managed numerous events such as Bowling for Britain. In all this work his beautiful and capable wife, Benita Hume, has been his right hand.

It was on one of his war relief travels that an amusing incident occurred. We had gone to Buffalo, New York, for an appearance at the huge auditorium on a joint Canadian-British affair. Rose Bampton, celebrated operatic star, was on the program. We were standing in the wings, awaiting Colman's cue, who was to follow the statuesque Miss Bampton. The usual tension and nervousness prevailed among the performers.

Miss Bampton, standing in front of Ronnie, was obviously fidgety. Ronnie's eyes caught hers. "Nervous?" he said. She nodded. "Is there anything I can do for you?" The well-rounded Miss Bampton looked at him with sudden hope. "Yes," she said, "there is. If my husband was here he would do it for me. Would you mind . . . I mean . . . if you would give me a kick before I go on . . ."

"Very happy to be of service," said Ronnie. No one smiled. It was all quite matter-of-fact. Then came her cue; she glanced at him appealingly and he quickly brought his right knee up against her posterior. It was a good, vigorous thump. Instantly her nervousness vanished. Miss Bampton never sang better.

From Buffalo we went to New York and stopped at a swank hotel facing Central Park Zoo. One afternoon Ronnie suggested a walk in the park. I soon found out why.

He proceeded slowly down one of the brick-paved walks, looking about as if he were seeking something. Then he stopped and nodded towards an empty bench. "I can't be sure," he said quietly, "but that might be the very bench." "What bench?" I wanted to know. "Oh," he said, "the bench I sat on twenty-two years ago, wondering where my next meal was coming from, where I would sleep that night. Wondering if after all I shouldn't give up the idea of acting and get some kind of a job."

Ronnie turned his face to me. "Did I ever tell you how I flopped as a movie actor in London? Well, when the war was over I tried to break into the motion picture business as an actor. All the work I could get was bits. And very few of those. Neither did I get much work as an extra. For years I kept butting my head against a stone wall. Nobody wanted Colman before the cameras. I finally learned why. The London Casting Bureau had files describing the characteristics of all the actors and would-be actors. There was my card. It read like this:

"Colman, Ronald. Height, 5 feet, 11 inches. Weight 159 pounds. Under 'Remarks' at the bottom of the card was this: 'Does not screen well.' "

"I walked the streets of New York and winding paths of Central Park for two years wondering about that. Then when I finally got a break in the stage production of 'La Tendresse,' and the company played an engagement in Los Angeles, I thought now I would give the lie to London's Casting Bureau. But no, they were apparently right. The studios in Hollywood thought I 'was not the right type.' "

Ronald Colman, however, likes to recall a more compensatory memory. Back in 1919, in his struggling London days, there was a stranger who told him not to be discouraged, that he had talent, that one day he would achieve eminence in the world of the theater. Years later, in 1937, he met this same man and learned his identity. He was a great novelist. His name was Hugh Walpole and he had written the screenplay of "Tale of Two Cities," one of Ronnie's finest pictures.

Ronnie has an exceptional memory and a keenly observant eye. This was exemplified by an incident during his participation in a Canadian War Bond drive in 1941. He received a letter from a man who told him that he was an old grade school colleague, and could he meet him? Ronnie informed the writer that he was appearing at a local theater that night and would

be glad to see him after the performance.

After the show Ronnie went into the foyer, and in the milling crowds he singled out the man he had last seen as a gangling youth of eighteen. The man was paunchy and bald, and knew it. "Great Heavens! How did you know me?" he said. "I recognized your broken tooth," said Ronnie. "The one you got in that diving accident. Why, you haven't even had it fixed after all these years!"

Ronnie has no superstitions or foibles, but he does carry a good luck charm on his key chain. And there is a very good reason for it. In 1914 when he was on leave and visiting a small village in Flanders in company with a fellow soldier, they were accosted by a dear old lady who impulsively presented each of them with a fifty-centime piece, the equivalent of about ten cents.

"But . . ." the two soldiers tried to protest, wanting to tell her that they probably had more money than she. The old lady would not listen. "Non-non," she said. "Keep it for good luck, and God bless you both." For Ronald Colman that fifty-centime coin carries with it a blessing he shall never forget.

The measure of a man (and in this case the measure of an unparalleled professional record) are the little, seemingly insignificant sidelights of his character. Here are a few at random:

His closest friends are Herbert Marshall and Charles Boyer.

He takes a paternal interest in the young players who appear in his pictures, aiding, advising and encouraging them.

He adores his gay and lovely wife, who herself is untiring in her sundry war activities. The only time he was ever separated from her was on the September bond selling tour.

He never drinks before six in the evening, then takes one or two Scotch highballs before dinner, rarely anything after. (The occasion in Sacramento was due entirely to the extraordinary strain under which we all labored.)

His contributions to various war causes and charities average 28 percent of his income.

He wears no jewelry.

He never goes hunting because he hates killing animals.

He shies off press interviews and personal appearances because of a genuine modesty, which is characterized by extreme self-consciousness.

In 1925 they were all equal in star billing, Mary Brian, Ralph Forbes, Ronnie and Neil Hamilton. The film was "Beau Geste." Today only Ronnie, above, is a star. The others play infrequent bits.

He has never had a bookplate. He hates pretentions and affectations.

On the 10th of December, 1941—three days after Pearl Harbor—Ronald Colman sent a long wire to Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau. He volunteered his services to the Government in any capacity they saw fit. Mr. Morgenthau replied that his government valued this offer, that Mr. Colman could best serve by lending his unmatched radio voice to government broadcasts. And so, Ronnie now appears periodically, without remuneration, on the air and soon will appear as the star of a government-sponsored series.

The greatest test of his sincerity was the Bond selling tour which called for personal appearances, his major phobia. And yet, when the tour ended and he returned home, he told his friends of the amusing incidents, not of the thousands of miles traveled by train and motor and plane; not of the four hours average of sleep per night; not of the scores of luncheons and dinners at which he could not eat; not of the hours of waiting in lonely stations for trains that were always late; not of the endless hand-shaking and autographing and how-do-you-doing.

Instead, Ronnie liked to tell about Governor Carville of Nevada who received him in his chambers at Carson City; who asked Ronnie for an autographed portrait, and when the star humbly acquiesced, the Governor pulled out a drawer, withdrew a portrait of himself, already pre-autographed to Ronnie, and said: "I thought you'd like to have one of me."

He liked to tell how wonderful people were to him, how he was impressed by the power and immensity of the United States, the great smelters and mines, the empires of corn and wheat, the cross-section of Americans who were strong and solid and earthy.

He liked to tell about Mayor Al Jenkins of Salt Lake City who, when introduced to Ronnie, immediately presented him with his personal card on which was flamboyantly imprinted a picture of His Honor, the Mayor, accoutred in racing goggles and headgear, and a long list of his world speed records. It was as if to say: "See! I, too, am a celebrity!"

RONNIE liked best, however, to tell about little people. Little people with big hearts and great love of country. Paul Smith, shopkeeper of Virginia City, for example. When Ronnie arrived at the State Capitol in Carson City he was given a letter addressed to him. It was from Paul Smith and this is what he wrote:

"Dear Mr. Colman: I think it would be sad for Virginia City if you did not go a little out of the way to visit this historic mining town while you are in Nevada. Although I know we cannot offer much in the way of buying Bonds, I will deeply appreciate such a visit and will buy a $100 Bond from you."

That was the gist of the letter but there was something else—a warmth that touched Ronnie. Despite the tight and exhaustive schedule ahead of us he insisted that we visit the obscure shopkeeper.

We detoured on our way to Reno and paid Paul Smith a call. Paul's eyes welled and his voice choked when he saw the star enter his shop. He bought the hundred dollar bond, and then presented Ronnie with a tie-clip already monogramed R. C. In his heart Paul Smith had known that Ronald Colman would respond to his letter.

Later, Paul took us to the famous Crystal Chandelier Bar, and there Ronnie addressed the hundred-or-so citizens of Virginia City. And at the end of his talk the star of "Random Harvest" paused a moment, looked around, and said: "Well, I don't know what else to say . . . except . . . perhaps, that the drinks are on me." Whereupon he stepped behind the bar and assisted the bartender in mixing the drinks.

At Kansas City we boarded the Chief and started for home. Ronnie sat down and wrote his wife a telegram. It read:

PEACE IT'S WONDERFUL. JOE STILL THINKS HE'S NAPOLEON BUT IT NEVER AFFECTED ME . . . NEVER AFFECTED ME . . . NEVER AFFECTED ME. . . .

The first picture which the famous Irene has costumed under her new MGM contract is "Reunion" which stars Joan Crawford and Philip Dorn. All the clothes are keen, but at the sneak preview, the audience reaction to this one was outstanding. Softly tailored, it is of black perosa, worn with a white crepe full sleeved blouse, buttoning into softly tailored cuffs.

PRESENTING

JUDY GARLAND

Judy is now o war widow, for her husbond, Dove Rose hos joined the Army os o privote in the Signol Corps. Just before he left, they ottended their lost porty together, o Hollowe'en spree given by the West Side Tennis Club. Two popular orchestros ployed, ond Judy ond Dove donced their forewell donces together. Judy's mod about dancing onywoy. She's so wild obout Jimmy Dorsey's music thot between scenes of "Presenting Lily Mars" she wos listening to Dorsey every chonce she got. Judy is giving o greot mony Command Performonces on the rodio, to pleose the boys in the service.

HAIR IS GETTING HIGHER AND HIGHER IN HOLLYWOOD

Betty Grable dramatizes her hair line by pulling her blonde locks straight up from the temples and tucking the side pieces under atop the head. She wears a curled bang and sweeps her backhair up straight, the curled ends finishing the coiffure.

THE rats are returning to Hollywood, but they are not the kind that grandmama used to put out on the dresser at nightfall. Hidden beneath the newly piled up locks of the movie lassies are pads of what is called hairwool. This is light and sterile and most drug stores or beauty parlors, even in small towns carry it. Thus a smart cookie anywhere can copy the Hollywood mode, if she's got patience, a knack with pin curls, some hair lacquer or wave set, and a set of bobby pins.

Marsha Hunt chooses the most severe style of all, but it's very flattering if you have a good clean profile. This touch of the Gay Nineties is achieved by parting the hair down the middle, from forehead to nape, sweeping it up on all sides and tucking it over and under the afore-mentioned rat. This creates an effect which is pert, quaint and sophisticated at the same time.

Paulette Goddard, always a pace setter on hair-do's, wears her hair in a fashion similar to the Grable style but combs her bangs into a straighter line down lower on the forehead. For both hairdresses a good strong permanent is a must for neatness.

Mary Martin varies this fashion by having no set curls but a fluffy mass all over her cute pate. The Hollywood bunch originally relied on hair lacquer to help them defy whispy ends that want to tumble down on the neck again. This proved to be hard on the hair, so now most of them use wave-setting lotion. The hair has to be brushed with this more often, to keep it neat.

TECHNIQUE of a LOVE AFFAIR

as told by

PAUL HENREID

to FREDDA DUDLEY

VIENNA has long been celebrated for its glorious music, its romantic river, its bewitching women and its gallant men.

This enchanting capital, before Hitler, was known as the epitome of romance. It was only natural for Hollywood, being Hollywood, to extract from this scene one of Vienna's most delightful noblemen, Baron Paul von Henreid, and to convert him into Mr. Paul Henreid, American.

This very handsome Baron, turned Mr., has been in Hollywood only a little more than two successful years. "Joan of Paris," his first picture, was no particular hit, but Mr. Henreid himself was very much of a one. Warners quickly hired him away from RKO, cast him opposite their box-office dream girl, Bette Davis. If you saw "Now, Voyager," you most certainly remember him. It was he who brought charm, humor and most particularly love into Bette's film life. He did it so well that the feminine public felt that it couldn't all be acting, as dictated by the director, or speeches as suggested by the scenario.

It wasn't. Mr. Henreid, most idylically married, knows much about the greatest subject in the world. As, for instance—

Before Mr. Henreid became completely Americanized, he noticed a number of things about the local branch of the Department of Love. He was fascinated by the American desire to reduce all human endeavor, including love-making, to a game, and to make hard and fast rules for the playing of that game. He occasionally read serious pronouncements about all men being attracted by shining hair, or a perfect skin, or good legs, a resonant voice or a ready wit.

Paul Henreid says with a grin, "That isn't necessarily so. A man may be attracted by a girl's eyes, by another's perfume, by still another's lithe figure. Every woman holds a different charm for each different man she meets. Yet with all these different attractions, there is still only one technique for—shall I say—capture."

Mr. Henreid believes that there is only one basis of attraction between any man and any girl. It consists of a mysterious group of elements which suddenly give off "spark." A man may have spent his formative years yearning after dark eyes, yet one day a blue-eyed blonde serves him a sandwich over a U.S.O. jiffy bar, and click! there is romance in the air.

"With this spark, there is only one trouble. There are so many sensations happening to the very young that, sometimes, this most important one is misunderstood or missed entirely.

"But if two people have recognized the spark, have looked into each other's eyes and seen there that *one* thing, they know they are ready to be married. BUT both of them instinctively want lovely delays, and in those delays lie the technique of a love affair. So, then comes the time of beautiful preliminaries.

"It is the part of the man to ask for their first meeting, but to ask in an unimportant way. He should say, 'Would you like to have dinner with me Friday evening and then go dancing?' He should never, never say, 'I want to take you to a movie Friday evening, and dancing Saturday night, and swimming Sunday, and bowling Monday . . .' It is fatal to charm and prolonged excitement to give what you call a 'rush' in such a headlong fashion."

ON this first date, Mr. Henreid is convinced, that the lady in the case can further her own charm delightfully—if she is smart enough. She should look her best—not in a new dress, but in a gown in which she is entirely at ease. She should talk interestingly. Mr. Henreid, a convivial soul, is convinced that most men like girls who converse, but don't chatter. In other words, he doesn't think a girl should rely on that old, tired technique of mere listening.

A girl should talk *about* the man, to the man. There are subtle questions to be asked: his favorite sport and how he plays it constitute a topic good for at least thirty minutes, sometimes an entire evening. Something about his business or profession should be brought into the confab. If the girl seeks his advice in a *very* minor matter, that is excellent.

Won't the man be conscious that he is being flattered if a girl does this? "Subconsciously, he will be conscious," says Mr. Henreid. "But the man is thinking all the while, perhaps this time her interest isn't entirely technique—perhaps it's genuine."

During this first evening this perfect male performs all the accepted courtesies without clumsiness or hesitation. He lights cigarettes, holds coats, asks occasionally, "Is there anything I can get for you? Are you entirely comfortable?"

At the end of the evening he drives or takes the girl home, walks up to the door, bows, thanks his pretty date for a marvelous evening, looks at her lips—and then leaves.

When a woman knows that a man wants to kiss her, and she has men-

Paul Henreid, Warner's romantic thrill, applies his technique to Bette Davis in "Now, Voyager." Says Mr. Henried about love, "The perfect lover is a man who charms every woman and loves but one—his wife." Henried is typical of one of Hollywood's adaptations to war conditions. As American stars go into the armed forces, the European actors available in this country are being called to take their places.

Here is Paul Henreid as he appeared in his first American picture, "Joan of Pa[illegible]" co-starring Michele Morgan. The picture may have failed to register, but not Paul!

tally acquiesced and awaits only the physical gesture, she finds it intriguing to be treated like a marble goddess—and that is a fact that even moonlight on the Danube can't refute.

The morning after this first date is always important—in the eyes of a Continental. Mr. Henreid has a word about What Every Young Man Should Know. To wit: Young Man should have learned at approximately what time the lady in the case awakens, and he should arrange to have flowers delivered about fifteen minutes after the alarm clock has clappered out reveille.

This crack-of-dawn offering may be a single gardenia, or—if a man is in the ducats—two dozen lavishly red, long-stemmed roses. Without a card. Utterly without a card. Give the lady credit for a bit of perception.

At this point a good many girls would be propelled to the telephone to clarion thanks, but wait! A sophisticate never hurries anything. No girl with technique is going to behave as if this were the first bouquet she had ever received. She delays her call.

All of which gives the man an opportunity for his next maneuver; he telephones at noon to ask how his glamour child is, what she has been doing, and of what she has been thinking. Naturally, she mentions the flowers.

Now here is an important trick: the man, instead of confiding, "I called my florist the first thing and asked him if he had some nice fresh gardenias because I remembered that you admired those the girl in green was wearing last night," simply skips the explanation.

Doctor of Hearts Henreid prescribes that he ask off-handedly, "Did you like them?" It's a shame that every man can't copy the Henreid inflection because Paul can ask more in four words than a cross-examining attorney can interrogate in twenty court sessions.

Watch this next play carefully. The sophisticated man ends the conversation without asking for another date. This creates suspense. Mr. Henreid recommends that no gay blade try to do everything in one call.

If several days go by and there is no word from the gentleman, it is obviously the lady's play. "There are many womanly things to be done without losing prestige," Mr. Henreid says. "A girl can telephone to say she has just finished reading a book, or seeing a movie, or hearing a concert that she thinks the man will enjoy. She gives him the details, then rings off."

The brevity of the conversation is even more important than the message, according to a man who can't endure protracted telephone lectures. Yet the message, however brief, has its significance. It tells a man that the girl has been think-

Mr. Henreid is a saddle-path enthusiast and keeps in condition by riding, tennis, and swimming. He is snapped here during his first canter on Hollywood bridle paths.

Cinema's new heart-throb is well-known for his hero-role in "Night Train."

ing of the man in flattering terms.

A girl who lives with her parents has a second ace to play. Her mother can always arrange a small dinner party, including the man of the moment.

The day after the dinner party or the girl's telephone call, the man will telephone to say how much he enjoyed the evening, or the book, movie or concert, and he will add, "Would you like to go dancing tomorrow night?"

"At this time, tremendous duties fall on the man in love," says Mr. Henreid with a sly twinkle. He must, without actually saying the words, convince the girl that he respects her, that he responds to her, that he finds her company more pleasant than that of any other girl he has ever known.

"Sometimes, one finds a girl to be stubborn," he admits. "This is because she has a career that she doesn't want to hamper or abandon because of marriage, or because she had been hurt by a previous love affair and she is deeply frightened of emotion. Or her home life with her father may have been unhappy and she distrusts all men. Or she may be simply shy and frustrated. There are men, I am told, who attempt to argue a girl out of such an attitude. Nothing, in my opinion, could be more insane. There are methods to convince a girl, subtly, that she has been misguided."

One of the simplest is to awaken retrospective jealousy. Faced with the stubborn problem, Mr. Henreid would tell a personal story that begins, "Once when I was in Cairo, I met a magnificently beautiful English girl. We danced at Sheppard's, and visited the Sphinx by moonlight. . . ." It was, in short, one of those brief, idyllic romances which give travel posters their allure. "I still remember after all these years," he would say, "that she liked lime ice, that she had always coveted a pair of moccasins made by Red American Indians, and that she hated white shoes."

The logical question at this point is, "If you remember her so well, you must still be in love with her. Why didn't you marry her?"

Comeback: "Because she was such a wonderful girl that she realized our love affair wasn't permanent. It just wasn't to be. She broke it up in the most beautiful way, and I shall always remember my friendship with her as one of the loveliest episodes in my life."

By telling such a story the competent romancer indicates first, that the progress of a love affair is always the lady's decision, and this gives her a sense of power. Second, that he is discreet because he mentioned no names; third, that he cherishes delicate memories, and fourth, that if she doesn't appreciate him someone else will.

Steep hills, fiction stories and love affairs have at least one factor in common: each must have a climax, a point of highest accent. It is the duty of the man to realize this moment and to act upon it, according to Mr. Henreid.

That is the instant for the moonlight trip in the canoe, or the evening alone before a roaring fire, or the balcony pause between dances. That is the instant for THE one breathless sentence: "I love you. I want you for my wife."

"Having reached this point," Mr. Henreid observes, grinning, "someone is going to observe that there is a war going on and all things have to be compressed in short time. True enough, but a man who has seven days leave could use this technique in capsule form and win his objective—not with frenzy — but with grace."

COME INTO THE KITCHEN, MOVIE STAR

The servant shortage has many a glamour girl like Annabella Power suffering those dust cloth blues.

BY BARBARA BERCH

LET'S say you're a celebrated movie star. You're beautiful, you're famous, you're rich, and your dashing husband is off somewhere in the Solomons or England or Africa, making history.

You go on a bond-selling tour three times a week, fly back to Hollywood long enough for a few heavy necking scenes with Walter Pidgeon or Ray Milland, whiz down to the nearest desert Army post to sing and dance for the boys, and between all this you make time to sew bedroom slippers for Naval Aid, jitterbug with the sailors at the Hollywood Canteen, and answer mail from soldiers in Australia.

Sounds fine, doesn't it? Hectic, and exciting, and ever so vital. But, wait—there's more. Now you go home to a big empty house, roll your peekaboo bangs or your French curls into a bandana, and start right in washing dishes, sweeping floors, making beds, and waxing furniture. Because your servants—bless them—have joined up too. They're welding at Lockheed, typing at Calship, and marching in the WAAC's, leaving you with your crowded calendar of daily events—and no help.

But you're the celebrated movie star we mentioned in paragraph one, so you're not complaining, nor letting your house gather dust, either. C'est la guerre, kids.

The formal method of greeting in movieland has long been "What's cooking?" This winter of 1942-43, it's a very soulful "Who's cooking?"

With Tyrone Power in the Marine Corps, and ready to assume active duty any day, Annabella has promised to keep their Brentwood Heights estate open until Ty returns from the wars. The Power manse is no doll house, either. It's a mammoth estate, covering four acres, complete with squash, bean, and onion-bearing victory gardens—which Annabella has promised to tend, too, now that the gardener is a key man at Douglas.

Annabella had three perfectly good servants a few weeks ago. Today, she commemorates their memory with a service flag raised in the kitchen, a star apiece sewed on for each of them. Her maid is taking a nursing course in San Francisco, her chauffeur has joined the Army paratroopers, and her cook is in the WAVES. Annabella herself, is ready to apply for membership in the W.H.O.W. (Women Housewives of War) as soon as the rolls are officially opened.

Over at the Fred MacMurray house, Lillian and Fred divide the housework between them. Lillian does all of the actual cleaning—the bed-making, the dusting, sweeping and window-washing—while Fred pitches in and takes care of the marketing on his way home from the studio. They manage the cooking between them.

So far they eat whatever they make, although the dinner hour at their house often reaches from six to eight-thirty or nine o'clock. Lillian follows all the directions in the cook book, but the steak is invariably finished before the baked potatoes, and the hot biscuits are slightly chilled before the beets are ready for dicing.

IS NOT "WHAT'S COOKING?" BUT "WHO'S COOKING?"

Richard Carlson lost a treasure of a maid for a reason that couldn't happen anywhere but in Hollywood.

Mona and Richard Carlson turned their servants over to the aircraft factories when the time came—and immediately advertised for one good helper to assist them in keeping their San Fernando Valley ranch house in order. First person to appear was a plump, good natured, round cheeked Swedish woman, who had a few questions to ask before taking the job.

"You're a movie star, aren't you?" she asked, pointing to Dick Carlson.

Dick nodded—hoping she didn't mind.

"Well, do you ever have any of those big Hollywood parties that go on all night?"

Mona and Dick assured her they didn't.

"What about those cocktail affairs you folks always give? You know, with Marlene Dietrich and Paulette Goddard? How many of those do you make a month?"

None, absolutely none, the Carlsons vowed.

The prospective maid went on, blitzing questions at them. "Yes, but do you have big dinner parties without giving notice—maybe twenty guests at a time?"

The Carlsons solemnly raised their right hands that dinner parties would never happen here. "Just the two of us—that's all."

The maid said "Hummm," put her hat back on her head, thanked them very much—but she didn't think she wanted the job.

"Sounds too dead out here for me."

Benita and Ronald Colman moved out of their Beverly Hills home at the first hint of servant trouble, and reopened their small summer cottage in San Ysidro, near Santa Barbara. There, Benita is being a dandy little wife and housekeeper—and Ronnie smokes his pipe and reads his newspapers before an open fireplace—with slippers and Rover, the dog, properly placed to give it the touch of authenticity. All's fine now, but Benita didn't turn into this home-making jewel without plenty of fingernail scorching and skin-chapping over an experimental pot. Especially with Ronnie's favorite dish, the English mound of mashed potatoes and country sausage.

Sounds easy—just potatoes and sausage—but Benita Colman didn't think it was difficult, either. Took three tries, and three hapless suppers, before she finally acquired the secret, and now Ronnie is in danger of losing his extraordinary waistline. After all, mashed potatoes every night—!

Yes—Rita dances with Astaire and has her face done by Westmore. But she still races home every night and makes herself handy with the vacuum cleaner, a little job her maid can't find time to do. Rita vacuums, or maid walks out.

Lana tosses her curls by Guilaroff and twinkles dimples all day—but she's also a demon with the fried eggs, and breezes through a session of woodwork polishing without hiring a maid to help her—even if she could get one.

Now will you get in there and dry those dishes before Mary Martin, who knows all about such things, starts waving a double-boiler at you!

NEWS!

JACK BENNY GIVES SOMETHING AWAY!

IT MAY BE ONLY A MAXWELL TO YOU—BUT IT'S SWEET PUBLICITY TO JACK

Well, here they come . . . Patriot Jack Benny and Chouffeur Rochester, sacrificing the Moxwell for the sake of "Winning the War." They are headed for the 20th Century-Fox lot, where officials of the Auto Graveyard Section, Conservation Division, War Production Board, are waiting to receive the Maxwell.

A sad day this. You can tell from Jack's expression. Even Rochester, despite the past trouble he has had with the Maxwell, seems despondent. They meet a studio cop who directs them to the junk pile on the lot where the Maxwell will soon rest.

Whoops! Having Maxwell trouble? Seems so. But anyway, the car (!) held out until they got to the 20th Century-Fox lot, where, by the way, Jack and Rochester are going to make "The Meanest Man In The World."

Rear view of the Maxwell being pushed to its patriotic doom by some of the 20th Century-Fox lovelies who were on the lot rehearsing for "Coney Island." Or would you say "rear view of the Maxwell?" At any rate, Jack seems to be enjoying it.

"Now we can win the war," says Big-Hearted Benny, handing over his Maxwell to John C. Austin (left) and Merril Stubs. Mr. Austin is District Chief and Mr. Stubs Chief of Auto Graveyard Section, Conservation Division of the War Production Board.

Jack takes a last, sad look at the Maxwell. "What wonderful times we had together," he sighs, as nostalgia creeps over him. "Only an emergency like this could make me part with her. . . . Ah, well c'est la guerre!"

MOVIELAND'S MOVIE REVIEWS

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET

Finest war-news film since "Mrs. Miniver" is "Journey for Margaret," in which Robert Young and Margaret O'Brien give fine performances. When Young's work as a foreign newspaper correspondent goes bad, his wife, Laraine Day, talks of returning to America to divorce him.

I MARRIED A WITCH

Wooley (Fredric March) is running for governor and engaged to Estelle (Susan Hayward). He doesn't know he's cursed because an ancestor was a witch-burner. Wally, returning to his hotel, finds it in flames. Discovers an unclothed girl (Veronica Lake) in his room. She's a witch, risen from grave, to torment him.

SPRING-TIME IN THE ROCKIES

Dan Christy (John Payne) and Vicky Lane (Betty Grable) are a musical comedy team. And they are very much in love. But when Dan is late for their number on the last night of the show because he's out with another girl, Vicky explodes.

WHIS-TLING IN DIXIE

Red Skelton portraying Wally Benton, "the fox" of radio fame, is minding his own business when his fiancee (Ann Rutherford) gets distress call from her friend, Ellamae (Diana Lewis).

In the midst of an air raid, Bob and Laraine forget their own marital difficulties. When they rescue a tiny brother and sister, they decide to take the two homeless waifs to the shelter of the United States. Many complications arise with the frightened kids, particularly when it looks as though it will be necessary to separate them, but all ends well. A tear-jerker, this, that will ring the heart of every parent.

Wally Wooley (Freddy March, of course) still loves his fiancee Estelle, but on Wally's wedding day the witch's father utilizes his magic powers, causing Wally to shoot him . . . which naturally postpones the wedding. The witch, however, has decided that Wally is keen, and Wally, in turn, has decided that it is all too much for him. So the witch and Wally are wed. If you go for this nether-world stuff, you'll find this picture hilarious.

Vicky goes to Lake Louise and unites with her former partner, Cesar Romero. Dan ties up with an intelligent bartender (Edward Everett Horton), who is really a rich guy. Dan follows Vicky, hires Rosita (Carmen Miranda) to make Vicky jealous. But Rosita gives Vicky the lowdown. Plot is nil, but dancing and music are swell.

Ellamae is mixed up in a murder, along with Uncle (Guy Kibbee). Wally and fiancee go down South (scene of murder), and in the midst of much hilarity, Wally solves the mystery. If you can stand a moth-eaten plot, you'll get a kick out of Red's antics.

YOU CAN TELL AT A GLANCE WHICH ONES YOU WANT TO SEE

RANDOM HARVEST

Ronald Colman, shell-shocked amnesia victim of First World War, escapes from hospital. Greer Garson, who is a music hall entertainer, meets him in the crowd, falls instantly in love with him, and takes him on tour with her.

Afraid Ronnie will be given back to the authorities, Greer gives up her own work, marries, hides in small town, and gradually brings back Ronnie's power of speech. He starts writing for a living.

ONCE UPON A HONEY-MOON

Ginger Rogers, as Katie O'Hara, an ambitious bathing beauty about to become a Baroness, meets Pat O'Toole, a newspaperman, who gets in to see her by pretending he's a dressmaker.

Ginger spurns Cary, thinks her Baron and his friends are toasting her, when they are actually Nazi spies, toasting the fall of Poland. She weds and then realizes who her husband is.

NIGHT-MARE

Brian Donlevy, an American gambler, bombed out of his London home and left penniless, is stealing a meal in Diana Barrymore's kitchen when she discovers him and threatens to turn him over to the police unless he helps her dispose of her murdered husband.

MOVIELAND'S MOVIE REVIEWS

LIFE BEGINS AT 8:30

Monty Woolley is a great actor who, through booze, can't even hold a job as a department store Santa Claus. His crippled daughter, Ida Lupino, keeps peace at home. Cornel Wilde is the love interest.

Called to Liverpool on business, Ronnie is knocked down by a taxi. The blow restores his memory of his rightful identity, but makes him forget his life with Greer. As Sir Charles Rainier, he becomes rich. Greer, unrecognized by him, becomes his devoted secretary.

The happy ending is finally reached, but not until you have seen an exquisite, most poignant, romantic film. Don't miss it. The entire production is supreme. Miss Garson surpasses "Mrs. Miniver." Colman is superb; Susan Peters, who also loves him, is magnificent.

As revenge, she gives her passport to an escaping Jewish girl. Ginger, with Cary, is put in a concentration camp. Released by our consul, they sail for America; find the Baron on the same boat.

Ginger pushes the Baron overboard, thus freeing herself. This makes comedy, if you can laugh at romance against today's European suffering. Cary Grant is particularly good, and Ginger's clothes are stunning.

Brian removes the body, but next night he finds it back again. Diana refuses to explain but pays him passage money in return for taking her to a mysterious country house.

Brian and Diana find they have walked into a Nazi spy headquarters, with a local big shot unsuspected by the police and their lives in danger as a result. An exciting picture. And good fun.

Ida schemes to get her father back on Broadway as "King Lear," plans to wed when he is successful. Opening night, Monty goes on another bat. Ida renounces love to take care of him. Monty then decides to marry rich Sara Allgood, as a way out. Very disappointing, this.

YOU CAN TELL AT A GLANCE WHICH ONES YOU WANT TO SEE

Jeanette MacDonald has tried twenty-seven ways of wooing Morpheus, but Morpheus won't cooperate.

INSOMNIA

HOW THE STARS BATTLE IT

BY KAY PROCTOR

INSOMNIA is Hollywood's occupational disease. In the town where health is a fetish and keeping fit is a "must" in success, it is the one affliction the stars cannot seem to conquer.

Insomnia, according to the dictionary's impersonal definition, merely is the inability to sleep, but those tormented souls who suffer from it call it by another name. It is a hideous invention of the devil, insomniacs say, a diabolical form of torture straight from the horror chambers of the Inquisition. What most of us take for granted—go to bed, fall sound asleep, wake up in the morning refreshed and strong—to them is a blessed gift from the gods. It is a prize to be coveted above riches, fame and glory.

The disease is nothing new to Hollywood. For years the stars have been peculiarly susceptible to it. The pace of their lives, the nature of their work, the nervous sensitivity and emotional makeup essential in creative artists all have combined to render them incapable of the simple physical and psychical relaxation doctors say is the keynote of sleep. For years the stars have fought insomnia, desperately and frantically experimenting with any means, however bizarre, to conquer it. A few have succeeded; most are still fighting the endless battle.

Today, when war has increased the tension of living for all men and women, more and more of us unhappily are learning what it means to lie awake all night.

Barbara Stanwyck has suffered from insomnia for the past twelve years. Hers is the erratic kind with attacks coming at unexpected times for no rhyme or reason. She can be desperately tired when she goes to bed and not sleep a wink, or she can be equally tired and fall asleep the moment her head touches the pillow.

"In the same crazy way, being tired seems to have nothing to do with it," Barbara said. "Sometimes I can sleep like a lamb after an easy and restful day, and sometimes I

can't. It's the inconsistency thing which infuriates me."

During her twelve ye Barbara has tried every "c gested or prescribed.

A fellow insomniac did suggestion which later pr uable, but not as a sleep-m suggested Barbara visu rhythmic breaking of wa bara tried—and ended u inspiration for a design rette case which Jack B had made as an annive for his wife, Mary. It was of an ocean wave breaki a gold case with hundreds diamonds forming the spra

"Now I just get up and w around the house when an comes," she said. "If I'm very awake I sometimes write le which probably accounts for excellent reputation as a corr pondent. I don't mind wanderin in the summertime, but the cold in winter is no fun. It is, however, the lesser of two evils."

Insomnia first began to haunt Cornel Wilde about the time he decided to become an actor back in New York. Until then, the darkly handsome young man, who got his big Hollywood break recently in the lead opposite Ida Lupino in "Life Begins at 8:30," slept the sound sleep of a baby.

"Just trying to become an actor apparently shot my sleeping mechanism to blazes," he said. "Frankly, I was having an awful time getting any job at all. Daytimes I was much too busy to think about anything but the immediate business on hand, but as soon as my head hit the pillow at night, my mind would go shooting off in firecrackers of worry. Would I ever make good? Should I try NBC the next day? Maybe it would be a good idea to try for the new play Whosis was backing. I know such and such a producer; was there a chance he would do something for me? Shall I do this? Shall I do that? Back and forth I'd argue with myself until I was in a mental stew which knocked all chance of sleep galley west. Now, actually, there is no need for such wandering worry, but insomnia has become a habit."

Of all the "cures" Cornel has tried, only one has given him a modicum of relief. He calls it "piecemeal relaxing" and works it by "willing" individual parts of his body to relax, starting with the hair, by visualizing it in an utterly relaxed, sagging condition. After the hair comes eyes, then ears, jaws, neck and so on. Usually by the time he has reached the breastbone he is sound asleep. One night, however, he got an unexpected kickback.

"I must have been concentrating too hard on the subject of hair," he said. "At any rate, I dreamed I was completely bald! It was such a terrifying spectacle I woke up in a cold sweat and never did get back to sleep."

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In fact, Jeanette said, she is about ready to subscribe to Robert Benchley's recipe for beating the insomnia haunt: raid the ice box of every remnant of snacks and wind up with such a ghastly case of indigestion that insomnia is forgotten completely.

"There is one thing to be said for insomnia," Jeanette admitted. "It is a wonderful topic of conversation. Nearly everyone has had at least a touch of it, and everyone thinks his or her case is the worst. That makes for lively argument."

John Payne's insomnia began when he was about twenty and is still going strong. Happily, a sleepless night doesn't make him particularly nervous or irritable the next day or even exhaust him too much. Still, as he says, "a guy likes to sleep when he is supposed to."

"I've tried a good many remedies, and all the old stand-bys," he said. "The one I use now seems to bring the best results. I get up, get dressed in comfortable clothes, and go out walking. Naturally, this wouldn't be much help to a woman, because she can't go strolling around the streets at 4 A.M., but a man can get away with it with only an occasional explanation to be made to a beat cop or cruising squad car. I walk quietly, with no sense of hurry, in a shambling, relaxed fashion away from the direction of home until I begin to feel really tired. By the time all my steps of necessity have been retraced to get home, I'm ready for bed and sleep. The important thing, however, is the leisurely pace of the walking; brisk steps only wake me more than ever."

The Perils of Payne, while attempting to defeat sleeplessness, were very funny.

Now that he's newly launched at Twentieth Century-Fox, Cornel Wilde is more relaxed, but earlier it was different

Lana Turner and Stephen Crane just before their big battle at the Tennis Club party. One minute Lana and Stephen were lovey dovey like this, and the next, there were storm signals. The next day, the gossips rumored a separation; but Lana said it was just a minor tiff and that she would never leave Stephen.

★ ★ ★

Recent booing in theatres of draft age actors led to two types of answers from Hollywood. At a meeting of leading men to consider the question, John Wayne said: "I have four children and I can't and wouldn't lug them to a public exhibition on every occasion as the personal answer to why I haven't gone. However, I feel, gentlemen, that the only answer to this problem is for all of us to go down in a body and volunteer for service. That would settle the question once and for all." There was a brief but eloquent silence and suddenly a motion to adjourn.

Charlie Chaplin who, with Wendell Willkie, campaigned for a second front, had his answer which the industry felt was a sincere presentation of the position of those who haven't yet gone.

Said Chaplin: "I'm too old to carry a bayonet. (Chaplin is 53.) Everyone in the United Nations is contributing to the war effort. Working as a clown, I can do more than hunting a hun with a gun. In the last war I made pictures and the soldiers were pleased. They wanted those belly laughs. If they want me for the service, I won't shirk."

The hazards of being romantic in Hollywood were never illustrated better than in the case of Dolores Del Rio. Dolores had an absolutely dream marriage to Cedric Gibbons, the MGM set designer. Gibbons adored her, surrounded her with every known comfort and beauty.

Enter into this paradise Mr. Orson Welles, the genius. Enter love between Del Rio and Welles. Exit a very heartbroken Mr. Gibbons via the divorce courts. That was about a year and a half ago.

Welles honestly believed he could make a dramatic star of Dolores, and he honestly tried. He made her the star of his "Journey into Fear" and he lavished on her such adoring direction as no movie girl has ever known. When the picture was finished, he and Dolores journeyed together to South America, for his next production, and eventually to Mexico, Del Rio's native land.

Meanwhile, in Hollywood, Gibbons began smiling again in the presence of Patricia Dane, a particularly torrid Metro contract girl and it was even whispered about that the two were engaged.

Well, "Journey into Fear" was sent up to RKO for release and after one look at it the RKO executives nearly collapsed. The picture itself has that distinction that gilds everything that Welles does, but Del Rio was still not an actress, though she remains one of the most beautiful women who has ever hit the film colony.

The tag on this little story is the typical Hollywood touch. Pat Dane got over her romance with Gibbons and Welles got over his romance with Dolores. Miss Dane has gone on to the attentions of Major Anatole Litvak, the ex-director, who always has charmed all the girls. Del Rio, after a long period of idleness in Mexico, is finally going to be in a propaganda picture to be released in South America. To further complicate this romantic puzzle, Dolores is now seen everywhere with Eric Remarque, who was Marlene Dietrich's constant escort until Jean Gabin appeared on the scene. All of which should let you know why Hollywood girls never seem to be able to make up their minds about their hearts.

★ ★ ★

Patricia Morrison returns from a tour of Ireland and England soldier camps to say that the soldiers had one request. The food was o. k., the lodgings were o. k., but there were not enough silk stockings to dole out to English girls for dates.

Pat gave away her clothes to American girls acting in British shows. Many of the girls hadn't had a dress on since war began because they buy only suits, since those last longer.

Pat nearly collapsed trying to eat English fare, which consisted of potato loaf (for a meat dish), potatoes for vegetables and no dessert. Only in the American army camps could Pat find any eggs, meat and citrus fruits.

★ ★ ★

Once, when he was still unknown, Ty Power was kicked out of a picture. Alice Faye championed him. Ever since, they've been pals, so when Alice, after being out for motherhood, returned to 20th Century-Fox recently for "Hello, Frisco, Hello," Ty was the first guy there to greet her. The roses were the gift of Alice's working crew, who've been with her ever since she came on the lot. Alice is looking mighty well these days.

★ ★ ★

Laraine Day gave a whole season of parties in one night just before gas rationing put up the movie colony cars for the duration. Husband Ray Hendricks (he's a civilian flying instructor for the army) and Laraine invited all their friends (some of them live as far as twenty miles from Laraine) for an all-holiday celebration.

In the course of the evening there was merrymaking for every gala day that comes up in the year. A bit wearing, but the concentrated festivity was supposed to furnish holiday spirit for the sombre days ahead.

Party started in the Hallowe'en room where Laird Cregar lost his dignity in the wash tub ducking for apples, went through Christmas with wacky gifts to the guests, and ushered in the New Year with Ray and Laraine as Father Time and Baby New Year respectively. Laraine probably got the idea from Holiday Inn" which has the same plot, but it was good fun anyhow.

★ ★ ★

Recently, when Bob Hope asked Jerry Colona his age, Jerry cracked, "Three A, going on Four F."

★ ★ ★

GOOD GUY WINS GIRL HEROINE

A few years ago, fate dealt a blow to twelve-year-old Dorothy Gagon from which many a youngster might never have recovered. Dorothy fell out of a swing, injuring her right arm so terribly that it had to be amputated. And as if that weren't enough, a contagious infection known as "gas gangrene" set in and for six months she lay alone in the "C. D." ward in a Los Angeles hospital.

But Dorothy had courage. Though she fought the battle for her life alone, she won it through. Almost the first thing she did on leaving the hospital was to go to the movies. She just happened to see "The Pied Piper" in which twelve-year-old Roddy McDowall is the co-star. Dorothy fell hard. She wrote Roddy a fan letter. Roddy wrote back. She wrote again and he replied. Came then that red-letter day when Roddy asked her to lunch at 20th Century-Fox and to visit him on the "My Friend Flicka" set. And as if that weren't enough, they ran into Tyrone Power on the lot and Roddy introduced them.

"Yes, Mr. Power is certainly handsome," Dorothy said, "but of course there is no one like Roddy."

Roddy returns the compliment.

MARTHA JANET RAFFERTY was the most talented kid in Altoona, Pa. She always knew she was her own gold mine, so when she left home to head for Hollywood, she dropped her first and last names, kept the middle one and added the name of the county in which she was born—Blair.

As JANET BLAIR

curvacious blonde hope, she has been under contract to Columbia for nearly three years, has played in some half dozen indifferent movies, posed for several thousands of bathing suit pictures, and this winter revealed herself as "My Sister Eileen."

As Eileen, she was surrounded by dynamic Rosalind Russell, who yields nothing in the close-ups, by suave Brian Aherne, who knows down to the last syllable how to put across a line. Nevertheless, twenty-one year old Janet barrelled herself straight into the public's affections. "My Sister Eileen" is one of the smash hits, earning much more than the same studio's "Talk of the Town," which cost twice as much to produce.

This means you will be seeing more of Janet's face, less of her legs, infinitely more of her in subtle gowns such as she here adorns, a smooth number of heavy white silk, with long sleeves but bare shoulders and with a nude chiffon dickey to lend an impudently demure touch.

Complicated, subtle, charming Ginger Rogers. Is she really in love this time? Has she ever really loved?

THE TURBULENT LOVES OF GINGER ROGERS

WITH NEWS ABOUT HER LATEST DATE—PHILIP REED

BY ELIZABETH DUNCAN

THE NEWEST romance going about Hollywood concerning Ginger Rogers is that maybe, perhaps, she is going to marry tall, dark and very handsome Philip Reed.

Phil Reed is one of those Hollywood puzzles, one of those rare young men who have the requisite good looks, more than the requisite amount of talent, a young man who has had numerous opportunities in movies, a young man who does all the correct things and knows all the influential people, and yet who gets exactly nowhere.

He has, in turn, been under contract to Warner's, to Goldwyn, to RKO, to Paramount, to MGM. He has squired many a glamour girl before this. He dresses perfectly, he dances divinely, he flatters all ladies delightfully—and he does not seem to advance. Right now, with the leading man shortage what it is, he is once more "coming back" (immediately after being let out of his MGM contract) by playing the chief male role in "Old Acquaintance." And right now, he seems to be much in love wtih Ginger Rogers and she seems to be much in love with him. Which certainly makes a puzzle de luxe, for of all the complicated, subtle, charming, annoying and bewildering persons, Ginger Rogers is the Queen.

The big question that Hollywood currently asks is "Is Ginger in love this time? Has Ginger ever been in love? What on earth, if anything, makes Ginger Rogers the sort of person she is in private life?"

If you, as the public, have been wondering what makes Ginger tick; if you have been puzzled by the lack

What on earth makes Ginger Rogers the sort of person she is in private life? If you have been wondering what makes Miss Rogers tick, don't feel lonely in your wonder. Hollywood has long been playing with the same unsolved puzzle.

Philip Reed, the tall, dark and very handsome young man who does all the correct things and knows all the influential people, and yet seems to get exactly nowhere. Right now he seems to be in love with Miss Rogers.

of solid-to-the-bricks news about a girl who seems to be able to play anything from a twelve-year-old to a dowager—don't feel lonely in your bewilderment. Hollywood has long been playing the same game.

Miss Rogers is as much an enigma to ninety percent of Hollywood as she is to a Montana sheepherder who gets to town once every six months.

IF you really want to know what the girl is like, you have to assemble a series of stories about her, incidents from her life, and comments from those who have known or worked with her. These have to be stirred like the ingredients of a chef's salad, seasoned with the sauce of conjecture and served up in a delicious dish, neither too sweet nor too sour.

In the first place, she has been continually unlucky in love. Ginger got off to a bad start in Hollywood a few years ago. She had made a tremendous hit in "Girl Crazy" and had done two pictures in east coast studios. She came west with much the same attitude any girl would have developed under the circumstances; fame, she had been led to believe, grew thick and lush as grass on a March hillside.

Her first surprise was finding herself in the studio stock company along with a hopeful crop of beautiful unknowns.

She dithered along, doing atmospheric bits, until she finally landed at Warner Brothers where Mervyn Leroy noticed her, became convinced that she had star stuff, and gave her a build-up. Those who should know insist that grateful little Ginger fell head over heels in love with the man who had given her a new lease on show life. He showed Ginger the town, and there is no place on earth more romantic, when the time and the man are right.

Naturally, a man squiring a girl around is not likely to say, "I think you're a wonderful kid; you're pretty, intelligent, full of vivacity. But I'm in love with another wo-

man, so don't let this interlude get you." Yet, this was the true situation between Mr. Leroy and Ginger. When his approaching marriage with Jack Warner's daughter was announced, Ginger was probably the most astonished youngster in town.

She did just what any sensitive, badly hurt girl would have done; she said nothing to anyone, but she retired a little further into a private world beyond ordinary human contacts. She is still in that private world, to some extent.

IN that love chapter of her life, Ginger fared badly. In the next . . . It has been a long time since anyone coupled the names of George Stevens, the director, and Ginger Rogers, yet theirs was a desperate, world-well-lost sort of thing. George Stevens has always been one of the most popular men in town; he has a streak of New England integrity a yard wide in his system. When he fell in love with Ginger, he did what any fine man must do: he separated from his family.

Ginger certainly never confided to anyone her reasons for not marrying George Stevens. It wasn't long afterwards when her marriage to Lew Ayres surprised a good many people. Here was a union of two intensely complex personalities. Lew has always been outspoken for his enthusiasms; when he has believed a thing, he has believed with courage and public announcement.

One of Lew's close friends used to tell a story about having missed Lew from his favorite haunts for several weeks. The friend went up to Lew's house to discover that Lew had begun an intensive study of astronomy. He had literally hundreds of books on the subject; he had rigged up an astonishingly good telescope, and had calipers, compasses, slide rules and charts spread out on a table. Lew was like that about everything. He never went into a thing to dabble; he ran the entire course.

Ginger, too, has The Champ complex. If she can't do a thing well, she won't do it at all. She decided to take up art to foster a latent talent she had known, since childhood, that she possessed. For months she plugged along, then finally began to turn out charcoal sketches that were stupendously good. In her collection is one of Maria Ouspenskaya that is considered, by the subject herself, one of the finest portraits ever done of the celebrated Russian.

Ginger is an excellent musician, and her sculpturing is remarkably deft. She fishes and hunts, on her farm in Oregon, with professional skill. As for tennis, the most terrific players in the colony have been known to fall victim to Miss Rogers' serve and return. She has never been known to sacrifice a game for political reasons, or for purposes of flattery. She won't lose simply to make her opponent love her; if she gets licked honestly, she's regular about it. But she's on a court, when she plays, not for charity but for blood.

Jean Gabin and Miss Rogers had a fast and furious whirl, but this affair too was very short-lived.

Her dates with George Montgomery started as a publicity stunt to help the picture they were making.

James Stewart and Ginger have been pals for years, but there have not been engagement rumors about them.

Lew Ayres and Ginger are still fond of each other although now divorced. His is a deeply complex personality.

WHEN she and Lew Ayres decided to separate, someone suggested to Ginger that she rush off to Reno and file suit immediately. She refused because she said in a Reno divorce she would have to bring some sort of sensational charge against Lew, and she simply didn't want to say anything to hurt him. Years went by before she filed suit in Los Angeles on the bland grounds of "incompatibility."

Yet apparently, Lew and Ginger are still deeply fond of one another. Before Lew went to war, he was entertaining a group of friends at an informal party. Unexpectedly, the door opened and in walked Ginger, wearing a pair of her ranch levis, a sweater, sneakers, and a polo coat.

She apologized for interrupting, but Lew welcomed her in no uncertain terms. He insisted that she stay, taking her in his arms to emphasize the invitation with a kiss. She stayed, perching on the arm of Lew's chair, and holding his hand.

In contrast, there is the episode that took place when Leland Hayward married Margaret Sullavan. Mr. Hayward, as a bachelor, was a gentleman very much in demand by reasons of charm, personal appearance and wit. One night he would be seen squiring Katherine Hepburn, and the next evening would find Ginger on his arm.

A friend telephoned Ginger and confided that Mr. Hayward and Miss Sullavan had eloped. Ginger immediately dialed Hepburn's number. When Miss Hepburn answered, Ginger announced herself, adding that she wanted to be the first to break the news that Mr. Hayward had gone benedict.

Whether this was malicious cruelty or the Rogers sense of humor is anybody's guess.

While we are writing of feuds, we might as well dispose of the Astaire rumors once and for all. Fred As-

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taire has told friends that he and Ginger never, during all the time they worked together, had one unpleasant word. They did have one argument. It seems that Ginger had fallen in love with a particular dance dress, and had set her heart upon wearing it during one of their dance sequences. Fred knew it wouldn't do, because the texture of the huge swirling skirt was such that it would get in their way and interfere with the timing necessary to the dance.

They tried it out in rehearsal, and Fred was right. That settled it. Ginger is too ambitious to cling to any notion that would inhibit her career. For instance, when they were preparing to shoot "Once Upon A Honeymoon" at RKO, Leo McCarey—with whom Ginger had never previously worked—suggested that she bleach her hair again. The Rogers of "The Gay Divorcee," you will remember, was a glistening blonde, and Mr. McCarey felt that the personality of the girl Ginger was to portray in "Honeymoon" called for the same type of glamour.

Ginger said she'd rather not. After all, her success as a dramatic actress had devolved upon a dark-tressed girl; she had won an Academy Award as a brunette. Why should she change back to a blonde now?

Mr. McCarey said okay—if she felt that the color of her hair determined her histrionic ability. Ginger made no answer, and everyone concluded that the affair was settled. On the first day of shooting, Ginger put in appearance with a dazzling head of golden hair. From that instant on, she and Mr. McCarey were buddies.

BUT to return to Rogers, the woman, as contrasted to Rogers, the actress, she has at least two problems that should endear her to her sisters-under-the-skin everywhere. She has complexion troubles. One Hollywood wit said that "Ginger always looks as if she had just escaped from a mayonnaise massage."

Another of her woes is that she doesn't seem to have manikin sense in choosing her clothes. One of our most gorgeous, most barb-tongued actresses was inspecting gowns in a world-famous Los Angeles shop. She was shopping for a little number to wear to a costume party at which she was to be a Klondike dance hall entertainer. "You aren't bringing me dresses loud enough," she complained. "Listen, I want the kind of dress that Ginger Rogers would wear New Year's Eve to Ciro's."

That this girl with all her fame and her money is a lonely soul is beyond denying. The men in her life have been in and out of it, and recently the speed of their arrivals and departures has become faster. In the last two years, for example, her name has been coupled romantically with four males, three stars and one millionaire, George Montgomery, Jimmy Stewart, Jean Gabin and Howard Hughes.

Her datings with George Montgomery started as a publicity stunt. They began when they two were working together on "Roxie Hart." Twentieth Century-Fox thought a little romantic interest wouldn't hurt the box office chances of the picture and George and Ginger were very willing to cooperate. But once the picture had finished shooting, they lost interest in one another.

The Jimmy Stewart episode was something else again, but what it was is hard to define. Jimmy is a cagey guy concerning love. He and Ginger have been pals for years. Since he has been in the service. he visits her while on all his furloughs and spends several of these rare, free days with her. But there has never been an engagement rumor about them or anything approaching the seriousness of Jimmy's relationship to Olivia de Havilland once upon a time.

However, Ginger was publicly proclaimed as being engaged to Howard Hughes, the oil and movie millionaire, who periodically has been engaged to almost every glamour queen. Just as Mr. Hughes preceded Montgomery in Ginger's affections, so Jean Gabin succeeded him. The Gabin thing was torrid while it lasted. It lasted just long enough for Marlene Dietrich, who had seen Gabin first, to get back to town and see him again. Then that, too, insofar as Ginger was concerned, was over.

Since that time, until Mr. Reed came along, Ginger has been seen out rarely. One side of her that is seldom mentioned is her genuine religious feeling. Whenever Ginger is unhappy, she retreats to her religion and completely deserts the night spots.

When love blooms for her, however, she goes dancing. Music and dancing are dear to her, and these evenings she is dancing happily, held close by the strong arms of Philip Reed.

Is it love this time? Probably not. Phil Reed has squired many a girl. Ginger has danced, as you can see, with many a man. Still and for all that, it could be love. That Ginger is very lonely is all too apparent.

The enigma of Ginger Rogers is still unsolved. She has proven she can go from failure to success, from musical comedies to drama, from drama to slapstick, and do it all wonderfully.

In fact everything that Ginger has done, she has done wonderfully—except of course with one exception. She has failed so far in trying to live happily. Her best and happiest moments are not linked together in one unifying stream. That is one goal and achievement that still lies ahead of her. It may be that Phil Reed will be the answer.

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MOVIELAND

EDITED FROM HOLLYWOOD BY RUTH WATERBURY

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OUR WRITERS

"Take a letter, please," said Director Wesley Ruggles fourteen years ago to the pretty dark-haired girl who entered his office. That is how Romayne, who wrote the story on Lana Turner on page 8 of this issue, got started in the movie business. She was just a youngster then who had wandered out to Hollywood to get a job, any sort of a job in pictures. She heard of an opening for a stenographer at Universal. She went and was hired. That's where she met Mr. Ruggles, and she has been with him ever since. It amuses her, however, that every time she asks her boss whether the job is permanent, he tells her to wait and see.

She has a surname, of course, but as everyone knows her as "Romayne" around the studios, that is the only name she decided to use when she started writing for magazines just a year ago. This is her first story in Movieland. Watch for others in future issues.

☆ ☆ ☆

Sergeant M. M. Raison, who wrote the story about the Hollywood Canteen on page 54 of this issue was before enlistment one of Hollywood's most popular scenario writers, having been under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Twentieth Century-Fox, Columbia, and other studios. He is also probably the only Marine who is at the same time a mystery novel writer and a poet, he having had such widely varied works published as "The Murder on 42nd Street" and a very fine book of verse titled "Spindrift."

☆ ☆ ☆

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE:

The Favorites of the Fleet
the movie queens for whom the Navy yearns

The Hollywood Canteen
Hollywood's angle—back of the scenes

Dee Stands for Darling
the happy, charming marriage of the Joel McCreas

Life with Fathers
the delightful story of the Abbott and Costello You Never Heard About

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

by Ruth Waterbury

The wedding of Reginald Gardiner, Hollywood's gayest bachelor, to delightful ex-model Nadia Petrova brought out the town's most charming people. Above are the beaming bridal couple. To the right—Commander and Mrs. Joel Pressman (Claudette Colbert, as you well know) arrive for the ceremony. Claudette beams happily whenever her flight-surgeon husband is on leave.

CHUCKLE DEPARTMENT:

Sidney Guilaroff, the genius of the hair-do out at M-G-M tells this one on himself. Guilaroff, who is a Canadian, incidentally, despite that Russian name, is the highest priced hairdresser in the world (plus being one of the handsomest and most cultured). Every glamour girl yearns for his services, for what he can do with a comb, brush, and scissors has lengthened many a career.

Recently, however, he got called on the carpet by the California Board of Beauticians. It seems he didn't have his license to practice his art in the state, and in order to obtain same he had to pass certain examinations in hair setting and such. Blithely he sailed down to the grade school holding the exams and went to work. Imagine his chagrin when the examiner told him he was all wrong—the curls were not tight enough and the coiffeur was too casual.

"Now I understand why women in small towns have those ugly tight curls around their faces," Guilaroff says. "In order not to fail I had to do the ugliest hair-do I've ever seen."

Guilaroff still thinks that any woman who goes in for tight curls does herself an injustice.

★ ★ ★

Speaking of Chaplin, the other day he was lunching at the Brown Derby. A young man dressed in khaki rose from a nearby table and with his hat in his hand approached the table where the solitary comedian was busily eating.

"I don't know whether you remember me," said the boy tentatively.

Chaplin looked up and for an instant his face registered surprise. Then grasping the boy's hand he pulled him down beside him. "Why, Jackie Coogan! I haven't seen you in years."

It was "The Kid," now broke, with only the $50 a month he earns in our armed forces, greeting his one time co-star Chaplin, still worth millions.

To the left—Joan Bennett Wanger chats with William Gaetz, head of 20th Century-Fox now that Colonel Daryl Zanuck is on military duty. Bill Gaetz is one of Hollywood's wittiest guys. Above—That inseparable mother and daughter combination, Greer and Nina Garson, are among the Gardiner well-wishers. You can see where Greer gets her beauty from, can't you?

VERY IDLE CHATTER

Jane Wyatt's wardrobe is streamlined for war times. She owns just five suits and five dresses with five hats interchangeable with all ten ensems. Also by interchanging skirts and coats, she can combine five more complete outfits.

★ ★ ★

Sheila Ryan wears hash-marks, representing two hundred and fifty hours' war work for seven trips to San Diego, to appear on army shows.

★ ★ ★

Shirley Deane wears small bells on the cuffs of her new mode suit, in place of buttons. They jingle discreetly as she goes.

★ ★ ★

Barbara Stanwyck serves a refreshing "cocktail" at her house—orange juice combined with cocoanut milk.

★ ★ ★

Guy Kibbee recovering from a bad cold, received a wire from his pals, "Chin up—all three of 'em."

★ ★ ★

Otto Kruger can stir up a palatable salad from marinated nasturtium leaves!

★ ★ ★

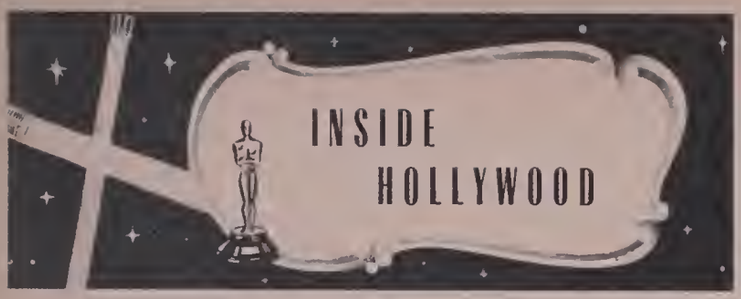
Hollywood is still laughing over the final spat of George Brent and Ann Sheridan.

It seems that on the day that they finally decided it was all over, George called up Louella Parsons and gave her an exclusive story on the separation.

Ann was outraged. "What did you do that for?" she demanded. "If you had handled the story properly we could have made all the papers."

★ ★ ★

The press agents slipped up one when they started handing out releases about the Mexican spitfire, Lupe Velez, and Mapy Cortez, RKO's newcomer, scrapping over Arturo de Cordova, the new sensation you'll see in "For Whom The Bell Tolls." It was a lot of smoke with no fire whatsoever. Matter of fact, you may as well relax, gals—Arturo is very happily married.



Rita Hayworth has confided to her intimate friends that she and Victor Mature will become mister and missus just as soon as Mature is free to marry, but Margaret Kemp Mature gives no indication whatsoever of relinquishing her marriage ties to the Hunk.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER TEST
OCTOBER 28, 1942

PHILLIP TERRY

SCENE FROM...."OH, BURY ME NOT"
DIRECTOR.....JULES DASSIN
CAMERAMAN.....BOB PLANK

Joan Crawford does an "assist" test, which is Hollywoodese for playing second fiddle to some player who is trying to catch a producer's attention, and thereby a term contract. The gentleman whom she is here "assisting" is none other than Phillip Terry, her husband. The card above the picture shows the way the test was titled for the MGM executives' attention, no mention of Crawford at all, as you will see. As a result of this test, Phil will be seen in MGM's "Bataan Patrol."

★ ★ ★

The Eddie Buzzell film, "The Youngest Profession," which actually stars Virginia Weidler, will turn out a terrific stunt, for since the picture went into production, Greer Garson, William Powell, Walter Pidgeon and Robert Taylor have agreed to appear in it. This is all due to Buzzell's power of persuasiveness, since none of these stars is earning a cent by appearing in it.

When I caught beautiful Greer Garson on the set the other day, she grinned ruefully and said, "This is just an example of the horrible hazards of car pooling. Eddie and I live near one another in Bel-Air and we've been alternating days in driving one another to the studio. Each morning when I was the guest in Eddie's car, and therefore distinctly at his mercy, he would describe to me the wonders of a scene in "The Youngest Profession" which only I could play. Being a weak creature, I fell for that flattery, so here I am. Of course, there is no great scene for me to play once I'm here."

"That's just the way directors get stars in their pictures," Buzzell said. "They always fall for scenes. But if Greer is real good I'll let her stay in the production regardless."

All this was on-the-set kidding, of course, and the interesting fact was one that is now true all over Hollywood. With the new ruling on star salaries not exceeding $25,000 a year, many a star was expected to refuse to do any extra work. So far, exactly one star has so refused, and he is a free lance star.

All the other stars are reacting like Miss Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Bill Powell and Bob Taylor. They seem to realize that the film business is going through enough troubles, what with the man power shortage, without their adding to them by demanding pay for every single thing they do. What's more, they all keenly feel that by acting they are helping us, the public, to bear the war a bit more easily.

★ ★ ★

Ingrid Bergman's close-cropped hair worn in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" will be used as a focal point of propagandizing women of the nation on one more point of war aid. An inch from the scalp and curled tightly, the hair-do requires no bobby pins or hair pins. "Every bobby pin card, every package of hair pins used," says Paramount, "means one less bullet for the enemy." With or without the bullet propaganda, the hair-do is catching on.

AH, THE PAYNE OF IT

THROBBING HEARTS DEPARTMENT

Girl who is washing dishes over at John Payne's house these evenings—but literally—is June Havoc, pretty younger sister of Gypsy Rose Lee, the strip tease girl. Seems Johnny, like almost all other stars in Hollywood, can't get a servant these days, and he hates doing the supper dishes. But he's interested in having Junie

around for lots of other reasons besides her ability to swing a mean dish mop. June, like John, is under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox.

Johnny's most recent girl, Jane Russell, has gone back to the boy who was her most particular date in their high school days, one handsome Bob Waterfield.

Meanwhile Burgess Meredith, recently seen everywhere with Paulette Goddard, is now walking out—and we're not fooling what with gas rationing what it is in Hollywood—with Dottie Lamour. Burgess may be no Gable on screen, but off screen he sure cuts a swath.

These nights, too, Bonita Granville, who following her split-up with Jackie Cooper, was going everywhere with Tim Holt, but recently divorced, has been going about with David May, the Los Angeles department store executive. The May man cuts a big path, too. The town tried to take that big, but now it appears Bonita was merely a stand-in for Ann Rutherford. (See story on page 14)

★ ★ ★

Betty Wells, the cayute little model just signed and slated for stardom by RKO, and who first came into prominence as a Hurrell model, ran up some sort of record at the Hollywood Canteen the other night. She sang twelve choruses, did three complete tap dance routines, and then danced with more than one hundred soldiers and sailors.

"This," said Betty with feeling as she limped off, "is total war!"

★ ★ ★

Barton MacLane is laying off of practical jokes from here on out. It was one of those things that just started as an idea and then snow-balled and couldn't be stopped.

It was this way: two character actors had been playing gin rummy on RKO's "Bombardier" set, and one player finally got three hundred dollars in the hole to the other. MacLane, as a joke, announced to newspapermen that all winnings were to be donated to the Hollywood Canteen. When the announcement was printed, the winner felt obligated to hand over the three hundred. When Barton learned that the actor had a sick wife and couldn't afford the donation, he promptly wrote out a check for the whole amount and quietly presented it to the man. And swore off practical jokes.

★ ★ ★

That Hollywood couple (both are stars) would feel pretty badly if they knew the meanie that was pulled on them. Their secretary wanted to change jobs, but not wanting to appear ungrateful, she said she was retiring and marrying, and even introduced a casual male acquaintance as her husband.

She thought that was the end of it, but a few days later a beautiful and expensive set of linens, china, and silverware arrived—gifts from her former employers. She is a bachelor girl with no intention of marrying and is now ashamed to keep the gifts and even more ashamed to admit her lie.

★ ★ ★

Veronica Lake, the one star we know who really is never recognized when seen in person, told this one on herself the other day at luncheon. While she was in New York, she wanted to visit the famous automats, and one night she and a couple of her girl friends went to the one on Seventh Avenue between Fifty-First and Fifty-Second.

"I was fascinated by the display," Veronica laughed. "As a matter of fact, my nickel got stuck in the pie machine, and I stood there gawking like a foreigner."

Finally, the line was being held up, and the lady in back of Veronica got a good look as Veronica started yelling for the manager.

"Don't look now," the little lady explained to a cabby in back of her, "but that girl is Veronica Lake."

"Lakey-snakey," snorted the disgusted cab driver. "Why doesn't she move on instead of standing there impersonating a movie actress."

★ ★ ★

Richard Whorf's three sons can study the geography of the Americas without opening a book. The rug on the living room floor of their Beverly Hills home is thick soft wool, sheared at varying heights with "sculptured effect." The pattern, designed by Whorf who studied art abroad, is a contour map of the Americas.

HARDWORKING RICH GIRL

Photo by Maurine

Mimi Forsaythe is one girl who is well on her way up the ladder of Hollywood success—and in spite of the disadvantages of wealth and social position.

The usual Hollywood success legend regards the poor little stenographer or waitress or secretary who all of a sudden is "discovered" and becomes wealthy and famous overnight. This couldn't be true of Mimi who, nevertheless, has just been signed to a term contract as a feature player by Gregory Ratoff Productions.

You'll be seeing her in one of the top roles in "Tropicana," a new musical extravaganza at Columbia Studios.

Mimi is the daughter of the late Robert W. Armstrong, internationally famous financier and for many years a business associate of Andrew W. Mellon. She was educated in exclusive schools here and abroad and graduated from the famous Miss Porter's School at Farmington, Conn., where her schoolmates included the Vanderbilt girls, Barbara Hutton, and others.

Mimi, the darling of Long Island and Beverly Hills society, decided a couple of years ago that she was tired of being simply a social ornament. She wanted to be an actress. Her wealth and position were such that she could have hired top agents and dramatic coaches and could have high-pressured herself right in, but she chose to do it her way.

She went to work with an amateur dramatic group and spent two years at amateur acting before she decided she was ready for a chance at the screen. Here again she declined to use the "influence" of her friends. Instead, she made her own "home-made" test with a sixteen millimeter movie camera, emphasizing her different "moods" by using different coiffures.

Producer-Director Gregory Ratoff was brought to Mimi's home one Sunday by a friend, and Mim talked Ratoff into looking at "some home movies" she had shot. Ratoff immediately saw her screen possibilities and asked her to come to the studio for a real test.

The result was that she was signed to a feature player contract, with Ratoff planning on making a star of her. (*Continued on page* 62)

LANA TURNER

ALL of us on the set of "Careless" glanced at one another appreciatively when they got around to shooting the first scene.

It wasn't the first scene recorded for the production, you understand. Why pictures are shot forward and backward and in the middle, and not in sequence, I don't understand to this day. But this, the first scene that the public will see in "Careless" had a very special meaning for all of us. Lana Turner was playing Peggy, and in a scene with another girl, the dialogue went like this.

Said the other girl, Mitzi, trying to cheer Peggy out of her blues, "Just wait till your Jimmy comes along."

Peggy replies, "Who's Jimmy?"

Mitzi: "Jimmy's the guy you love."

Peggy, (cynically): "And that makes everything wonderful, I suppose . . ."

Mitzi, (dreamily): "It sure does. You just keep laughin' at nothin' all the time. That's the way it is when you meet up with your Jimmy."

Lana went through the scene so perfectly that my boss, the director Wesley Ruggles, didn't demand another take. It wasn't acting that was making Lana look so dreaming, so extraordinarily beautiful that morning. We knew it wasn't. We knew that she had found her "Jimmy," this girl who up until that time had had everything except a happy love.

"Jimmy's" name, to Lana, is Stephen Crane, the lad she married early last spring. The newspapers reported wildly and hotly on the story for a whole week. Most of them remarked that the marriage couldn't last. Very shortly they began giving out with the news that the marriage, indeed, was toppling. Right then, working with Lana, I began making myself hosts of enemies. For I felt that I knew—and still feel that I know—this girl, Lana Turner, as not too many people know or understand her. I saw the results of those hurtful reports on her. I went around muttering that it would be best for people to keep their whispers to themselves and give the young Stephen Cranes a chance. I kept believing they'd pull through because I kept remembering what Lana had said to me when she returned from her elopement. "Steve is wonderful and kind and understanding," she had said. "He's all that because he is so very good."

But on the morning of this one scene from "Careless" I had learned other news. That day I'd heard that Lana was to have a baby! That was bombshell news, of course, Lana, the so-called madcap, Lana, the box-office blessing, Lana, the queen of the glamour girls, becoming a mother.

MARRIAGE MOTHERHOOD AND LANA TURNER

A Closeup of the Screen's Greatest Glamour Girl as She Approaches Her Greatest Moment and Written by One of Her Closest Friends.

Crazy for dancing, Lana and husband, Steve Crane, have not gone out one single evening since they knew they were to become parents. They stay home blissfully, talking of nothing but the baby. Note Steve's wedding ring. Lana wears its duplicate.

By ROMAYNE

I'll never forget her as she walked in that morning. She looked like something right out of floating cloud. With her golden hair and her blue eyes shining equally, she wore the most beautiful gown, all glittering, silvery white beads, and dainty lace. The weight of it exceeded sixty pounds. A long white fox wrap was draped about her shoulders. Lana bore the weight of it all with poise, dignity, and saucy grace. In answer to the gasps, she twirled so that everybody could get a better view. She herself didn't think about what was in the dress. But the gang did. They gave her the whistle.

The property man bowed low and gave her his arm. With mock dignity the two of them marched up the steps leading to a red plush opera box that would be needed in a later scene, both hoping to goodness they wouldn't stumble and break their necks over the train of the heavenly gown. The camerman took his place on the platform and looked into the huge box that was going to register the star. Because on closer range Lana was even more beautiful, he whistled, too. He adjusted the camera for the real scene that was about to start, and then he shouted above the tumultuous noise of hammers and chatter, "Sugar pie, please move in a little. Will you, Sug?" From that moment on, we all began calling Lana, "Sugar Pie."

NOW knowing how the gang on the picture adores her—and I will tell you more stories about that presently—proves, I believe, how any man, once meeting Lana, would fall in love with her, and once having fallen in love with her, and being blessed enough to have her fall in love with him, would stay in love with her forever.

Even at that, I wasn't prepared for what she said about her approaching motherhood. I was a little reluctant to ask her about it. I said, "We're friends, you know, and if you don't want to talk about it, just say so. We'll still be friends."

Lana didn't hesitate a second. Her voice was joyous with unaffected warmth. "Oh," she said, "I'm so happy I don't know what to do. I . . . I . . . well, I figure God has been very good to me. I have been blessed with everything. I knew that, and yet I didn't seem to be happy, not till I met Steve. After we were married, I knew that happiness I had always dreamed of, always yearned for, had come to me. So then I began to dream of having a baby—not just one baby, but lots of them. And now, with everything else, that dream is going to come true."

I am quoting Lana exactly, even though I know there is some of her public who will not believe she thinks and feels that way. This is not Lana's fault. But it is because so many people have seemed to misunderstand her and have succeeded in misrepresenting her.

Let me tell you these things in my attempt to show you the real girl. Let me tell you about the day she had delivered to her on the set her first real Star dressing room. It is a

very fine room. Large, Luxurious. Important looking. But terribly in contrast to the cute one she had before. Replacing the bright chintz and gay chairs with fluffy skirts, that seemed a part of Sugar Pie's natural self, is this more sophisticated, severely decorated one. When the room arrived, by electric engine and wheels, steered through the big stage doors by two burly laborers in overalls, Miss Turner was rehearsing a scene. When it was over, she saw the present. She said, with wide eyes, "I can't believe it's true!" She screamed with gladness, when the first wonderment was over. Everybody danced up and down and screamed, too, and proceeded to inspect it like squirrels in a tree. Finally it was settled, and Turner sat herself inside the room on the couch. The look of outward calm didn't fool a soul. She still couldn't believe it was hers.

As a Hollywood gadabout, if you were to happen on to the set and see screens in front of the dressing room, don't think Lana has become exclusive. It merely means that a gal can't have company on her front porch when she has to study. For when she is not out on the set chinning with the gang, she is in her room by herself, making no monumental project out of the fact that she is studying her part.

She is one actress who doesn't raise an issue as to how important is her part after she is in the picture. First, she approves. Last, she doesn't kick. She relies on the people who put time, effort, and interest in working out her pictures. She has keen good sense. Occasionally, a hint has been dropped about the beautiful-but-dumb type. This of course would be from people who have never been around our Sugar Pie. Dumb like a fox! She has never once come to the set when she was not properly prepared for the day's work. Extremely eager and interested in her work, she does not talk big about the things she hopes do and the places she must go to to bring her the feel of the true artist.

SHE listens intently to the interpretation of the scene from the director and looks like a very little girl who is having a story told her. In fact her manner is so quiet as to disarm one. Her execution is skilled. Ruggles says, "The kid sparkles—she has so much. It's funny, but I never have to work hard to make her understand what I want to get over. She knows what I'm talking about. She is the nearest to Clara Bow I've ever seen." She has never been dismayed when she has been put cold into scenes with players of riper years.

She has been known to stamp her foot and say, "Don't bring that guy on the set while I'm here!" You can raise your false eyelashes with shock if you want. But I argue she's entitled to her likes and dislikes. Even as you and I. With a nose for sincerity, she must be sure of people before she is friendly. You can tell by the searching look in her eyes if she doesn't believe you when you're trying to sell her a bill of goods. Also, it will let you know whether or not you believe yourself. If you do not, you can pack your bag and get out. But fast. She doesn't like back stabbers. And face petters. Because she herself is neither. Her moods are not frightening to those who know her. Even before a crowd of people and shaking with angry resentment, she will rage in no low tones. She'll yell, but she'll stick to her guns. She won't ever let a fellow down.

WHEN the Hollywood Canteen opened, there were more stars than you could count. But the soldier boys made no excuses when they asked for Turner. She got a kick out of that and danced herself breathless with them. When she didn't come back some weeks later, the people who make a habit of talking out loud inferred that maybe she was bored. But they didn't know about the day, that Monday afternoon to be exact, when in her work, Turner didn't seem like herself. "Don't you feel well?" people asked. "I'm all right," was the answer. But when she didn't look so all right to the cameraman who named her Sugar Pie, she gave in. "I really do feel terrible." The studio doctor rushed her home. She had a miserable fever. For the next few weeks her address was the hospital. She was then instructed to take it easy until she finished the picture. Now she'll have to wait until next June after the baby is born.

The soda fountain set in "Careless" found Lana leaning over its counter, looking longingly at a ham sandwich. At that moment it was no place for even her because they were lining up a shot. The prop man, loaded down with ice cream, dishes, and cakes, caught the look. "What's the matter, ain't you had lunch?" he griped.

"No-o-o . . . is it okay if I eat one of these, please, Johnny?" Sugar Pie asked politely.

"Naw!" he barked. "They been in the lights all day. Do you think I want to poison you and get shot? Now, go back to your room!" He bounced in a few minutes later, griping still. But on the tray was a ham sandwich and a coke and a dish of ice cream and a piece of apple pie. She was ready with a bright smile. "Now," he said with grave finality, "just try askin' me for somethin' else when I'm busy . . . and I'll spank you! And don't make them goo-goo eyes at me—I ain't kiddin'!"

Since first she came to fame, Lana has been compared with Harlow. And Lana, aware of the comparison, has in no way tried to emulate this one, so dearly beloved. That is to her credit.

But I want to tell you this final scene. The other morning I came to the set. I was singing, and that for me at nine-thirty is wonderful. The set usually alive with music and chatter was quiet, and the soundman beckoned that they were about to begin. I tip-toed over, and just at that moment the cameras turned. Lana was doing a scene with Dame May Whitty and Walter Brennan, two magnificent players. Lana was rolling her hanky in nervous fingers, but doing her part flawlessly. The scene was so touching that I blubbered. But the one thing that startled me was "Moe," our assistant cameraman. He was wiping his eyes as he stood by the camera lens. When the scene was over, he came to me. "I always figure," he said, "that when an actress cries in a scene, if I don't have to leave the set and laugh, she's okay." He sniffed.

There have been a lot of young players who have tried to imitate Turner. Always I see them. Before I knew Sugar Pie so well, these were the ones who made me anxious to know her. You've probably seen them, in your home town, or if you've ever visited the land of the stars and gone shopping in the big store in Beverly Hills where the movie people go, you followed the girl who was just the image of Turner. She had on, of course, a sweater, lots of make-up, and wore her hair in a very fancy style. If you were lucky, though, you may have noticed that young lady who was standing by the counter modestly smiling and giving the salesgirl her signature on the bill. She was looking clear and bright and simply beautiful, without make-up save lipstick. Her mother might have been along with her. Or you could have heard her telephoning, "Hello, Mother. How are you, baby?" The way Lana does when she calls from the set. That was the real Lana.

Lana doesn't gush over people nor things, but when she is happy, she is radiant. And this is often. As Carole Lombard had, Lana has the happy faculty of draping herself right into the middle of your conversation. (You then start over from scratch to tell her all about it.)

She is radiant now, radiant as I have never seen her before, radiant because she has found her love, radiant over her approaching motherhood. The world's days are dark just now. Steve Crane is moving heaven and earth to get around an original health disqualification and get into service. These are days, some people say, one should have no added responsibilities. But Lana is fearless and radiant. She has found her "Jimmy" and when these dark days are passed, she knows she will live happily ever after.

THE END

CULTIVATED IRISH ROSE

SHE'S tall and slim, auburn-haired and hazel-eyed, this Miss Maureen O'Hara, late of Ireland, and very much of Hollywood since her enchanting performance in "How Green Was My Valley." She's no "begorrah" girl but very much the lady, and very truly the bride in love. Her husband, Will Price, whom she met in Hollywood, is swiftly climbing the success ladder as a young producer. Maureen was discovered by Charles Laughton, who gave her the lead opposite him in the English-made film, "Jamaica Inn." Because of Laughton she was brought to America for his "Hunchback of Notre Dame," which turned out to be a horror film in more ways than originally intended. Sharing her contract between RKO and 20th Century-Fox, she'll be seen next in the latter's "Immortal Sergeant."

by GLADYS HALL

(PHOTO BY FRANK TANNER)

ROSALIND RUSSELL'S BRAVE PLANS FOR HER CHILD

ROSALIND RUSSELL loves to talk, and does talk knowledgeably, always excitingly, and practically incessantly on any, every, and all subjects.

We had started talking about her courage, living alone, going on with a career in wartime.

"I'm not courageous," she said. "It isn't a question of courage. It's making a deal. Every time I've cheated, cut corners, I've got a bad deal. It's only when you meet it in a big way—life, I mean—head on, hands open, heart open, no matter what you're doing, working in a factory, making a picture, having a baby, that you get the big rewards. Not otherwise. Sometimes the 'rewards' are pain or loss, or both. Even so, better,

I say, than skimping and flinching.

"I refuse to be flea-bitten by all the floating fears, big or little. Whether or not I'm going to have a baby isn't going to influence this war. If the Bambi's a boy, he's going to have to go to war in another twenty-five years. As you can't defeat life, why try to side-step it? Side-stepping is a second-rate sport."

Now Roz hadn't meant to talk about "The Bambi," as she calls it, this blessed event which, eagerly and happily, she and husband Freddie Brisson are anticipating in late April or May. This is because superstition is an element in the Russell composite, too. The fear that speaking of something deeply desired may, somehow, make it not come true. Being a perfectly normal young woman, however, she can't talk about anything else. And doesn't, really. Being Rosalind, she manages it very cleverly. She talks about everything else, her war work pictures, household problems, Freddie, where he is stationed, the probability of his going overseas—and embroidered, so to speak, into all these interests and activities, a cunningly concealed thread weaving in and out of the pattern is—"The Bambi." "Before I knew about the Bambi," she will say, seemingly casual, actually and disarmingly unable to keep the name from recurring, or "Now that the Bambi is coming . . ."

Never, surely, was there a more wanted baby. She doesn't care, Rosalind doesn't, whether she has a girl or a boy. Just a baby is all she asks of the beneficent Bird. She has a hunch, thinks it will be a boy. If it is, she likes the name of Lance. Lance Brisson, she thinks, is rather good. If a girl, Kendall, the name of the part she played in "Hired Wife," appeals to her. No naming after families, she says emphatically, no "Juniors" of either sex.

She is playing the role of the expectant mother entirely in character. The Russell character. Which is composed, in equal parts, of courage, sturdy common sense, gaiety, the capacity for hard work, the ability to debunk herself, with that gentler element, sentiment, hiding behind the skirts of the other qualities.

Calling the baby "The Bambi," for example. She chuckles every time she says it, true (and she says it at least once in every other sentence) but . . . it is a tender little name.

On the other hand, "Hulloa, Pop!" was, very characteristically Russell, her way of announcing the baby's coming to her lord and master when, shortly after she knew it herself, she visited him at camp.

Upon rallying from the welcome shock Freddie was, his incorrigible wife relates, somewhat taken aback at this breezy handling of a situation to which the best books and movies devote tender, slightly lachrymose paragraphs and scenes. Rosalind should, Freddie felt, and said, have arranged (a) to have had him come upon her, head bent over a Little Garment or (b) she might, perhaps, have managed a slight fainting spell.

Being Rosalind she could, of course, do nothing of the sort. Her sense of humor would not have permitted (a) her resilient good health would have made (b) difficult to handle authentically. And Rosalind would think shame to play, even in real life, a phony scene.

No, the gal from Waterbury, Conn., who came to Hollywood some eight years ago, signed with MGM at a time when some sixteen top-ranking stars, including such as Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, Garbo, Norma Shearer, et cetera, superseded her and so played her hand (and her parts) that she is, now, right up there with most of them, herself supersedes some of them;

[ACME PHOTO]

After the wedding at Solvang, California—Mr. and Mrs. Carl Frederick Brisson. Freddie, before he went into the army, was Roz's agent. Cary Grant, who was the best man, is not only Roz's favorite co-star but her closest friend. And on the right, that's Barbara Hutton Grant.

The whole Russell family are all engaged in war work. Here's Roz with her oldest brother, who won his stripes the hard way. Two other brothers are also in the service.

the young woman who, alone, in the dead o' night, drives her car to the desert, to the Mexican border, wherever fancy steers her; the girl who broke precedent by speaking her mind to and about Hollywood, and made folks like it and love her, takes the coming of this baby as such a girl would—as another, a glorious, the best adventure. As, above all, a natural function.

Which means that she makes, and expects others to make, no concessions to her "condition."

During the first four months of "The Bambi's" journey into this our life, his unquenchable mother was making "Flight For Freedom," a strenuous picture, as the title indicates. The day the picture started, indeed, was the day she first knew about "The Bambi." During the entire production, there was one morning she didn't go to the studio, one afternoon when she left the set early. To make up for this little and, she might have considered, but didn't, completely excusable lost time, she worked late three nights.

In addition to making the picture she also conceived, planned for and largely executed the Christmas party which the Motion Picture Industry gave for the men in service stationed in the desert, one hundred miles from Indio. A long and arduous trip to make from Hollywood, hotter than Hades when you get there, an Amazon might have felt squeamish undertaking it. Rosalind made it several times.

Three hundred girls recruited from the stock companies of the various studios, went to the party to dance with the boys. Two shows a night were put on for the different divisions. A sixty-foot Christmas tree, resplendently trimmed, fifteen thousand Christmas stockings filled with books, candy, cigarettes, et cetera, the more "personalized" gifts, such as fountain pens autographed by Ann Sheridan, took time and thought. Enlisting the cooperation of the forty-two unions and guilds of Hollywood, arranging to convoy the dance platforms from Hollywood to Indio, and beyond—all such details, all requisitions, studio okays, union and guild okays, okays from Washington, and the knotted red tape always attendant upon so huge an enterprise went through, and smoothly through, the efficient Russell hands.

The day I talked with Rosalind, at the RKO studio, I found her under the dryer in the make-up department, wearing a smart, powder-blue slack suit, bobby socks and sandals, and a perpetual grin which pretended to be slightly amused at herself but which welled up, it was touchingly easy to see, from a deep delight.

"Having some portraits made after lunch," she explained, "in my aviatrix costume. Hence the hair-do."

In one hand she held a telephone; in the other, a sheaf of notes, lists, wires, all having to do with final plans for the desert party. Her secretary, the hair-dresser, make-up man, photographer came and went. Again, that week-end, she was making the long trek to one hundred miles beyond Indio.

There are, in short, no vapours or vaguaries for Mrs. Brisson while in what she refers to, with robust amusement, as her "delicate condition."

Discomforts? Some, at first. But what of it? Millions of women before her have lived through them; millions will come after her. Chinese peasant women, she reminds you, scarcely interrupt their labors in the rice fields to bear a child. The Russells, she adds, are Irish and lusty; the vigor of the Nordic Brissons cannot be beat.

When her doctor warned her that she might expect crying fits, depressions, she laughed. And proceeded to explain to him that there would be nothing of the sort for the likes of her. Why should she cry? she argued. If she did not want this baby, feeling ill might induce resentment and tears. But she does want him, so there is nothing, certainly not a momentary pang of illness, to cry about.

"I am not the type that cries for nothing," she added. "Besides, it is not becoming."

You have only to look at her to know that she never felt less depressed in her irrepressible life.

The suggestion that she stay in Palm Springs, rest, look at beautiful paintings met, you may be sure, with hoots and jeers. She forgets to walk carefully, runs fleetly. (When she was a child in Waterbury, Conn., she wanted to be an acrobat. "My Sister Eileen" is as near as she has come to that ambition. But if "The Bambi" doesn't fulfill his ma's suppressed desire, it will be because pre-natal influence is an old wives' tale.) Midnight is her customary curfew. Except for the obvious fact that she feels wonderful, glistens with health and vitality, eats "three squares a day and 'tweenies," her husband, family, and obstetrician would turn, one and all, white with worry. As it is, they must agree with her when she insists that the way she feels is proof that the way she behaves is, for her, "okay."

On the one occasion when she did, at Freddie's insistence, "spend a week-end" at Palm Springs, she got down there Saturday at eleven p.m., was back in town again the next afternoon.

Meetings. Meetings. Meetings. The Victory Committee. The Hollywood Canteen. Meetings with producers. Story conferences. The two pictures she is to do in 1943, after the baby comes, already lined up. "Ten Per Cent Woman," at Columbia. "The Story of Sister Kenny" at RKO.

"'Work as usual?'" she repeated my question, shouting from beneath the telescope bonnet of the dryer, "of course. Why not? Doing my own housework, too. No help. Can't get any. Have given up trying. Am up at eight every morning. Vacuum clean. Make the beds. Fix the bathrooms. Plan the meals. Do the marketing. Haven't had butter since last Thursday. Somebody's GOT to give me a quarter of a pound. Been using coffee cake. Sweet. Doesn't need butter."

She stays alone in the Beverly Hills house at nights. "Used to that," she screamed. "*No* fear of that!"

She may stay alone for the duration, may be without her husband when "The Bambi" comes. For there is more than a chance, of course, that Freddie may go overseas.

"Just take it," she roared, "if he does. What else? If he's called to go, he'll go. Matter of fact, he *wants* to go, very much. After all, I've been lucky. That he's still in this country, I mean, and I've been able to see him, off and on, during the first four months. By all means, when he gets orders to go, *he goes*. With my blessing."

How often, recently, you hear young married women say, "I'd like to have a baby, of course—but—not now. Times being what they are, all this rationing, the world as it is today, I'd be afraid . . ."

"Nonsense," as you might expect, was the Russell answer to such qualms and quaverings. "Nonsense," she trumpeted, from under her Frankenstein head-gear. "*You should have babies now*. Best time in the world to have them. No use in living if you haven't faith that this is going to be a better world to live in. Shows your faith in your country, having babies. No use in living if you haven't faith in your country. If you have, you know that we need to be putting more and more good people into it, more and more good citizens. Nothing the matter with the world at all. The matter is with some of the people in it, the way they think, the way they've been educated.

"How did they know twenty-five years ago that it was 'safe' to bring children into the world? If they had been afraid then, a lot of our generation would still be shilly-shallying in the Never-Never Land.

"The little fears tickle me. Like this rationing business. Got a B book. Going to make it do if it kills me. But it won't. 'Run and get a bathinette,' they told me before I could get the first words about the Bambi out of my mouth, 'there's a rubber shortage.' I didn't run and get one. I haven't got one. The kid will take his bath in whatever is available at the time."

I told you. She isn't stepping out of character one iota. She is playing her star role in real life, as she plays the roles that have made her a star in films—with spirit, with audacity, with finesse.

THE END

PIDGE

THE theaters bill him as Walter Pidgeon, and with Gable gone to the wars, he's the hottest male bet on the MGM lot. But no one who knows him ever calls him anything but "Pidge." He's so much "Pidge" that even his daughter is known as "little Pidge." He does all his acting on the screen, absolutely refusing to be dramatic except when before a camera. He loves music, books, and dogs—in that order—takes his career most calmly, enjoys making bond tours, rarely points out that he is a veteran of the First World War, and with much urging, will finally admit that "Mr. Miniver" was a role that he enjoyed mightily.

THE GAY MARRIAGE STORY OF ANN

By RUTH WATERBURY

Ann and David were married Saturday evening, December 26, at the home of his parents with only fourteen guests present. Really just David's family and Ann's. They had no attendants, and there wasn't a movie star, a reporter, or a camera man within miles. David's parents gave Ann a diamond bracelet as a going away present and from David she got an unrevocable trust of $100,000 on her wedding day. Immediately after the simple ceremony the young couple flew away to the Arizona Biltmore Hotel in Phoenix for a short honeymoon before a longer wedding trip to New York. When they return to Hollywood, they plan to live at the very swank Beverly Wilshire Hotel until, peace permitting, they can build a home of their own.

SO help me, it was because they were waiting for a street car that Ann Rutherford and David May got married the Sunday after this past Christmas.

It wasn't as if they didn't have cars in the garage, one for Annie and a whole fleet of them for David. It wasn't even that they didn't have "B" cards. They did, but they were being patriotic. There stood David May, rising young business man, on a Hollywood street corner (and the way you can stand and stand in Los Angeles, waiting for any sort of municipal transportation, is colossal) when Ann came dashing by.

They looked up, Ann and David. It was more than a month since they had seen each other. Ann had been away from Hollywood on her fourth bond tour. David had been away to New York on a buying trip for that monster department store, the famous May Company, of which he is vice-president. When Ann had returned to Hollywood, David had still been in the East. When he got back from the East, she had been gone again, for the Victory Committee, after the manner of popular Hollywood girls these war days. In the interim David had dated a couple of other girls, notably Anne Shirley and Bonita Granville. In the interim Ann had dated other boys, principally Rand Brooks, who has long been a pal of hers.

But now, they just looked at one another, and their hearts stood still. In that instant, because they were each of them instinctively doing a good and patriotic thing, they knew that the attraction they had felt for one another for three years was solid. Until that moment it had been excitement and laughter and glamour and compatibility. Now, one week before Christmas, standing on a sunny corner, they fell utterly in love.

"Oh, David," said Ann, "oh, David, how nice to see you."

"Could we have dinner together tonight?" asked David. "I'm going to New York tomorrow and . . ."

"Tomorrow?" wailed Ann. "Oh, horrible! I just got back from New York. Why can't we ever be places together, instead of shuttling back and forth at the wrong times? Why can't we . . ."

David May interrupted her, right there. Annie won't tell the exact words, quite naturally. But what he said, in effect, was that there was one way they could be places together, that they could be together forever and always.

Ann is much too real to do any beating around orange trees. She accepted David, right on that street corner. After that, forty-five minutes passed, and still no street car came, but of course, they didn't know it. They were equally unaware that they held hands all the way down town.

"That's why I love him," said Ann, talking about it. "He just does things spontaneously. We met nearly three years ago, when I went down to model for a charity fashion show at his store. Otto Winkler, the studio press agent, introduced us, and the next night David called me for a date.

"We were very elegant. We dined lavishly at Chasens and then went dancing at the Mocambo. Of course, I was thrilled. This was the way for a fine date to act, take me to popular, expensive places where I could see and be seen. That was all fine enough until David started dancing, and then I did fall. For he is the most wonderful dancer I've ever encountered, and I'd rather dance than eat, any day.

"The next time we went out—which was the next week—we did nearly the same thing, only this time we dined at Romanoff's and went dancing at Ciro's. Once again, I loved it, but when on our next date David suggested we just go to a drive-in and take a drive to the beach afterward, eating Good Humors, incidentally, then I was really enchanted. For I wouldn't be happy just doing those plushy things all the time.

[PHOTO BY ACME]

Photographed as they filed application for a marriage license at Los Angeles courthouse—Ann and David.

RUTHERFORD

"Maybe that's because I come of a long line of working people. My dad was a member of the Metropolitan Opera, my mother was a movie actress. I did my own first professional work when I was only four, and I've been at it ever since every chance I got. I'm so proud that I've earned enough money to have built my own home that I can't help boasting about it, and I'm prouder yet that I sew well enough to have made all my own curtains and rugs for it. What's more, I'll tell the world . . . and show David . . . that I'm really a keen cook.

"I'm going on with my career. David doesn't mind, and he is an absolute angel when I get brain storms about how he should run his store. Once I suggested he move a whole department, and he did, and that worked out well. But another time I told him how to have girls' slacks made. He did, and would never have sold a single pair of them, except, of course, I simply had to buy several.

"We're almost exactly the same ages. He likes all the gang I like, Mickey and Judy and Anne Shirley and John Payne. Right now, we will rent a house, but when the war is over, we'll build. I think his people are perfectly enchanting, and he likes my folks. Gee, I'm a lucky girl."

Ann is. She looked positively ravishing when on Saturday, December 26th, she and David were married at David's parents' home.

Ann wore a light blue dress, a pink hat, and matching muff made of pink camellias. After the ceremony, which was attended only by her and David's immediate families, the young Mays flew to Phoenix for a honeymoon. Following a few weeks there, they are going to New York together.

Yes, she is a lucky girl. But we think quiet, handsome, intelligent young David May is a lucky man, too.

THE END

Ann Rutherford is one of the prettiest and probably the brainiest of the younger actresses. David May, her husband, is one of Los Angeles' best junior businessmen. Hollywood approves this marriage.

PASSION'S PETS

Seven stars select their favorite (screen) love scenes (and certainly give the darndest reasons)

This scene with Gary Cooper in "Ball of Fire" is Barbara Stanwyck's favorite love scene from her own pictures. "It was fun to play a girl who was the aggressor in love instead of the usual girl who lets the man do all the love-making," she says.

The reason for Claudette Colbert's choice is as direct as the lady involved. "Any love scene with Clark Gable in it, whether I'm also in it or not, is my favorite," Claudette says. "This was my favorite in the picture, 'It Happened One Night'."

This proposal scene in "Chad Hanna" is Linda Darnell's favorite love scene. "Henry Fonda played the scene so beautifully, I felt that in response to his playing, I also played it well. It was the sweetest love scene I've ever played."

Ida Lupino's favorite love scene from one of her own pictures, "Moontide." "I think Jean Gabin is a wonder. When he looks at a girl on the screen, every woman in the audience wishes he'd kiss her. The woman who plays a love scene with him feels this quality he projects."

Olivia de Havilland selected this scene from "Hold Back The Dawn" as her favorite. "Charles Boyer behaved in such a romantic fashion; he made love so beautifully. It was every girl's idea of a perfect love scene. But what amused me was that, according to the script, he didn't mean it!"

This love scene between George Montgomery and Gene Tierney in the picture, "China Girl" is Gene's favorite love scene. "It was the most moving, poignant scene in which I have ever appeared," she explains, "for the story is of a girl who is part Chinese, and of a man who doesn't know it."

Maureen O'Hara's favorite love scene, with Walter Pidgeon in "How Green Was My Valley." "I felt that the scene in which the girl tells Walter Pidgeon that she would rather face poverty with him than marry a wealthy suitor should be an inspirational scene for a great many people," she says.

When she first came to Hollywood, she was ill at ease, unsure of herself, and dowdy. That's her mother next to her.

Ten years later mother and daughter are photographed at dinner together. Hollywood glamour has worked its magic.

Eight years ago. "She isn't pretty, but she does have nice eyes." Later she was called "Popeye the Magnificent."

WHY Bette Davis STAYS AT THE TOP

THE GREAT FEMININE BOX OFFICE STAR LISTS HER EIGHT RULES FOR SUCCESS

by FREDDA DUDLEY

A GROUP of service men at the Hollywood Canteen were studying Bette Davis with wide and admiring eyes. "She's so little to be so efficient," one of them said, looking down from the eminence of six-feet-four onto Bette's five-feet-two. "Did you ever see such tiny feet?"

"What gets me," opined the second, "is this: she's been on the top of the heap for about ten years, and my bet is that she's there to stay for a long time. She's darned pretty, and she's talented, but lots of girls with the same equipment have never made first base. How d'ya suppose Bette stays up there, year in and year out?"

It is a good question and deserves a full answer.

How does Davis do it? In the first place she works at being a star *all the time*. She has great respect for her own job and for the motion picture industry in general because she realizes, better than many Hollywoodens, that the screen is a medium that reaches vast numbers of people. Its appeal is not restricted to any class or country. Bette has said that, as long as most human knowledge is gained through

Today—poised, glamorous, sophisticated. She breaks most of the rules of stars.

Bette Davis with her first husband, Ham Nelson. She tried to make a success of her marriage, but her career leaped ahead while Ham remained unsuccessful.

sight, motion pictures are going to increase in scope and responsibility.

So you may jot down—as Item No. 1 on your Reason Chart—that Bette Davis is a woman who loves her profession and takes it very seriously.

* * *

Item No. 2 is this: her relation with the working press is one of the happiest in town. Not even the Mount Palomar telescope could find a reporter who wouldn't put in a good word for "Popeye, The Magnificent," as *Time* Magazine once titled her.

Contrast her publicity attitude to that of one of our top glamour queens. A widely circulated periodical wanted a cover portrait of Miss X in color. The only time the photographer—who had a maddening schedule of deadlines—could arrange the sitting was on a Sunday morning.

When Miss X was notified of the photographer's problem and asked to spare an hour on Sunday morning, she indignantly refused. Indeed she wouldn't give up her precious weekend for her career. She is now married and retired. Very much retired.

As for Bette: the editor of a national publication had made a trip, under difficulties since her health was not of the most robust, to the west coast to arrange for a number of articles about Hollywood personalities. This particular editor never publishes more than one story about a star, and she had covered Miss Davis months earlier. This is important to our story because it proves that Bette had absolutely nothing to gain by being gracious. (Many stars measure out smiles and courtesy on scales balanced by publicity return.)

Bette had been working desperately to finish a picture, of which the final take was not made until Saturday night. She took care of business affairs and packed until two hours before train time on Sunday. Then she took a taxi, rode some twenty miles out of her way, called at the hotel, and had a brief personal chat with the editor in question. If that isn't star integrity of a high order, you name it.

* * *

Item No. 3: Her memory has never sprung serious leaks. This has nothing to do with the ease with which she commits lines and delivers them before the camera. No, we mean *that* memory most important to a permanent star, which recalls the bumps along the road up.

Recently Nancy Coleman was saying wistfully to Bette, "I get a frightful inferiority complex when I look around the studio and see all the gorgeous girls. I feel like a goon." Nancy has an enchanting, tip-tilted face; her hair is dark auburn, and she has freckles. She's cute as a kitten after a ball of twine, but she isn't beautiful.

"You have a definite talent or you wouldn't be here," Bette told her vigorously. "All you have to worry about is being so good in any picture you do, that it doesn't matter *how* you look. I know what you're up against, because I went through the same thing myself."

Another thing that Bette never forgets is the fact that *every* star is kept in that category by an intricate set-up. While Margaret Donovan, Bette's hairdresser, was working on her one morning, Bette said briskly, "Maggie, I hope to goodness you aren't 1-A when they get around to classifying and drafting women. If I lost you, I'd just have to quit pictures."

She never misses an opportunity to praise Alex Evelove and Jerry Asher, two of Warner's crack publicists. Bert Six, her still man, has taken all the Davis candids for years, and Bette regularly thanks him for his excellent work. Orry-Kelly, who designs Bette's screen clothes, comes in for lavish approval.

* * *

Item No. 4: She's a fighter. When she became convinced, after a series of dull parts given her by Warner's, that she was never going to get a hand in selecting her roles until she uttered a sixteen-cylinder yell, she cried out loud and long. She packed herself off to England, and there went to court. She knew that, if she lost the case (which she did, incidentally) she would have to borrow money enough for passage home, but she went right ahead with all the determination on earth.

She didn't work for nearly a year, but by that time Warner's had decided that the Academy Award winner (in "Dangerous" opposite Franchot Tone) had a case in point,

all right. They decided to concede certain things, so the Davis battle ended successfully.

Recently she made a test with a newcomer who had, as Miss Davis said, "an arresting, a different face." This girl had been signed from a little theatre production of "The Little Foxes" in which she did spectacular work. However, the Davis test scenes with the novice were taken from "Kitty Foyle." The part of Kitty was totally wrong for the girl.

"Why didn't you refuse to do it?" Bette asked.

"I didn't dare," was the answer. "I'm too new. I couldn't say 'no.'"

Bette explained that the refusal could have been diplomatic, and that taking a definite stand might have influenced the girl's entire future.

However, Bette does say, "To be a successful fighter, you must first be in a position to fight, and then you must have a clear conception of your goal."

* * *

Item 5: One of the chief reasons for Bette's giving occasional advice is that she, herself, has never ceased asking for advice and listening when it is given. Just before she went into "Old Acquaintance," Bette had a brilliant idea about a new hair-do. She drew some pictures for Maggie Donovan. Maggie studied the situation, then said, in effect, that the notion was filled with pinch-nose value. Bette, foremost dramatic actress of the screen but still not infallible, laughed and dropped the drawings in a waste paper basket.

Sometimes her suggestions are excellent . . . and economical. She was particularly fond of one of the full velvet skirts she wore as the Empress Carlotta in "Juarez." When the wardrobe for "All This And Heaven Too" was being planned, she suggested that this same velvet skirt be used for the little governess, "Mademoiselle D." Orry-Kelly extracted the garment from the wardrobe department, had Bette try it on, and agreed that it was perfect. Bette was as pleased as a winning Republican in a Democratic precinct.

One thing is certain: she has never surrounded herself with a "yes" clique.

* * *

Item No. 6: She has never fallen victim to the Royalty Complex. Vincent Sherman, who is directing "Old Acquaintance," had some important business to transact with Bette one evening after she had left the studio. He secured her home telephone number and dialed. Someone said, "Hello."

"I'd like to talk to Miss Davis, please. Tell her Vincent Sherman is calling," he said.

Back came the Davis chortle. "So you didn't recognize me over the telephone!"

"You mean you're answering your own telephone!" he gasped.

When Bette telephones from the set to ask any studio functionary a question, she always prefaces her conversation with, "Are you busy right now, or can you talk?" This admission that people have their own problems is refreshing in the famed—and dazzlingly rare.

* * *

Item No. 7: She believes in giving a boost to newcomers. Director Irving Rapper is one of those whom she sponsored, and so is Vincent Sherman. Richard Travis' selection to play the part of the young newspaper man in "The Man Who Came to Dinner" was a Davis idea. When she saw Paul Henreid in his first American picture, "Joan Of Paris," she decided that he was one of the most exciting leading men to descend on Hollywood in years, and she asked the Warner front office to secure him to play opposite her in "Now, Voyager." Being selected for a Davis picture is a serving of prestige more welcome than a carload of coffee.

* * *

Item No. 8: She is devoted to her mother, sister, and niece. Although Bette's mother has never intruded in studio affairs, her judgment always influences Bette's conduct.

According to intimate friends of the family, neither Mrs. Davis nor Bette's sister takes Bette's fame big. As far as they are concerned, Bette is just a favorite relative who happened to be successful. If they disagree with some statement of Bette's, they are as likely as not to say, "Listen to The Queen. What makes you think you're an authority on that?"

They contradict, belittle, tease, and laugh at her. As Bette herself says, "I've always been thankful for my family because neither I, nor anyone else, ever gets a red carpet from a New Englander."

So apparently the list adds up to this: the secret of Bette Davis' continued success is not so much that she is a splendid actress, but mainly that she is a great lady and a splendid human being.

Bette cuts her second wedding cake with husband, Arthur Farnsworth. She's determined to make a happy marriage, but she wants her career as well.

★

HERE'S WHERE THE NEW LEADING MEN ARE COMING FROM

NEVER in studio history have men been so scarce as they are today. Because so many famous leading men have enlisted or been drafted, Hollywood and the public have asked, "Where are the new leading men coming from?"

These are the fellows who will get the roles that were planned for Gable, Power, Payne, Fonda, Holden, Mature, and Reagan. Maybe Uncle Sam will eventually call on these men, too, but in the meanwhile they're making the type of pictures that lift your morale and give you surcease from the tragedy and loneliness of war and restore your courage.

★

Did you see "The War Against Mrs. Hadley?" The red-haired young man who played the gay, carefree Irish soldier was Van Johnson, who's no more Irish than Garbo. That's right, his parents are Swedish, and he was born in Newport, Rhode Island. He always wanted to be an actor. After he appeared on the New York stage in "Pal Joey," Warner's waved a contract, but gave him so little work to do he was ready to beat it back to New York. Then M-G-M discovered him, and gave him a minor role in "Somewhere I'll Find You" and also a chance to play "Dr. Gillespie's New Assistant." Now that he's fought "The War Against Mrs. Hadley," M-G-M is giving him "The Human Comedy" to do.

At one time Arthur Kennedy cherished the idea of becoming a jockey. But he was too heavy for that, so he turned to the stage instead. He got a job in a traveling repertory company doing the classics. Then he worked himself up to Broadway, where he appeared in plays like "Madam Will You Walk?" and "International Incident," with Ethel Barrymore. Warner's took one look at him, and chose him to play Jimmy Cagney's young brother in "City For Conquest." Recently he finished a part in "Air Force." He's twenty-eight, blond, blue-eyed and married. His real name is John Arthur Kennedy, and his friends still call him "Johnny." His wife, Mary Cheffy, used to be on the New York stage with him.

No wonder Hollywood's WILDE about him! Cornel's just the right height (six feet one inch tall), has just the right kind of hair dark (brown) and just the right color eyes (brown). True, there were movie scouts who said his head was too small and his eyes too dark. But they must have been relatives of those scouts who said Gable's ears were too big and Astaire had no personality! Cornel was born in New York, studied art and fencing abroad, and came back to the United States, where he did some fancy acting and fencing on the stage in "Romeo and Juliet." After playing bits in pictures, he copped the lead opposite Ida Lupino in "Life Begins at 8:30."

Michael Duane, a very lucky gentleman from Indiana. In his very first picture, Columbia's "City Without Men," he was assigned the male lead opposite Linda Darnell. As a youngster, he played a trombone in the John Anderson Circus Band. Later he had his own designing business in New York and designed interiors for some of the leading department stores; but gave it up to appear on the stage and in sentimental serials for radio. Maybe you heard him on the air in "Stella Dallas" and "Second Husband." He's married to an actress named Phyllis Ellerman, who keeps him happy with thick steaks, rich desserts and broiled fish. He likes movies, Damon Runyon stories, Scotties and lowdown negro music.

Up to now, all you've known about Pierre Aumont is what you've read in the papers. And what you've read in the papers is that he and Hedy Lamarr were being seen places together. That was the smart M-G-M publicity department at work. Actually, Pierre has gone out frequently with Hedy, but he has also gone out with other gals. From now on, you'll be hearing about Pierre for his acting and not just because of his dates with beautiful women. For he has just finished giving a grand performance in a dual role in "Assignment In Brittany." Before coming to America, Pierre made over a dozen French pictures, and fought in the French Tank Corps against the Nazis.

When Columbia recently ran a group of tests of young players for its employees, the women wrote on their comment slips, "Who's the big one with the swell mean look in his eyes?" Ladies, he's Craig Woods, and you'll be hearing a lot about him from now on. He worked as a gas station attendant before he was discovered for pictures. Before that, he spent several years in the army air corps, and would still be there if Uncle Sam hadn't discovered that he had an allergy which disqualified him. He's married to a young Swiss actress, Trudy Marson. Watch for him as a tough, cocky sailor in "Destroyer," his first picture.

William Eythe, the man from Mars. No, we're not being taken in by Orson Welles' fantasies. This Mars is a small Pennsylvania town. Bill is now being hailed by 20th Century-Fox because he gave such a knockout performance in "Ox Bow Incident." Before he came to Hollywood, William played the Borsch Circuit, which means he appeared at smaller summer resorts. Afterwards he joined a professional stock company, appeared on the stage in Canada, acted as staff announcer for a television station, and played an important role in the play, "The Moon Is Down." William likes swing music, paintings by Renoir, Greek, and Jon Whitcomb's illustrations.

Remember the boy who played the Nazi flyer in "Mrs. Miniver"? That's right—how could you forget him? Warner's found that they couldn't forget him or his performance either, so they stole a clever march on M-G-M and put him under contract. Helmut Dantine says he's glad he portrayed a Nazi flyer so as to show how brutal most of them are. He hates Naziism. And no wonder! For he himself spent three months in a Nazi concentration camp. He was born in Vienna, and had just been appointed to the Austrian embassy to London, when the storm troopers marched into Austria and hustled him off to a concentration camp for three months. His latest picture is "Casablanca."

As a youngster Richard Martin took a good deal more interest in football and track than in dramatics. After he got out of school, he worked as a receptionist at M-G-M for three years; but still the movie bug didn't bite him. M-G-M tested him; the test was a flop; but an RKO test turned out better. "Call Out the Marines," sang RKO happily, and signed him for a part in that picture. He did so well he was given a good role as a cadet in "Bombardier." He has brown eyes, dark brown hair that waves slightly, heavy black eyebrows and extremely long eyelashes. But the "pretty boy" tag will never be pinned on him.

Walter Reed has just given such a swell performance as the young aviator who wins Anne Shirley in "Bombardier," that RKO expects him to become a star overnight. Before coming to Hollywood, he appeared in vaudeville and acted on the Broadway stage and in summer stock. One day he was playing a baby-faced killer in "Dead End" at a summer playhouse. Joel McCrea saw him, came back-stage and told him he ought to be in pictures. RKO agreed with Joel, and signed Walter on the dotted line. He's six feet one, has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. He's very enthusiastic about his wife and about aviation.

Imagine an almost unknown young man emoting opposite Claudette Colbert! The lucky man is George Reeves, formerly a cowboy actor and not a very famous one, either. He's been playing mostly villains in the Hopalong Cassidy series for Harry Sherman. Meanwhile, over at Paramount, they were casting "So Proudly We Hail," with Claudette. They heard Teddi Sherman, Harry Sherman's daughter, was making her debut in "Colt Comrades" and said they'd like to see a scene from her latest picture. So Harry Sherman's office sent over a scene. Who should be emoting opposite her but George Reeves as a lover with menace? "That's the man to play opposite Claudette," said Paramount happily. And now everybody's terribly happy about the results.

★ ★ ★

THE MARINES CHOOSE THEIR "ROCKS AND SHOALS"

● That girl's here again. We mean Grable. Apparently she comes first in the hearts of her countrymen, wherever those countrymen are young soldiers and marines.

TECHNICALLY speaking, and everything is technical in the Marine Corps, from setting your rifle sights to polishing your brass buttons, there is no pin-up girl in the Marine Corps.

As a matter of fact, if any "boot" (rookie to you) tried to pin up a girl's picture in his hut or tent down at Boot Camp, he would have his ears pinned back by the C.O. The Marines believe in neatness of quarters at all times—and that includes the fox-holes of Bataan.

So, when an enlisted Marine is first shipped down to his Recruit Depot, he must forgo the pleasure of pinning up his fi-fi for at least seven weeks. Then, after his boot training, when he is a full fledged Marine, living in barracks instead of a tent or hut, he is permitted to pin up one of those "rocks and shoals" (Marine for trouble makers), providing it conforms with regulations.

Said "rocks and shoals" photos must be a certain distance from his bunk and exactly in the center. If the Marine is fickle enough to entertain two dream girls in his heart.

● Is it because the Marines room from the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli that they prefer two girls who, up until now, they could hear but not see? Anyhow, the Marine vote comes in strong for Dinah Shore (above), soon to be seen in Warner's "Thank Your Lucky Stars," and Ginny Simms (left), who is trying to remain sweet and sane with Abbott and Costello in "Oh, Doctor."

he must see that both pictures are symmetrically hung. Furthermore, the officer at inspection is apt to frown at too gaudy a pose. Petty, that master of the voluptuous, finds himself therefore more prominently displayed in the Army and Navy than the Marines. With our more curvaceous screen stars, the more demure poses are preferred—that is, preferred officially.

Betty Grable will find that her head and shoulders are more conspicuous in the Marine barracks than her lovely torso. Of course, shoulders have angles too—or rather curves— and the bolder of the ex-boots take advantage of that. But a bold pose doesn't last long.

While the Marine Corps is the least "officer conscious" group in service, it's still true that when you come to the "flame" department (which is more Marine for ladies), there is a marked difference in tastes between the officers and the ranks. Leading heart harasser among the officers of high rank is none other than Hedy Lamarr. Majors and Colonels yearn for Hedy. Come down to mere captains, and you hear sighs for Rosalind Russell, who would look swell in a Marine uniform—she has the height for it. Shavetails, however, prefer Alexis Smith.

There's a strata of Marine who prefer Loretta Young. At the Hollywood Canteen the other night, a flock of Marines who were out on a seventy-two hour leave (weekend to you) were surrounding Loretta in the nicest way, asking for her autograph, photograph, and incidentally, a piece of cake. Some of the younger Marines were quite starry-eyed.

The guys themselves, after Lana Turner and Betty Grable are disposed of, also go heavy for two radio stars both now in pictures. One is Ginny Simms. Maybe it's her southern accent (acquired from Kay Kyser). The other in Dinah Shore. They start dreaming when she sings.

Finally, most finally, there is Jane Russell. No Marine, any more than you or I, has ever seen Jane on screen, but what they have seen of her makes them declare that it is a Rock and Shoal worth going over the hill for. In fact, the scuttlebutt has it that shooting the breeze with Jane, particularly if one is a sea-lawyer, is sweeter than all the pogy-bait on earth.

And if you don't know what that means, ask any Marine. He knows, people, he knows.

THE END

● **Marines seem to like the fi-fis long and lissome, as witness their choice of such feminine highpockets as Loretta Young (lower right), and Rosalind Russell (upper right). The Marines are the least class-conscious corps of all the services, yet their officer and man vote on mere women differed radically.**

● Nevertheless, the Leathernecks proved, as in the Grable case, that they react even as other fighting men because they pool major votes for Jane Russell (above), for Lana Turner (upper right), and for the long-limbed Alexis Smith (the gal at the lower right).

Humphrey Bogart in his newest, most romantic role in "Casablanca" with the luminous Ingrid Bergman.

The AMOROUS LIFE STORY OF A MOVIE KILLER

By HOWARD SHARPE

What has gone before: *Humphrey Bogart, only son of a fashionable New York surgeon and of Maud Humphrey Bogart, the famous magazine illustrator, was most correctly brought up, most correctly tutored at the most exclusive scholastic institutions, introduced to the most proper debs—and hated all of it. His way of escape was (a) to fall in love with a girl named Pickles; (b) to enlist in the Navy during the first World War. The latter was most effective and taught him some discipline.*

After the Armistice, he was, like many another fellow his age, restless and uncertain as to what he wanted to do. His best friend being the son of a famous theatrical producer, it was natural that Bogey should drift toward Broadway. He got a job as stage manager, electrician, bit actor, and general nuisance for the William A. Brady enterprises and was only two jumps ahead of bored speechlessness when he met a girl. Her name was Helen Menken. She was about to become Broadway's greatest star, and in that moment of their first meeting she became the girl whom Bogey was to love, unwisely and wildly.

THE three loves of Humphrey Bogart represent, when you consider the pattern of his life objectively, the three stages of his long fight for success. The first was Helen Menken, whom he had met during the run of "Drifting" in 1924, and in whose company he grew from an assistant stage manager to a full-fledged leading man.

The second was Mary Phillips, who advised and cheered him through a decade of alternate triumphs and disappointments, and who saw him established successfully in Hollywood as the most attractive menace on the screen before their romance came to an end, along with their marriage.

And the third is Mayo Methot, who made the greatest sacrifice for him—her career—and who has withstood the greatest test of all, in that they began their life together just as he had reached the top professionally. There was nothing he needed from her, and nothing she could give, except her love. Their marriage to date has survived four years of Bogey's success . . .

Meeting Helen Menken had, for some reason which he was at first unable to explain, given him an impetus to try for bigger things. Newly conscious of his limitations in the matter of finances and prestige, he had asked Brady for a chance in an acting role and had been given it, when Neil Hamilton sprained his ankle during the run of "Ruined Lady." It was a big part opposite Gladys George, but he knew it by heart from the long evenings of sitting out front during rehearsals. Anyway Hamilton promised to cue him from the wings.

It turned out to be just too much part for him. He got through the matinee somehow. Miss George, who was also Brady's wife and who had suggested him for the role, developed a terrific headache the instant the final curtain fell and had to be helped to her dressing room.

Old man Brady was amazingly nice about it all. Possibly because he was not in the theater that day, he arranged that his protege should have the juvenile lead in "Swifty," a new and very expensive production. Bogey, aware that he was on the spot of his life, threw everything he had into the first night performance.

His mother (he was still living comfortably at home) brought the morning papers to his bed. Sitting on the edge, she rattled them before her. "I will read you the reviews," she said grimly. She chose Alex Woollcott's notice first. "*'The young man who embodied the aforesaid sprig'*—that's you, my boy—*'was what might mercifully be described as inadequate.'*"

"Okay," Bogey said, running his tongue across his teeth. "You can stop now."

"You'll do better next time," she said tentatively. He did not answer.

THE main difficulty on "Swifty," he decided when he bothered to analyze it, had been that there was no director until two days before it closed—which was swiftly—and that Brady, having taken over the task of direction himself, had fallen asleep whenever he, Bogey, came on-stage during rehearsals.

A woman named Rosalie Stewart rang him up one day to tell him that despite the critics' opinion she thought he had something rather special. "Come to dinner," she suggested. "We'll talk it over."

Her next play was "Meet the Wife," and she gave him a beautiful part in it, with a handful of sides. He played a newspaper reporter.

The show ran a year. A week before it was to close, Bogey stayed too long at a party one night and next day blew his lines, causing the star, Mary Boland, to ad lib frantically for ten minutes while he leaned sweating against a wall, his eyes glazed.

When the act was over, Miss Boland wiped the smile off her face as the descending curtain's shadow reached her chin, turned on him, and said in righteous fury. "Get this, Bogart. You'll never work in another play with me."

A few months later an agent called him to say that Mary Boland had asked for him in her new show, "Cradle Snatchers." Cheered by this example of the Christian spirit, he worked harder than ever and got excellent notices, which in turn gave him courage enough to propose to Helen Menken. She accepted him forthwith.

They had been married a month when "Cradle Snatchers" closed and he was sent to Chicago with the cast of "Saturday's Children." Helen, who had just made a smash hit as the star of "Seventh Heaven," had to stay in New York. It was while they were thus separated, with no prospects of seeing each other for months (both plays were obviously in for long runs) that they faced the situation honestly, decided that you couldn't run a successful marriage on such a basis, and agreed that Helen should divorce him.

That same year, which was 1927, he married Mary Phillips in Chicago.

OUT in Hollywood a young man named Clark Gable had set a new style among leading men. He'd played a gangster in a Norma Shearer film, and thousands of women had written MGM complaining because, according to the traditional movie moral code, they had killed him off in the end. Every picture company immediately began testing likely Gable types.

Bogey was one of them. He was rejected because his upper lip still contained a splinter from a U-boat shell, picked up during the war.

Hollywood, especially Hollywood salaries, looked good to Bogey. He went to a plastic surgeon, had the splinter removed, and tried again. This time the old Fox company signed him, at four hundred dollars a week.

The night he arrived on the Coast Kenneth McKenna, Robert Ames, and a couple of other actors met him at the train. "What're you out here for?" McKenna asked.

"They've promised me the lead in 'The Man Who Came Back.'"

McKenna began to laugh. So did the others. After awhile they calmed down enough to explain:

—M. Marigold

When he wanted feminine understanding, Bogey at one time went to Mary Phillips.

each of them had been signed to do the same role. "And this will make you very happy, Bogey," McKenna said. "They've finally decided who's going to get it."

"Who?"

"Charlie Farrell. . . ."

FOX cast him in one good picture, "Up the River," which John Ford directed; then they tried him out in a Western, whereupon it was apparent to everyone, including Bogey, that he never was and never would make an acceptable cowboy.

The Depression, which had not yet reached the Coast, was already in full swing in New York. He went back there, sick of Hollywood and determined never to make another picture, to find Broadway in the throes of its worst season. He rehearsed for twenty weeks in five different plays, each of which closed the night they opened. Finally, on a deal which guaranteed him a percentage of the profits, he agreed to appear in "Our Wife." On the first day of the 1933 bank holiday it opened to a three hundred dollar house. That week he made fifty-six dollars.

Mary had a little better luck; so that together they managed to scrape along. When autumn came, they went to Skowhegan in stock, which at least saw them through the cold weather. At long last, when it seemed to him that he had surely chosen the wrong profession, he was offered the gangster part in "The Petrified Forest," starring Leslie Howard.

Howard's name was magic at that time, both on the screen and in the theater. "Petrified Forest" was an instant success, and among the rave reviews a good many devoted paragraphs to Humphrey Bogart for his magnificent interpretation of the public enemy. When Warner's bought the play, they signed him as well as Howard to the picture.

It looked like the works, this time. He went to Hollywood, reported for work, and was told that Edward G. Robinson had been chosen to replace him. Sick at heart, he took a cab to his hotel to think it over. He remembered that Howard had promised him that part if the play were made into a picture, and he also remembered that Howard was famous for keeping his promises.

On an impulse, Bogey picked up the phone and sent a cable to Scotland, where Leslie was vacationing. Back to Warner's the next day came Howard's ultimatum: either Bogart played the gangster, or "Petrified Forest" would be made without Leslie Howard.

Bogart played the gangster.

THAT was the beginning, of course, He was cast in good pictures and bad, but a successful actor had once advised him, "Always keep working, never be available," and so he did what Warner's told him to do without protest, even when he knew the result would be often unfortunate. His theory was that a successful company must necessarily make a predominance of good pictures or go out of business. By the law of averages, therefore, he should end up at least an established feature player, if not a star.

In 1937, before his ultimate professional destiny could be decided, Mary divorced him. She had some time before gone back to New York and to her own career; again, as he had with Helen Mencken, he talked the problem over with Mary and agreed with her that marriage could not be expected to work by long distance.

But the next time he fell in love, which was the following year and with another actress, Mayo Methot, he determined to safeguard himself —and Mayo too—from another such failure. Being Mrs. Humphrey Bogart, he explained to her, was apparently a career in itself. Did she love him enough to trade her job as an actress for the job of being his wife?

It seemed that she did . . .

During the four years that followed each worked hard, Bogey at the studio and Mayo at the new career she had chosen. To Bogey came rising popularity and, with the breaks and the wartime actor shortage, such pictures as "They Drive By Night," "High Sierra," "The Big Shot"—and at last, by popular demand, authentic stardom.

To Mayo came an understanding of the man she had married, and with it a working plan to make the marriage last. By subordinating all of her personal activities to his, she manages to be with him during every moment that he is not actually before the camera. She has even arranged it so that she could accompany him on location trips.

Not again, if Mayo Bogart has anything to do with it, will Bogey grow restless from loneliness. In this decision she is shrewd as well

as wise, for until they met, the story of his life had been a saga of loneliness, beginning when he was a little boy forgotten in a house filled with visiting celebrities, and continuing even through the later years and including his first two marriages.

Today he is a hard-working, first-magnitude star whose job engrosses him completely, and whose private life is purely domestic, kept entirely apart from his career. By this formula he has found his version of content.

THE END

The meeting, courtship, marriage, and parting of Helen Mencken and Bogey was all wild, romantic, and disturbing.

The third of Humphrey Bogart's wives, like his other two, was an actress, Mayo Methot, but she gave up her career to assure their happiness together.

MY HEART BELONGS TO HOLLYWOOD

FROM THE PRIVATE SCRAPBOOK OF MARY MARTIN

This is when I first started out in life, in Weatherford, deep in the heart of Texas. My heart at the time definitely belonged to daddy and to mother. I may have been just a baby to them, but to me I was a pretty terrific gal.

At seven, I went to New York for the first time, and saw my first play, "The Music Box Revue." When William Gaxton sang "Lady of the Evening," I little dreamed that someday I would be starred with him on Broadway.

I spent a year at the Ward-Belmont School in Nashville, Tennessee. (The third girl from the left, bottom row, is myself.) When I was sixteen, I ran away and eloped.

4

At sixteen I was a wife; at seventeen a mother and a divorcee. Here I am at eighteen, the first time I invaded Hollywood as a grown-up, hunting a job. I tried hard, but I didn't find one then.

I kept coming back to Hollywood. I finally became the soloist at the Troc. Nobody noticed. Then came Broadway, William Gaxton as the star, and "My Heart Belongs to Daddy". Mother was with me there, but I lost my real dad.

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After Broadway and my strip tease, Hollywood really wanted me, and did I want it! So my first movie was "The Great Victor Herbert" with Allan Jones and me covered with clothes from head to toes.

7

—*Acme*

Just after we'd eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, two and a half years ago. Richard Halliday is his name — but you surely know that.

★

Came a raw of pictures. "Love Thy Neighbar", "Kiss The Boys Goadbye", "New Yark Tawn", "True Ta Life", "Birth of the Blues" smack up ta my latest, "Happy Ga Lucky". That's all my history up ta naw but—p.s. I'm sa happy in love and I hope ta have abaut six babies.

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★ **MARY MARTIN** THE STAR HERSELF

HOLLYWOOD'S LAUGHING WITHOUT GAS

BY JESSIE HENDERSON

A rationing reason unites this crowd. Can you pick out Lee Bowman, Irene Hervey, Ruth Hussey, Laraine Day, and Eduardo Cianelli?

"MOUNTING my faithful rollerskate"—it is Bill Powell talking—"I went hippety-hop, hippety-hop down the road to Jeanette MacDonald's, where we had wienies and a murder."

He doesn't exaggerate—much. With gas rationing, pogo sticks, and roller skates come to the West, likewise bikes, buggies, and shanks' mare, even a film star can get only so far on four gallons of gas a week.

These nights in Hollywood, the fellow who nearly knocks you off your pins, as he whooshes round a corner on rollerskates, is probably your favorite movie hero.

And night must fall, when the dimout keeps movie stars, like other people, from biking or hiking too widely from the home fireside. So what to do in the long winter evenings (those not occupied in war work), with the night clubs suddenly an hour and a half by bus, the downtown theaters still more remote, the beach resorts closed, and the desert resorts a million miles away?

Well, at Jeanette MacDonald's the gas rationing has resulted in little dinner parties with a dash of manslaughter. For her dinner guests, who arrive by bus or hoss or else, Jeanette has invented a game that's going over bigger than anything since gin rummy.

She cuts clippings of cases on trial at the moment in Los Angeles courts; not only capital cases but important burglaries and absconding. Every member of the party is appointed a juror or a lawyer, with somebody for the judge, and they try one of the cases in the MacDonald parlor. The arguments of the lawyers, pro and con, are something to hear!

The most exciting evening so far was when Johnny Mack Brown acted as prosecuting attorney, Irene Dunne as defense attorney, and Marian Nixon as judge. On the jury were Lily Pons and her husband, maestro Andre Kostelanetz; Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Eddy; and Director and Mrs. Woody Van Dyke. It was a second degree murder trial, and they all endeavored seriously to figure out the correct verdict. Later, when the real case was decided in the courts, they found they should have voted guilty instead of not. They'd allowed the Irene Dunne charm to sway 'em.

On the other hand, Frances Dee and Joel McCrea go in for killings of a different kind, to while away the gasless dimout. They have organized a neighborhood orchestra—piano, trap drums, cymbals, dishpans. Any neighbor who drops in has to help slaughter a tune. And the neighbors do drop in, if only in self defense. They say it's easier to help than to listen.

Gene Tierney, however, is stuck in the hills, not near a flock of neighbors nor a street car or bus line. She's one of the few who are pretty well isolated. But the beauty of it is, Gene doesn't mind staying home. "I'm good enough company for myself," she says. At that, she isn't exactly alone. The household includes her father-in-law, a man and wife who do the work, Mag the

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Miss Goddard and chums study Spanish.

But it remained for Alan Jones, Laraine Day, Irene Hervey, Ruth Hussey, Billie Burke, Don Woods and Otto Kruger to originate something that will keep their group hard at work five nights a week. They've whipped up a "little theater," where they put on stage plays. The entire cast live within walking or bus-riding distance.

The "Brentwood Service Players" took over a building which had been a little theater before. It seats a hundred and thirty. Half the audience each night is made up of soldier guests, and the other half of the public that pays for its tickets—the money going to service and relief organizations.

But the little theater isn't the limit of activities for the Donald Woods, Alan Jones, and Otto Kruger groups. On their nights off, they are continuing their "progressive dinners." Fortunately, their homes are not too far apart because now they stroll, not ride, from one to another for soup, entree, dessert. They're a trifle apprehensive about what all this strolling will do to their appetites. But, anyway, they've begun to tote their own sugar and thermos of coffee along.

Oh, Hollywood is still fun, right enough. But it's harder on the feet.

Ida Lupino's guests like mystery novels.

ALEXIS..

By JOHN DUTTON

ABOUT two years ago a New York dialogue director named Bob Foulk went to lunch at Warner's in San Fernando Valley and there saw Alexis Smith for the first time. She was only an unimportant contract player, but she had one characteristic that was salient to Foulk; Miss Smith stood, and still does, some five feet six in her pedicure. Foulk, who was six feet four and so had never had anyone to talk to while dancing, immediately arranged an introduction.

"I'm sorry," said Alexis, "but my agent won't let me go out with Hollywood men."

Foulk said that was all right and started to walk away. Then he turned, a thought having struck him. "Who's your agent?"

"Vic Orsatti."

Now this is a joke of somewhat local character, since Mr. Orsatti's lady-killing propensities are Holly-

Her dancing is no fake, and the reasons she studied ballet were no accident either. "Accidents don't happen to me," she says, explaining why not.

ONE IN A MILLION SMITHS

wood-famous, but it is the best possible anecdote to illustrate the essential innocence of Alexis Smith's character and the resulting forthrightness with which she approaches any situation.

With the same level headedness and honesty does she regard the current picture of herself as a full fledged Hollywood star. "The way I planned it," she explains, "I thought I'd work hard in dramatics, go to New York and try to be discovered on the stage, and then come to Hollywood and do character parts. I knew my face was attractive, but I couldn't see where you could force beauty out of it, and of course I thought I was too tall for romantic leads." She laughs amused. "And here I am, a glamour girl. Who'd have thought it?"

Glamour, apparently, is an inadequate word to describe the effect she has on the men of America. The Army lads, as Movieland recently revealed, gave her their shrillest whistle of approval in its "Who's Your Favorite" poll. Then other polls revealed this result, astonishing not so much because Alexis was competing with established barracks pets like Sheridan and Lamour, but because at that time Alexis had not yet appeared in any of the movies she had made.

After Alexis' bosses had seen rushes of "The Constant Nymph" and conferred star rating upon her, the publicity department moved in to accomplish its usual personality renovation job. Thereupon an impasse happened.

Her story was rather average, and she didn't have any temperament, but they explained that that was all right. It could be remedied. Alexis, however, hadn't yet learned how to play. When they sent her a lady author who wanted to write an inspirational story about her triumph over the neurotic misery that always results from being too tall, Alexis listened politely for some minutes and then said, "I honestly don't know what you're talking about. I was just tall, without worrying about it."

The lady author, avoiding Alexis' direct gray eyes, said hurriedly, "Yes, of course. But . . . I mean, you must have felt self conscious when you were out in public with fellows who were shorter than you."

"As it happened," said Alexis, "I always went with tall men."

Later a publicity man took her to task. "Do you realize," he said sternly, "that you have just talked yourself out of a very good press break?"

"My gosh," cried Alexis, "really?" She was genuinely upset. She had done better in previous instances, when she had not been taken unawares. Her "romance" with Craig Stevens, as an example, had been plotted in advance by the studio which hired them both, and she did her best. She did it so well, in fact, that she fell in love with him, to the general consternation of everyone except herself and Craig Stevens.

When (during the first months when she appeared briefly in B's, not now mentioned in connection with her newly exalted name) she found two pages in a current magazine devoted to herself in a bathing suit, she wrote the editor an appreciative letter. It was the first letter of its sort the editor had ever received, and as a result that magazine was thenceforth dedicated to a pro-Alexis Smith policy.

The romance of Alexis and Craig Stevens was publicity-inspired. It became real. But they haven't married—yet—for excellent reasons.

Watch for her in "Constant Nymph." But first you'll probably see her in "Thank Your Lucky Stars." Here she is rehearsing for it with her partner, Igor.

On her own initiative, she had considered objectively an assignment to a USO party in San Diego, had gone to the publicity fellows, and said, "Don't you think I ought to look like a movie star in front of all those people? After all, you're billing me as one. I ought to be dripping in furs, and so far I haven't been able to afford any."

They dug out a studio property for her, a little number in white fox that swept the floor. Having flaunted herself in it for the edification of appreciative San Diego naval base personnel, she expressed the cape (insured) to the studio a few minutes before catching a plane for Burbank.

"Why didn't you simply wear it home?" one wardrobe official asked her.

"What, wear all that money on my back? In a plane?"

She is so perfect an example of California's newest generation (the state is credited with turning out the tallest, healthiest, and most beautiful children, that at first it seems impossible that she is not a native daughter. Then you learn that she was brought to Glendale from British Columbia when she was five, which was in 1926.

When you see her, you begin to understand what physio-sociologists are talking about when they go all academic on the subject of environmental breeding. Having been raised in sunshine on quantities of fresh vegetables and milk, encouraged by the fabulous California school system to accept sports as an integral part of the living pattern —she ice-skates, bowls, plays badminton and tennis—the result is as promised. She eats a lot of whatever she wants; needs and insists on getting ten hours of sleep each night; and wouldn't know what such things as nerves, insomnia, hypochondria, or stomach-ache are.

One reason for this is that while a lot of crackpots migrated to California during the early 20's, the Smiths were anything but crackpots. They were, and are, pleasant middle-class people believing in work, play, the clan spirit, God, and common sense. Typically, they gravitated to Glendale, which of all California towns, is the closest counterpart to Centerville, U. S. A.

Thus, as Alexis grew up, she learned how to wash dishes, as well as to be a little superior to movie premieres, which her classmates attended en masse for autographs.

The Smiths were never known as priggish parents, and anyway they assumed their daughter's integrity and good taste; so she had dates with clean cut young fellows when she was sixteen. The Smiths read a lot of books, listened to good music, and enjoyed the theater; therefore when daughter came home and announced she wanted to take up acting as a career they said, "Fine."

She got a chance to dance in the Hollywood Bowl when she was thirteen. The Smiths loved that. They wrote all their friends and relatives, and bought new clothes for the occasion. When she was sixteen, she won a dramatic contest, which was attended as a matter of course by sundry movie agents. One of them asked her to come in to his office for an interview.

Mr. Smith insisted on going with her. The agent commended her work in the best Hollywood superlatives and told her he'd let her know when he'd arranged a screen test. After a month had passed by without further word from the agent, she forgot all about it and went on at City College.

A few weeks ago her father confessed his part in the matter.

He had visited the agent next day and said, "Alexis is a minor. Until she's twenty-one, she must do as I say. I intend to see that she gets a proper education. I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't call her again."

"But she's sensational!"

"If she's sensational now," said Mr. Smith, "think what she'll be after she's been to college. If you offer my daughter a picture contract, I'll sue you." And he departed, leaving the agent with his world crashing around him.

Among other things, the publicity boys suggested that she choose a proper star-type residence in Beverly Hills, Brentwood, Van Nuys, or some neighborhood of comparable elegance. "You mean a house?" Alexis said. "But I've already built a new place in Glendale—Dad and I shared the cost, fifty-fifty. He pays all the bills. I told him I ought to help, now that I'm making such good money, but he wouldn't hear of it."

"He pays the servants, too?" asked one of the boys, momentarily side-tracked.

"What servants?"

"Well, but what're we going to do for photographs of you at home? You know, rumpus room, swimming pool, and bar and barbecue pit . . ."

"It's got a swell patio," Alexis said hopefully. "And a dream of a kitchen."

A writer at the studio asked her one day, "When you take the time to think about it, doesn't this whole thing—this accident of sudden success—bowl you over?"

"Nothing ever happens to me accidentally," Alexis told him.

Even love arrived in her life simply, and on schedule, when she was neither too young to reflect upon it sensibly nor too old to believe in it. Alexis and Craig, initially to please their bosses, went to premieres and to night clubs and to tennis matches, each dressed to the hilt in case photographers showed up; danced and looked deep into each other's eyes. They talked. They dreamed dreams, and they learned to like and respect each other. Finally, as a natural sequel, they fell in love.

One day Alexis appeared at the studio with a solitaire on the third finger, left hand. The boys in the publicity department let out a concerted cry worthy of a pack of banshees.

"Couldn't you wait awhile?" they asked her.

But she had learned the trick of answering them, by this time. "Sorry," she said. "We've already made plans."

This was not quite the truth. Craig was on the verge of exchanging his job at Warner's for one with the Army. They had discussed it endlessly, as young people in love do these days. Alexis had said, "I think we ought to wait until the war is over. It's this way—I haven't ever been in love before, and I don't think I will be again. So I guess it's what they call a great love. But look, we live in Hollywood, and we work here, and we're that kind of people. So we wait, and then we know what we've got because we waited. And if something happens, and we go off on a tangent, well, that way we've just been smart."

Stevens approved and consented. That he should do so is an indication that he is the man for Alexis.

Meanwhile, she has her job. It is precisely that to her. "Too many girls," she remarks with Alexian succinctness, "instead of actresses."

She approaches the business of being a star with the air of a professionalist who has been hired for a great deal of money to accomplish a task superlatively well. Recently she perfected her study of the ballet —toughest of all dancing forms— in order to make a good showing in "Thank Your Lucky Stars" as a ballet dancer. From being lifted constantly the first day of shooting, an underarm area was badly bruised where the bodice of her costume pressed against it.

Between rehearsals and takes, a company nurse dressed the sore spot, plastering it with collodian so it wouldn't show; only after three days of that kind of sharp pain that strikes at the pit of the stomach, did Alexis ruin a take by bursting suddenly into tears. In the studio dispensary, the nurse working over her said sympathetically, "Hurts?"

Since Alexis was crying only from pain and not because of self-pity, she was still able to laugh depreciatively.

"Like crazy," she said. "You'd better hurry — this is costing the studio the price of a mink coat."

What are you going to do with a girl like that? Providing that beyond such courage, determination, and scorn of self-pity, she has a gorgeous figure, a flair for clothes, talent, vitality, showmanship, and a look in her eye that sets the gallery stamping—all of which this one-in-a-million-or-so Smiths appears to have—we, the public, have made her a star.

THE END

ANOTHER SERVICE STAR

DISTINCTLY there ore two Tyrone Powers, one the dreoming, intense romontic, the other o loughing boy who loves procticol jokes, juke box music, ond big, thick steoks. Here we present you with the romontic —ond it's the lost photogroph for the durotion thot you will see of Ty out of his Morine Corps uniform. Ty hos wonted to get into service ever since Peorl Horbor, stoyed out till now becouse of loyolty to his studio, Twentieth-Century-Fox, where he hos just completed "Crosh Dive." No chop in oll picturedom is more loved by his friends, more respected by his bosses. He's reolly just as terrific os he looks.

SOMETHING NEW

Not every lassie has the price of a new chapeau in her jeans . . . but she does have her crowning glory. It's becoming smarter and smarter to go hatless. So why not invent substitutes for a bonnet, by way of tucking decorations into your locks?

● Tao many femmes have fargatten haw effective old-fashianed cambs can be. Ransack your attic, ar rummage thraugh an ald shap and pick yaurself up same af these cambs. Ann Summers, appearing in "Hitler's Children," demanstrates the idea ta perfectian. The shape af the camb dictates the hair-da. This camb is shaped sa that it takes the place af a cail at the right side af the neck. The hair is worn in a cail at the left. Over the farehead are waved bangs, set an the appasite side fram the cail in the back.

● Return ta simplicity by picking a rase fram yaur garden (if yau have a garden, and if yau have a rase) and pinning it in yaur hair. Ann Summers has parted a switch in twa, cailed it like a rape, and wrapped it araund her head. Her awn hair is set in pappiette pin curls in the back. Abave— Ann has dramatized her budding blassam a bit by draping a mantilla aver her head. (Really just sequins sewn an a piece af tulle.) Attach the mantilla ta the center af the head, abave the lifted bangs, and pull it araund the neckline.

HAS BEEN ADDED

A hair-do, all by itself, can change your personality every whit as much as a hat. And what sheckles would have been invested in a topper can go into war stamps . . . thereby making your service man happy for two reasons.

● Margie Stewart af RKO prefers this hairdress, faintly reminiscent af Hawaii. It's a high pampadour frant, cambed straight at the back and falling inta loose curls. Tuck yaur favarite flawer inta the back curls just belaw the ear. Miss Stewart can be seen in "Bambardier." If yau've a bit af Erin flawing in yaur veins, and came St. Patty's day—put the stems af twa white carnations in green ink eight haurs before you plan ta sail out the frant doar.

● This is a cutie, and easy to da. Nancy Gates, appearing in "This Land Is Mine," shows yau haw. Upsweep the hair all around, and tuck it in on tap. Camb aut a few curl clusters in frant to break the severity of the line across the forehead. Chaase three bows af a calar ta ga with yaur costume, and pin them in a diaganal line acrass the back af the head. Any material will da . . . Nancy choose velvet. Hazel Rogers, wha is the head hair stylist at RKO, thaught up all these little tricks ta dress up yaur hair.

THE NEXT TIME I LOVE

Ann Sheridan, Warner Bros. "oomph girl," still seeks her ideal man. You'll find her description of him in this article.

as told by ANN SHERIDAN

to Alyce Canfield

ANN SHERIDAN stepped out of her grave. A very nice grave it was, too. She was digging it for reasons known only to the writers of Warner's "Edge of Darkness." Furthermore, she was dressed for digging graves. No scintillating sequins. No furs or diamond bracelets. Nope. What they're wearing for grave digging this season is a bit on the rough and sporty side. A couple of gold earrings were the only things that indicated femininity.

That is, the only things beside Ann Sheridan. You know, you could put Ann in blackface, dress her in a gunny sack, and, in spite of everything you could do to prevent it, there would be something glamourous and sultry, inviting, seductive, and tantalizing about Warner's No. 1 Glamour Girl. The fact that she has a little of the spirit of the "dead-end kids" is only gilding the lily. All this, and the "dead-end kids," too!

In fact, this contradictory Sheridan personality, that is two parts gamin to one part glamour, is what gives her the priceless gift of never taking herself seriously. Ann Sheridan frequently laughs at Ann Sheridan. This doesn't prevent her from being tender, generous, womanly, and kind. Most of the men in the world think the combination is perfect.

So-oo, when George Brent and Mrs. George Brent decided to call their marriage quits, the general feeling was one of bafflement.

Truth is, a man has a lovely woman, beautiful, luscious, captivating, a woman who is intelligent and famous and who possesses a sense of humor that makes the world a swell place to live in. Is he happy? No, he is not happy. He is miserable all over the place—and with gestures. Half the United States (the masculine half) would give their eye teeth to possess Ann Sheridan, just as she is, but George Brent tried to make her over.

Possess her. There's the catch. How do you go about possessing laughter? No one could ever possess Ann. And something should have forewarned George Brent.

But, in spite of a marriage that didn't "take," Ann is not wearing her heart on her sleeve. Ann isn't the dramatic, sentimental, weepy type. She's carrying no torch. She's not soured on romance. She's just chalking up a few pointers to guide her in the future.

We left the set and walked over to the commissary for lunch. "Hello, baby!" says Annie to everyone from the waitress to the brothers Warner, while I drool over Humphrey Bogart and George Raft and Humphrey Bogart. Then settling down to her ham 'n' noodles, she said,

Annie with husband No. 1, Edward Norris. She was young and naive then, but the marriage failed.

"There isn't even a flicker of a romance with anyone else for either George or myself right now. But from this marriage, I've learned of a few things I DON'T want. Things that would make for unhappiness where anyone is concerned.

"I hate argument. I hate brooding. Yell, scream, throw things! Get it off your chest and get it over with, but don't sit around with hurt feelings.

"I don't mind criticism, but I don't enjoy people trying to change me. I want to improve myself, sure. I'm nuts about my house in the valley—a comfortable house, not stylish. I like to read. I enjoy quiet times, but I like gay times, too. I like to cook dinner, and I like to go dancing. See what I mean?"

She grinned. "If I want to make fudge or pull taffy, so that's okay. But if I want to sit around and have a few laughs, so I want to sit around and have a few laughs! The next time I love, I'm going to make sure my partner likes me as I am and likes to do the things I like to do. Whoever wrote that opposites attract was off the beam!

"I never want anyone who keeps trying to make me over. George knew how I was when he married me. My personality, faults, mannerisms, habits. I thought he wanted me 'as is,' but as soon as I said 'I do,' it was different somehow. He's swell people, but why can't men see that if you submerged your personality in theirs, that if the butterfly with all the bright, intriguing colors were pinned down and put in a glass case, they wouldn't want it?

"You know, some women see that their husbands are unduly jealous and possessive, and these women regulate their whole lives to pussyfooting around, scared of their own shadow. Well, women like that are stupid. They lose their individuality and charm, their spirit of independence, and eventually their man.

"I'm a little 'hep' on the subject, perhaps," said Ann matter-of-factly, "but why SHOULD women go back into the dark ages and

Annie with Husband No. 2, George Brent. She was George's fourth wife. Theirs was a fine romance but a poor marriage.

'tremble' at their frown? The ideal man should be able to enjoy the gayety and sparkle of femininity. The ideal man should value the things that make a woman what she is."

Although Ann was speaking of things in general, it was not hard to believe that she had been disappointed or hurt. She had the enthusiasm of a crusader in explaining her point. "Gosh, I don't mean a couple shouldn't make concessions, adjustments. All people who are married have to do this. But if there are things which form her character that he does not like and could never be happy with, he should recognize this BEFORE marriage. Superficial things, personal habits, and mannerisms can be changed, BUT YOU CAN'T CHANGE WHAT YOU ARE.

"I've had an ideal since I was fifteen. But when I try to visualize him, I realize that it isn't really clear to me what I want. But I do know to the nth degree what I DON'T want.

"I don't want a man who is unkindly CRITICAL. I don't want a man who is JEALOUS without cause. And chief among the things I don't want—I DON'T WANT A MAN WHO IS TOO POSSESSIVE!"

Said I, innocently, "Well, women are possessive."

Wow! Torch to the flame. Our Annie is violent on the subject.

"Sure! But anyone can understand a woman's possessiveness.

"Look," she continued, same like I had to be convinced, "I'm not possessive. I never have been; I never could be. But if I weren't economically independent and healthy and strong, perhaps my instincts would be different. I can understand the cause of a woman's possessiveness. But men who are possessive are behaving contrary to all the things scientists have unearthed through the ages."

Ann finished her milk, picked up her purse, consulted ner mirror, touched up her lips. Walking back to the set, she continued earnestly, "These are not just my personal beliefs. I've done a lot of reading on the subject. Man has always been the hunter, the seeker. In the beginning, woman stayed in her cave, watched over her children, kept the fire burning, the skins dry, waited for her man to come back from the hunt. If he didn't come back and bring food to her, she starved to death. *He didn't.* Did you know that? I think that most women have not outgrown their stone age heritage. They are essentially dependent upon the male animal. That's why they are possessive. There's a reason for it. Their food and lodging, their future and security are at stake. And, most important of all, and what's in back of the deal, is that their *children's* future is at stake.

"But," and here Ann was emphatic, "there is no similar deep-rooted, instinctive reason for a man to feel that way. When men feel possessive, it's sheer selfishness!

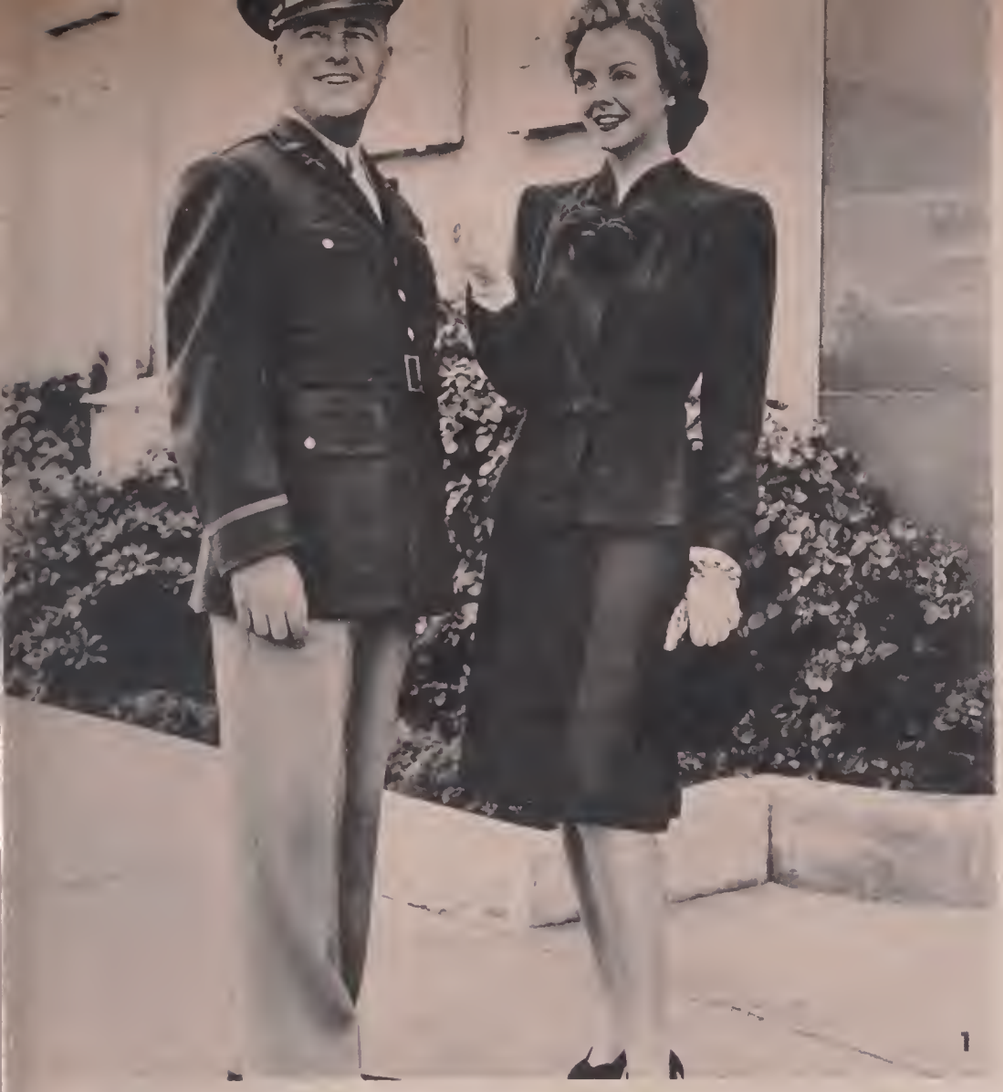
"My ideal man? You bet I have him pictured in my mind! He's not possessive or jealous or overly critical, as I said. He does have a sense of humor, great adaptability. He's a little nuts, same like me, and he thinks life can be fun! He loves children, dogs, and Ann Sheridan! With such a man I'd give seventy per cent cooperation to his thirty. I'd go more than half way toward making our marriage a success. Sure, I intend to be married again some day. But next time I love, there'll be some changes made!"

Ann climbed back into her grave. All nice and cozy, it was. Only the best for little Annie. Gamin glint in her eye, laughter on her lips, she threw a parting remark. "If you happen to run into anyone who fills the bill, let me know!"

Well, boys?

As we go to press the astonishing news comes that Ann Sheridan and Errol Flynn are getting romantically inclined. Both of them are now in Mexico—Annie to get her divorce from George Brent, and Errol to get a rest. Warner's insist that Annie is in Acapulco while Errol is in Mexico City. But don't forget that Mexico is a land without gas or tire rationing and with excellent plane service. As if this weren't enough, George Brent has publicly proclaimed his happiness in the presence of Ilona Massey, who is currently divorcing Alan Curtis. George and Ilona met, you will remember, when they made "International Lady" several months back. In view of all this, Ann's statement herewith regarding ideal future husband takes on a lot of extra meaning.

GOT A DATE WITH A DOUGHBOY?



1

1 For Lieutenonts Up—If he's on officer, you con go o little smooth. Up-sweep your hoir, pull on gloves, ond weor o hot. Officers like their women in bonnets. Leslie Brooks here steers her lieutenont to Eorl Corroll's Theotre Restouront, where Mr. Shovetoil is shortly going to port with obout five dollors for dining and doncing with his lody of the evening.

Leslie weors o dressmoker suit of soft blue wool, with fur-tipped ties ot the neck closing. Her shoes, bog, ond hot ore brown to motch the fur trimming. You con be foirly sure thot on officer won't go in for violent dancing, so it's o sofe bet to weor o suove dress ond high heels.

2

2 For Non-coms Down—Weor something simple. Don't score him blue by oppeoring in your best duds. Columbio's Leslie Brooks gives the right ideo when she dons this fluffy little number. The blouse is dointy white cotton with red embroidered ruffles, ond goes well with the full toffeto skirt of red, white, ond pink ploid.

You'll probobly be jitterbugging, so o full skirt ond wedgies ore indicoted. And just o hint—suggest o ploce thot won't shrink his slim wollet ony slimmer. For instonce, Leslie hos hod her three Air Codets toke her to the Hollywood Pollodium, where they con donce to red hot music until closing, for forty-seven cents eoch. Civilions dole out sixty-eight cents per mon. The girl's ticket is olwoys sixty-eight cents.

Leslie's current picture is "City Without Men."

THE MOVIES GO TO WAR

Photo by Weissman

★ Here's the exteriar of one af the mast talked abaut spats in all this land—the Hallywaad Canteen, with the boys lined up ta enter.

★ Every Friday evening, came rain, gas ratianing, ar picture schedules, Hedy Lamarr (right) is present and an the jab, autagraphing.

FROM THE SERVICE MAN'S ANGLE

★

by SGT. M. M. RAISON, U.S.M.C.R.

Photo by Weissman

★ **The male actors usually act as bus boys or dishwashers for the lads in uniform, but sometimes they work behind the snack bar, as witness Spencer Tracy (left) about to carve turkey, or Humphrey Bogart (above) muddled up in steam.**

THE other night, I was jostled out of line by a soldier waiting, with the rest of us, for the Hollywood Canteen to open. He was a thin, pale young fellow with worry wrinkles under his eyes, but a nice grin. He apologized and called me "Sarge" with an ease that showed he'd been around in the Army.

That's how we got to talking. It was about ten minutes of seven, and Micky, the big SP, was just about ready to let us through the gates. Micky has the memory of an elephant, which he faintly resembles. He looked sharply at my soldier, then said:

"Think you'll make it back to the post this time, Mac?"

The soldier grinned nervously.

"Sure. I got a seventy-two."

Micky looked him over carefully. I knew

what he was thinking. He was debating whether or not to call an MP and have him look at the soldier's liberty card. It was a tense moment. Then Micky grinned himself, and he's got lots of expanse to grin over.

He said, "Okay, Mac. Have a good time." Then he yelled at the service men, "All right, you guys, line up now, two at a time and no shoving or pushing!"

The jam started, and hundreds of us streamed through to that glamorous place known as the Hollywood Canteen, or the "Picture Can" to many of the boys.

I met the soldier inside, and over a cup of Java, he confessed.

"I haven't got a seventy-two or anything like it. But I figure that with luck, I can make it back to Indio in the morning."

I reminded him about gas rationing and the uncertainty of bus connections after midnight.

He knew all about it.

"You see," he confessed further, "I did a week in the guardhouse for coming here, once."

It wasn't the Canteen's fault. It was his. He just liked it and overstayed his leave. I frowned a little. We don't like service men doing that. The Canteen is too good a thing to be connected with AWOLS.

The soldier admitted that and apologized. But—and he grew earnest—he just loved the place. He tried to explain it, and he was only a grease monkey in a tank unit, so it wasn't easy. It wasn't the stars, or the so-called "glamour" or the free coffee and cakes, or the swellelegant show, or the orchestras. It was the atmosphere. It was "homey" to him. He liked the lights and the high beamed ceilings, the murals, the white-haired women behind the counter, the warm smiles of the hostesses, the general atmosphere of genuine warmth.

I tried to help him by explaining that . . . "folks in show business are that way, whether it's pictures, or vaudeville or burlesque. They are *genuinely* generous . . ."

"How much time have you really got?" I asked the soldier point-blank.

"About half an hour in this place. Then I start hiking. I don't like that guardhouse."

I didn't know whether to scoff at him or commiserate with him. This boy had actually come one hundred and twenty-five miles or more and was going back one hundred and twenty-five miles or more, over uncertain road, to a camp in the desert, just to spend half an hour at the Canteen!

There you have it!

Yet, I was talking to one of the supervisors later, and she told me an amusing story. She was driving to the Canteen from her home and picked up a soldier hitch-hiker. They started talking, and she asked him the usual questions about how he liked Hollywood and was he having any fun.

The soldier admitted that Hollywood was a wonderful town. He liked everybody and everything in it, except one place: the Hollywood Canteen.

It was dark, so the soldier didn't see the supervisor blush. She gulped also. Then she asked him in a tone she tried to make casual, "What's wrong with the Hollywood Canteen?"

"Oh," he answered, "I dunno. It's just a dull place. I'm never goin' there again."

When she let him out at the corner of Cahuenga and Sunset, the soldier must have gulped himself, when he saw the painted sign on the station wagon the supervisor was driving.

★ **Read about the boy who didn't recognize Olivia de Havilland when he danced with her.**

Spencer Tracy realizes that Katharine Hepburn, Farrest's widaw, is hiding the secret af his death; but in spite af himself, he con't heip falling in lave with her.

There was a gaod reasan why the widow iet her husband die. The picture is slaw-paced, but its subject matter makes it important. Spencer's acting is magnificent; Hepburn's foir.

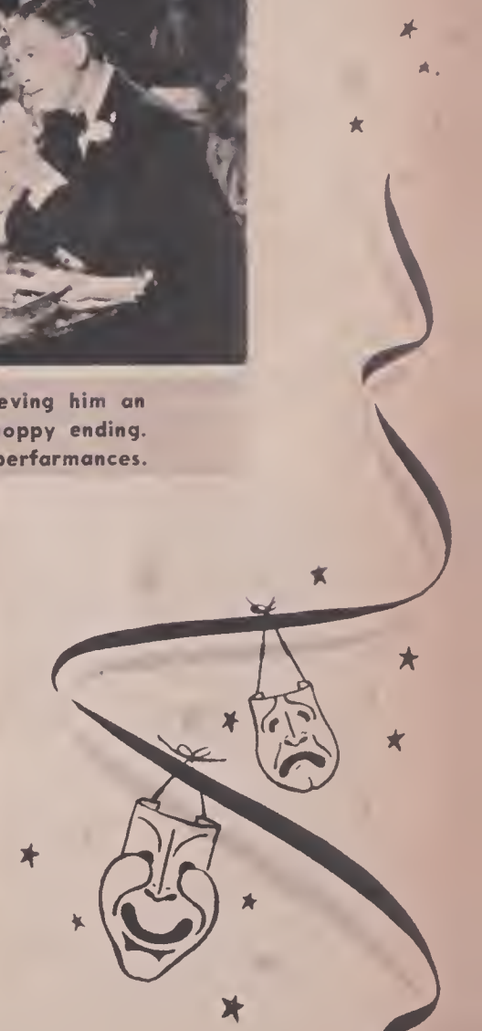
Yet even in Jahn Wayne's arms, she can't forget the man she ance iaved. Far she is o woman af deep ematians, laving ance and far ever.

She sees Philip Dorn again, still believing him an enemy af France. The stary has a hoppy ending. Crawfard and Darn give standaut perfarmances.

Simone tells Kent thot she wonts to morry him, but there is o curse upon her people—they turn into cots.

In a fit af jealausy aver Jane Randalph, wha warks in Kent's affice, Simane changes into a leapard and stalks them.

He finds himself in very hat water when he discavers that Esther and Ann Rutherfard are goad friends. Entertoining if yau're a Hardy fan, but this is not up to overage.



YOU CAN TELL AT A GLANCE WHICH ONES YOU WANT TO SEE

News that Roy Rogers and his wife were going to have a baby in March or April made their friends very happy. Roy has been married six years, and three years ago doctors told the young couple that they could never have any children. They adopted little Sheryl Darline immediately and were planning the adoption of more children when the event came along. Roy has canceled rodeo engagements to stay in town for the birth of the child.

★ ★ ★

The marriage of ex-director Garson Kanin, now mere Private Kanin of the U. S. Army, to Ruth Gordon, the stage and occasional movie actress (you may remember her in Garbo's "Two Faced Woman") brings back to mind one of those typical movie mixups on romance.

Several years ago the most prominent producer on Broadway was Jed Harris. He was the wonder boy who produced "Broadway" and many other hits. At that time Jed Harris and Ruth Gordon were expected to marry very shortly.

But along came a young actress named Margaret Sullavan. Jed Harris met and fell in love with her. They then were expected to marry, but Maggie Sullavan left Broadway to go into movies.

In Hollywood there was an agent named Leland Hayward who was going everywhere with and expected to marry still another actress whose name was Katharine Hepburn. Mr. Heyward had just ceased going with still another actress named Ginger Rogers.

Along came Maggie Sullavan into this new setting. Another gentleman looked and fell, and Maggie, the ex-wife of Henry Fonda, did become the next wife of Leland Hayward.

Meanwhile, young Mr. Kanin, also a graduate of Broadway, invaded Hollywood. He directed a couple of small pictures and then won important recognition by directing Ginger Rogers. At the same time he met Katharine Hepburn and fell very much in love with her. Meanwhile, also, Ruth Gordon, though still loving the stage, came to Hollywood to pick up some of that important movie money. And then, finally, came the draft. It got Director Kanin. It broke up the Kanin-Hepburn romance.

Miss Gordon, after a few roles, quite unworthy of her fine talents, returned to Broadway. There she and Kanin, on leave, met. Love happened, and the circle was complete.

Here's wishing these two exceptionally nice people the greatest happiness. Incidentally, Private Kanin has been doing a distinguished job in the army, when besides his regular military duties, he's put on shows of all sorts, and all good, for the various Eastern camps.

★ ★ ★

Another goofy romance set-up which proves how young Hollywood stars are is the report in the last few weeks of the marriage of Gene Tierney's father and of Leo Gorcey's mother—not, we hasten to add, to one another.

It's both amusing and pathetic how celebrity for their offsprings seems so often to wreck the elders' homes. The elder Tierneys divorced after Gene's rise to stardom. There is one movie star, who shall be nameless here for obvious reasons, who has had a heck of a time with both her parents who have divorced and remarried, each of them, and divorced once more since their darling daughter hit the spotlight. There's still another star who had to go through the throes of having her pop marry a girl younger than herself. There's Mickey Rooney who has had both his dad and his step-father working beside him (and entirely through his influence) on the MGM lot.

It's one crazy price of fame, anyhow.

★ ★ ★

That Charles Boyer production "Flesh and Fantasy" has the Universal executives holding their aching heads.

Contrary to rumor, while M. Boyer is the producer of this film, it is not his money that is financing it. It's Universal money, and that's where the aspirin squad comes in. For, doggone, if Charles is not turning violently artistic on Universal, never a studio particularly known for that quality. The film seems to be going to live up exactly to its title—be half fantasy, half melodrama. Unlike "Tales of Manhattan" or even the

Time was when girls coming into movies had to be cute little tricks. Back in the Mary Pickford-Marguerite Clark era (Y'know grandma's day!) four feet ten was regarded as the ideal height.

By Clara Bow's time, five feet two was the dish. In 1929 when Claudette Colbert strolled in, five five was permissible, though MGM was still lying about Garbo's height which is actually five feet seven and a half.

But this year 1943, what with the click of long-legged Alexis Smith, the tall girls are a-racin' in. Just above, you

musical comedies, "Star Spangled Rhythm" or "Thank Your Lucky Stars"—those films which exploit many name stars all in one film held together by a scrap of plot—"Flesh and Fantasy" is not held together at all. It already has Boyer, Stanwyck, Alan Curtis, Gloria Jean, and such names in it, but its episodes are all unconnected one with the other. John Garfield, supposed to be in it, has already backed out, and the quarrels heard about the set are numerous and loud.

Be interesting to see how it comes out.

★ ★ ★

We, the public, go around with the flattering idea that we make the stars. We do have our influence when—and it's a big when (no pun intended)—the future star-material gets into films. But what about the girls that get stopped before they ever get started?

Take the case histories of three girls at one studio, for instance.

A couple of years ago, Laraine Day scored a startling success in "My Son, My Son." She was heralded everywhere, including on her own lot, as a coming star. She went back into a "Dr. Kildare" picture, but it was loudly said that this was mere loyalty to the series which up until then had given her her biggest break; that very shortly she would go into super-supers. Today, if you go to see "Journey for Margaret," you will see Laraine playing the small, quite thankless role of the young wife.

Why? Well, one reason is that the studio got interested in a youngster named Donna Reed. About six months ago at Metro you heard that Donna was expected to be the greatest young star there under contract.

Up came the script of "Random Harvest" and Donna was tested for the role of "Kitty." She didn't get it. It went instead to another youngster, a beautiful thing called Susan Peters.

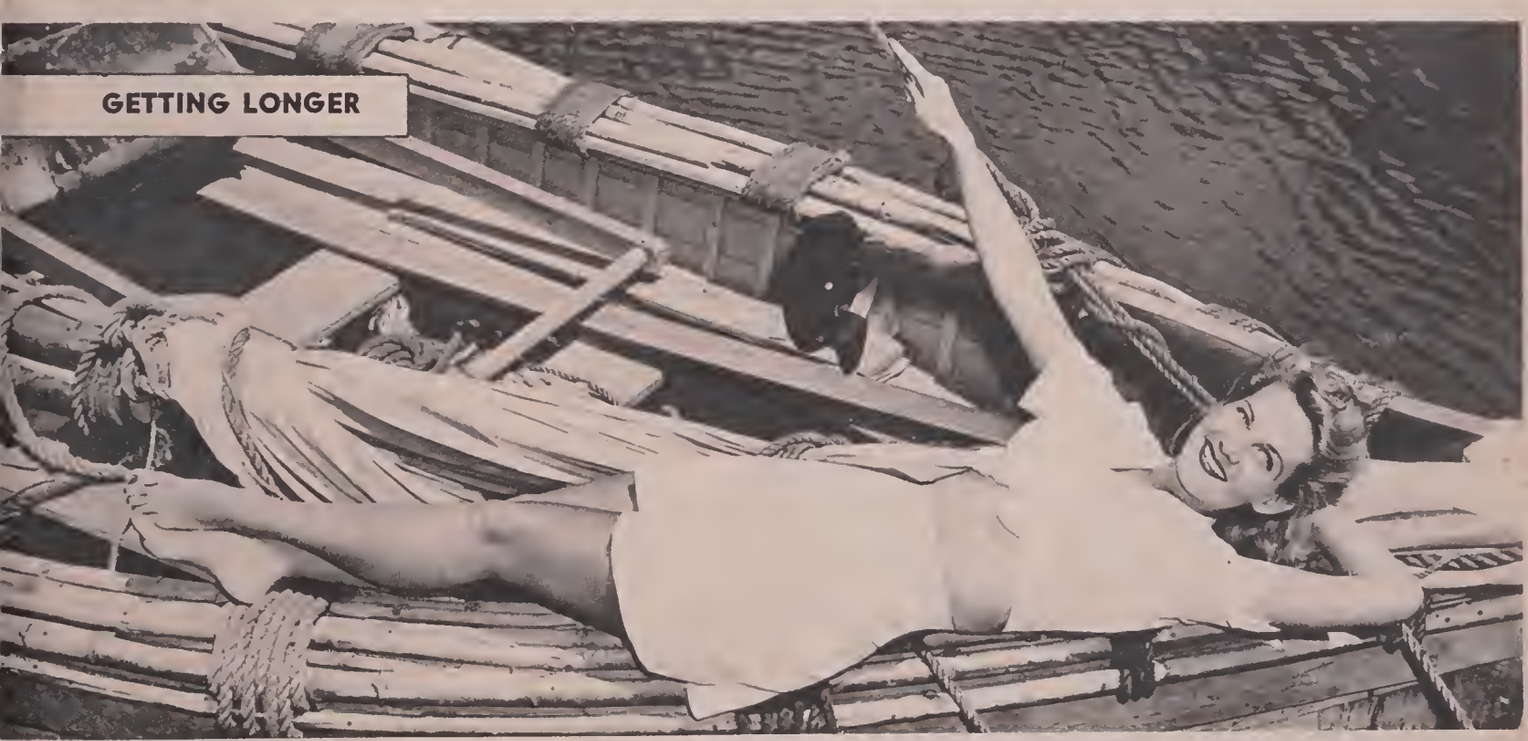
So what happens? Now Susan is the darling of the lot. (Let it be said here that in Movieland's opinion she gives the finest performance we've ever seen a young star give.) Susan, it is said, will be the next big star.

This we also believe. But the moral of this little story is that it proves nothing at all, about the ability of Laraine Day, or the ability of Donna Reed, or even about the ability of Susan Peters.

Because, the big laugh on Hollywood itself and on Hollywood casting, is that not so long ago Susan Peters was under contract to Paramount, who let her out because they felt she didn't have any future, after all. So maybe Laraine Day will one day go on to some other studio and score as big as the original promises about her. So, too, may Donna Reed. Both of them are enormously talented and very young girls. After all, Twentieth Century-Fox, while it was still merely Fox, let Spencer Tracy out because they believed he couldn't act, and Fred Astaire was turned down because he was bald.

But it still does show that we, the public, have little or nothing to do with picking, or making, stars. And it also shows the enormous stamina, drive, and will-power it takes to succeed in Hollywood, even after you have got the initial break.

Bill Lundagan used to be the kind of guy who always said, "Be Careful, That's My Heart." But lovely Martha O'Driscoll appears to have charmed him into throwing his caution away. He's just a fellow in love and he doesn't care who knows it.



see the slim lengths of Louise Allbritton (she in the boat and Garbo's height, five seven and a half) and Esther Williams, swimming champ, a tidy five seven, who makes her debut in "Andy Hardy's Double Life" wherein she looms like a skyscraper over Mickey Rooney.

However the Eyeful Tower (as Walter Winchell says) of them all is Warner's cupcake, one Helen O'Hara who scrapes the clouds from an altitude of six feet two. Ferhevvins sakes, where are they going to find a seven foot man to play love scenes with her?

WHY THE RED SKELTONS

A GOSSIP column recently printed the item: *"The estranged Red and Edna Skelton dined together at the Brown Derby last evening. Red passed out cigars in celebration of their coming divorce."*

Sounds ultra-sophisticated, doesn't it? It sounds like the modern way of breaking up an eleven-year-old marriage.

It even sounds a little repellent if you don't know the story behind that attitude, the story of two bewildered people, who once and for many years were deeply in love, two bewildered people who are now merely trying to put up a brave front.

So this is the story of what happened between the Red Skeltons, of what separated them and of what may happen to them now. They have traveled a long way together, these two ex-lovers, since the days when Red was a burlesque comedian and Edna was a theatre usher. Since the day of their first meeting, they never ceased working, side by side, to attain success.

Yet in that success they lost one another.

Do not think that this is the old, old story of a man who came upon wealth and fame and thereupon forgot the woman who had been his helpmate. This is most certainly not that story. But to explain it to you, to let you see the death of love between two very fine people, let me give you the picture of several bits of action, of those actions that ever and always have spoken louder than any words.

A little over a year ago, Edna Skelton sat in a Hollywood grandstand watching the baseball game between the Leading Men and the Comedians. Red was the Master of Ceremonies, and anyone looking at Edna could tell that she was very much in love with that young man. As for Red, in the midst of his speil he said, "Is my wife in the audience? I'm running out of material." Thus he acclaimed to the world his wife's help in his rise to fame. No one of the Hollywood-wise crowd thought twice about that public acknowledgment, because ever since their arrival in Hollywood, it had always been Red and Edna.

At the finish of his broadcasts, Red always introduced Edna, and they both signed autographs. At the Army camps so many soldiers requested both their pictures that they had special small ones made that could be carried in a wallet.

Maybe this act, so well intentioned, was the beginning of the end. For Edna was no longer Red's helpmate as in the days when she was the cashier and he was the Master of Ceremonies with a Walka-

PARTED . . .

by JENNIFER ADAMS

This is the way it used to be with the Red Skeltons. They were united in everything—even their first names. But the reason they separated was tragic.

Edna Skelton was always on the set with Red when he made movies, was at the broadcasting studio when he went on the air. Yet this devotion had an unexpected result.

thon. Through this very generosity of Red's, she was changed into a much publicized personality with new and numerous responsibilities.

It's said there is nothing like adversity to bring people closer together. In the old days, Red's and Edna's principal worries were how to keep working in order to keep eating. They did everything possible to improve Red's act, and I doubt that in those days Edna had any intention of having a career of her own as a writer. She was just his "Mummy Doll," as Red affectionately nicknamed her.

Knocking about in vaudeville, playing three days in a town, is not conducive to making more than fleeting friendships, so the Skeltons depended almost solely on each other for companionship. Red had no responsibilities except that of being a funny man, which he enjoyed doing more than anything else in the world. Edna battled the vaudeville agents and indulged Red in all his eccentricities. One of his principal ones was his absolutely refusing to talk on the telephone. Even recently when Edna left their home and went to live at a hotel, Red immediately had the home telephone disconnected, so he wouldn't have to talk on the darn thing.

When the Skeltons finally arrived in Hollywood, their lives underwent a vast change. Red now clowned before a camera instead of an audience. They acquired a house, which they bought principally because it had a secret room. You press a button concealed in a fireplace, and automatically a panel opens to disclose the room. Edna had great fun fixing up this secret room as Red's den, where he could have his miniature railroad and the other things he loves to play with. For the first time in their lives, they had more money than they knew what to do with, and they acquired a business manager, who gave each of them a regular allowance out of their income, so that they wouldn't throw away their new found wealth. This was a new experience, and they had many good natured scraps as to which one of them should pay for what from whose budget.

Once Edna sent Red to the market to buy some groceries, and he came home with a five dollar ham that wasn't on her list. She told him he would have to pay for it out of his allowance. Foxy Red made her a proposition that he would sell her the ham at fifty cents a slice. Edna agreed and took the ham to the kitchen. Then she cut it in half! She brought the other half back to Red, gave him fifty cents and said

she had her slice. All their life together was like that. They had fun. They were in love.

Then Red was signed to do a radio show for Raleigh cigarettes. This meant that every Skelton dream had come true. Now Red was a successful film star and radio comedian.

But the radio program brought many changes in their private lives. Edna worked out all the ideas for the radio show and supervised the five writers who put it into shape. She did this besides handling Red's fan mail and arranging publicity interviews. This was all a large order in addition to keeping house and being a wife and mother to the "I Dood It" kid.

Keeping Red out of trouble was a job in itself for Edna. Being instinctively honest, Red is apt to express his opinion on any subject with more vigor than tact. This was all right for Red Skelton, an unknown vaudevillian, but dangerous for Red Skelton, film and radio star. Edna constantly had to head him off or cover up for him. This bothered Red. He never could understand why he shouldn't express his opinion—whenever and wherever he wanted to.

Thus gradually in the crowded hours of a radio and screen career, the private life of the Skeltons became a business partnership rather than a happy marriage. They didn't have fun together any more. Red would come home from the studios, and his first question would be to ask Edna how she was getting along with the radio script. All through dinner they would discuss radio "gags." After dinner they would drive to an Army camp, where Edna would assist Red in entertaining the soldiers for a couple of hours. Then they would hurry home to find out how their secretary was getting along with the radio script she was typing. They went to bed late and were up early so Red could make the studio on time. Life became a deadly serious business of being funny, and in that life the boy and girl who met and married while still in their 'teens lost each other.

Edna began to take her own career as a writer more and more seriously. It began to overshadow the fact that she was Red's wife. Gradually, it seemed to her that it was impossible to carry on both roles. So Edna chose the career. She moved out of their home to a hotel and opened offices in Beverly Hills. From there she still carries on as manager of Red's radio show and his other affairs. It is rumored that in the future she intends to manage other comedians as well. Where once everything for Red and Edna had been "for us," now Edna thought in separate terms of her own career.

HER friends wonder whether Edna realizes all the risks attached to the step she has taken. Red and Edna Skelton were successful and popular as a couple. Red's name is big enough to stand alone in screen and radio. But how many people would tune in on a radio program just because it was written by Edna Skelton?

Even if Edna's career is a success, many a career girl has cried herself to sleep at night. Her friends also wonder whether in the middle of the night Edna does not think over her adventurous life with Red. Maybe she thinks back to the time when she and Red sat in a lunchroom after the evening vaudeville show. The act had flopped, and their spirits were low. Trying to cheer Edna up, Red pointed out a man sitting at the counter drinking coffee and eating doughnuts. Before he took a bite, he would look around to see whether anyone was watching him and then furtively dunk the doughnut into the coffee.

Red and Edna sat up all night working out a doughnut dunking routine for the act. Red tried it out the next day. Fortunately, the audience thought it was funny. On the strength of the doughnut routine, Red got a chance to appear at the Paramount Theatre in New York.

The opening day, the theatre manager warned Red that the matinee audience consisted of jitterbug kids. If they didn't like the looks of the performer, they'd shout, "Hit the road!" and wouldn't allow him to do his act.

Red came on the stage. The kids were silent a moment. Then they started to shout, "Hit the road! Hit the road!" To Edna, sitting in a box, their shouts sounded worse than a death warrant.

Red merely shrugged his shoulders and said, "It seems kind of silly, but I'll do it."

He then walked around the stage on all fours. Next he did a jitterbug number, just to show the kids he didn't disapprove of them. They began to yell, "Let him live! Let him live!" They let him live for sixteen weeks.

Edna was happy in those days when she and Red shared all the good and bad breaks together. And it is too bad that success has proved to be a boomerang. Their friends, however, are hoping that Red and Edna will again realize the value of their old life together before some judge hands them a final divorce decree.

THE END

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Exclusively

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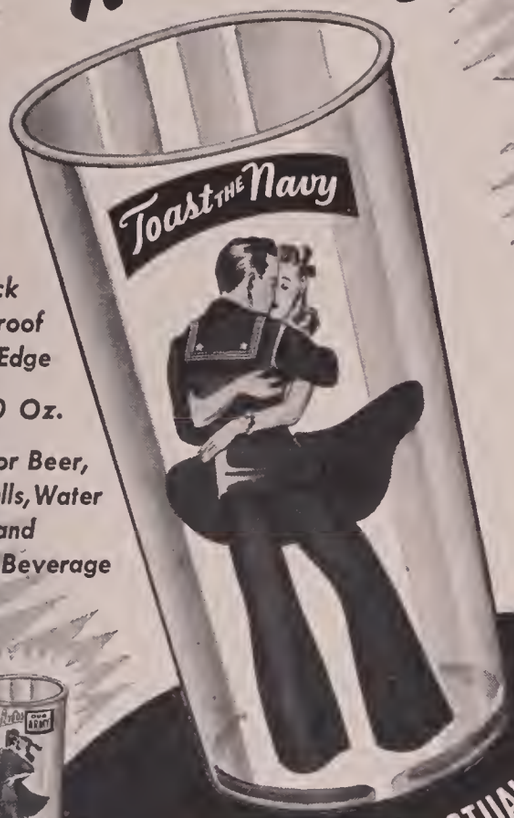

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RITA HAYWORTH

FEB 26 1943

"VITAMIN LACK CAN CAUSE HAIR TO TURN GRAY," SAYS MODERN SCIENCE

Can This 2-Way VITAMIN Discovery Restore Natural Color to Your GRAY or GRAYING HAIR?

NEW TEST SO EASY IT'S AMAZING!

If your hair is gray, graying, streaked or off-color due to vitamin deficiency, this test of the original PANATES *double-action* VITAMIN treatment offers you amazing new hope! You have read about the scientific vitamin tests that, while too recent for conclusive evidence, have shown startling signs of results. It has been proven beyond doubt that a lack of certain vitamins in the daily diet may be a contributing cause for hair to lose its natural color and turn gray. Simply by improving your diet and by taking the harmless, concentrated food vitamins in PANATES each day, you may check the gray spread . . . you may actually see gray, old-looking, streaked, fading hair change back at the roots, temples and parting to normal, original color, *natural color!* But first let me tell you what the original PANATES *double-action* vitamin method is, how PANATES differs so drastically from other anti-gray hair vitamins and why so many of the thousands of women and men who once accepted PANATES on this same trial offer now continue with it because of the amazing change in hair color they testify as taking place before their very eyes!

Panates Is NOT A HAIR DYE

NOTHING TO FEAR . . . NO MESS, NO FUSS

Panates supply not only the "anti-gray" hair vitamins, but give you the "staff of life" wheat germ oil (Vitamin E) as well. Absolutely harmless, Panates actually is a healthful food supplement. Panates gives your system a source for the hair color vitamins that may be lacking in your daily diet and, if so, should literally feed natural color into the hair roots to check gray spread, to help the hair to new, lively lustre and to bring new hope for restoration of *normal* hair color once again.

Panates isn't a hair dye. Panates is the natural way to seek natural hair color. You can test Panates whether you now artificially color your hair or not, because Panates "Anti-Gray" Hair Vitamins with Wheat Germ Oil Vitamin E, feed your system from within. If you now dye your hair, you may notice you need less and less artificial hair color. If your hair is just starting to turn gray, you may notice the graying process is checked and soon the gray strands may be less and less pronounced. That's one of the wonderful things about the "anti-gray" hair vitamins in Panates . . . the action is natural. No one need know you are doing a single thing for your hair. And ladies, Panates will not hurt or interfere with permanents.

WHEN RESTORED COLOR SHOWS, IT'S NATURAL COLOR

No matter what your normal hair color might be, before graying due to vitamin lack, no matter what shade of black, brown, auburn or blonde, if you see signs of hair color restoration, you will be amazed to note that the new color is the original, normal color of your natural hair.

A Few of The Scores of Letters From Panates Users

Panates, different from other treatments, gives you Vitamin E, Wheat Germ Oil, in addition to Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Thousands of women and men the nation over now are taking PANATES. The following are but a few of the many letters we have received. In PANATES there is hope!

TESTIMONIALS

Mrs. G. M., of Illinois, says: "My hair was auburn—a very beautiful shade with a lot of red in it . . . It started to turn gray about seven years ago. . . . When I started to take PANATES, the most I hoped for was to have the White hair darken a little, but after three weeks of PANATES, imagine my elation when I noticed I was getting some new hair, and believe it or not, it is decidedly red . . ."

Mrs. V. S., of Michigan, says: "I have used nearly one box of PANATES and can already see some results. . . ."

Mr. J. M. S., of Virginia, says: "I have just used up one thirty-day treatment of PANATES. I was giving them up, but to my surprise I now see a black beard is coming out on my face and it seems like the hair on my head is getting a little darker . . ."

THIS TRIAL OFFER IS FAIR AND IT CALLS FOR IMMEDIATE ACCEPTANCE

Is your gray or graying hair due to deficiency in the very vitamins in Panates? We bring you a very fair money-back coupon offer that certainly makes it easy for you to test the Panates treatment yourself to see what Panates' two vitamins may do for you in your fight for the happiness of lovely-looking, natural hair color beauty.

You take no chances. You can test Panates in the confidence these vitamins are taken daily by countless thousands the nation over. Our money-back guarantee is your protection against loss of a single penny. Now, today, mail the coupon. Who knows . . . perhaps your hair is gray or graying because of vitamin deficiency and perhaps gloriously soon your hair will show first signs of being restored to its original, youthful color. It's up to you.

SEND NO MONEY

Mail Coupon To Test At Our Risk

Send coupon (or write your order on a sheet of paper) for Panates Anti-Gray Hair and Wheat Germ Oil (E) Vitamins. You need send no money, but pay postman on arrival on the positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Or you are invited to check the coupon for a wonderful free booklet that tells much about Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Whatever you do, do it now. Don't let another day pass without taking steps to see what the original Panates Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins with the Wheat Germ Oil supplement, the two-way double-action vitamin treatment, may do for you. Mail the coupon today, sure.

FREE Booklet

"Vitamins and Gray Hair"

The amazing story of Anti-Gray Hair Vitamin research and discoveries has been compiled in a very interesting and valuable booklet. If your hair is gray, graying, streaked, or off-color and lifeless looking, send for this wonderful booklet. It is yours, free. Mail coupon today.

PANATES COMPANY

Dept. A-207—310 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MAIL THIS SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY COUPON TODAY!

PANATES COMPANY, Dept. A-207
310 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Send PANATES (2-way) Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins plus the Wheat Germ Oil (Vitamin E) as checked in square opposite. I will pay postman, plus postage, on arrival on your money back guarantee. (If you send money with your order, PANATES pays all postage charges.)

NAME .....
(Print plainly)

ADDRESS .....

CITY..... STATE.....

☐ Send Free Booklet
☐ One Month Supply . . Special $1.79
☐ Three Months' Supply $4.79
☐ 100 Days' Supply $5.00

How You Test at Our Risk
—Read our Guarantee please—

Now you can test amazing PANATES yourself on our iron-clad guarantee. If you are not satisfied with results from the first treatment, you send for your money back on return of the empty package. Don't wait. This is your chance to try PANATES, the Anti-Gray Hair Vitamin treatment that also gives you Wheat Germ Oil (Vitamin E). Mail this special trial coupon today.

MOVIELAND

EDITED FROM HOLLYWOOD BY RUTH WATERBURY

VOL. 1, NO. 3 APRIL, 1943

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OUR WRITERS

CONCERNING herself, Vivian Cosby, who wrote the story about Jack Briggs and Ginger Rogers in this issue, confesses:

I was born of a theatrical family and made my debut in vaudeville at the age of five giving impressions of Vesta Victoria (an English Music Hall star, who had made popular the old song, "There Was I Waiting at the Church.") A few seasons later I changed the act to a singing and dancing one with a mean violin—much worse than Jack Benny. At the ripe age of fourteen I wrote and produced a musical revue and starred Vivian Cosby. The Keith Vaudeville (now RKO) officials decided I was a much better writer than a performer. With their help I started to write vaudeville acts, and by the time I quit I had written and produced around two hundred and fifty acts.

Turned agent for a brief spell. Lily Pons persuaded me to handle her for pictures, when I met her in New York.

Broke into radio by doing adaptations on the Lux programs, original stories for Eddie Robinson's "Big Town," and sketches for Rudy Vallee.

☆ ☆ ☆

Nat Dallinger—Movieland's Photographer

Maybe you're wondering what a photographer is doing under the heading of "Our Writers."

We're figuring on the old adage that one picture is worth a thousand words. We also figure that Mr. Dallinger and his camera carry out this rule in a delightful way . . . so here he is.

Nat Dallinger has been snapping shutters since the tender age of thirteen, at which time he was living in Baltimore. He developed a skill that finally landed him a position as manager of the New York Times—Wide World Bureau in Los Angeles. Which high sounding title means that he has snapped bales of pictures of the Hollywood stars.

Petite Anne Shirley and socialite Pat Nearney are the perfect illustration of "love in bloom." Of all her dates this seems to be the ex-Mrs. John Payne's most serious attachment.

JUST after we had gone to press on last month's issue of MOVIELAND, Lana Turner filed suit for the annulment of her marriage to Stephen Crane. Probably you will remember that we had a story in that issue called, "Marriage, Motherhood, and Lana Turner," which told about Lana's marital happiness—and there we were, stuck with it.

I wouldn't be boldly pointing out MOVIELAND'S mixup on this, except to tell you that what the story said, regardless of Lana's suit for annulment, was true. She was happy with Stephen Crane. She had apparently found the right man for her. She did love him. Personally, I think she still loves him. The fact that his first divorce was not final when they married in July 1942 was bitter knowledge that Lana did not learn until after this past Christmas. But even now it may turn out happily ever after . . . because Lana is in the hospital, and her most frequent visitor is Steve Crane.

One of the accusations continually being leveled against Hollywood magazines is that they do not tell the truth about Hollywood loves. I want to say right here that insofar as it can learn the truth, MOVIELAND will tell you that truth.

There is no denying that Hollywood people are emotionally more than a bit dizzy. For myself, I believe it is because they play at love scenes all day, because they say the most beautiful love speeches as a mere part of their day's work, that they get confused when they go into real love scenes off screen.

It is also true that not many Hollywood couples know the meaning of the word "marriage" in its full, beautiful meaning as it is known by truly wedded couples in other communities. There are some film folk who do. The Robert Youngs know what marriage means. So do the Fred MacMurrays, and Mel and Ray Milland, and the Joel McCreas, and the Jimmy Cagneys, and the Pat O'Briens, and a few such, but they are exceptions and the "glitter combinations" seldom last.

Betty Grable and George Raft can hardly wait to taste the delicious dessert being served them at Ciro's. If you care to know, it's pears in ice cream with caramel sauce!

One surprising glitter combination, however, has lasted and become real. That is the marriage of Annabella and Tyrone Power. Hollywood wanted that marriage to break up, believing Ty was more valuable to the box-office as a bachelor. As a mere ticket seller, Ty's pull for the public was undoubtedly hurt by his becoming a benedict. While still a bachelor, he led for one year the box-office big ten.

Since his marriage, he has not been within shooting distance of that position. But he has been happy, ideally happy. And he has made Annabella ideally happy, as this little anecdote shows.

You may have read that having made her comeback picture, "Secret Mission," at Twentieth, Annabella announced that she was once more quitting the screen. Later it was reported that was not true.

This is what happened. When Ty entered the Marine Corps, it marked the first important separation he and Annabella had ever had. Knowing he was to be stationed during his training period at San Diego, California, Annabella planned to close the Power Hollywood house, go to San Diego to live.

It was then that she learned that during his seven weeks "boot camp" training period, Ty wouldn't even be allowed off the base, much less allowed out to see his wife. Hence, Annabella is making a second picture in that interval. When Ty is a full fledged Marine, and permitted to live off post, then she will join him.

★ ★ ★

MOVIELAND is not going to give out with the idea that all stars are little angels, any more than it is going to imply hot romance where only publicity exists. Understand, we are strictly for Hollywood. There are some highbrow critics and writers, mostly situated in New York, who find it very chic to pan the town. I think that is probably because they do not really know the place well, and never see any of its people except superficially. Actually, beneath all its cordiality, Hollywood is a hard town in which to make friends. Once you get them, you can keep them, however, on exactly the same basis that you keep friends anywhere else—on the basis of being a friend.

Still there are people who get mighty difficult. Right now it is Loretta Young, in "China," having a terrific attack of being important.

Loretta's co-stars in that opus were Alan Ladd and Bill Bendix, neither of whom has been around Hollywood long. Loretta, who started as a child in Mae Murray's pictures, knows every trick of the trade. But why on earth she tried to take over the direction of "China," right from under the very nose of John Farrow, who did very much all right with the direction of "Wake Island," is baffling. Loretta not only insisted upon certain scenes being played as she dictated, but she re-wrote Ladd's and Bendix's lines. Once where the men were supposed, according to the script, to run into a battle scene, firing a machine gun, Loretta demanded that she be the one to fire the gun, not the boys. It took hours of arguing to persuade her that nothing could look more inaccurate and silly.

Production was held up for days on just such temperamental nonsense.

Alan and Bill, swell guys both of them, made a solemn vow when the film was finished that never again would they play opposite Miss Young.

★ ★ ★

Gracie Fields, English comedienne-songstress, who is appearing in her first American motion picture, "Stage Door Canteen," has this wonderful description of herself to offer: "I'm no Hollywood cutie. I'm forty-two, and that's nearly middle aged, but I hate to think it and don't believe it. My hair is blonde, but I give it a bit of fixing. I have teeth that were made by some mechanic, and I wear glasses, and my legs—eee, I'm glad I earn my money with my throat."

★ ★ ★

Eddie Albert likewise is off for that commission of Lieutenant (J.G.) in the Navy, and taking with him a wrist watch that is really something—a going-away gift presented him by his devoted Anne Shirley.

During the meat shortage in California, many strange and very funny stories resulted. Linda Darnell was breakfasting at Schwab's, the glamour drug store where many a star eats. Sitting beside her was a woman eating bacon and eggs.

Not having even seen a piece of bacon for weeks, Linda glowed at the waitress and said, "Bacon and eggs, bacon crisp and eggs soft, whole wheat toast and orange juice."

The waitress told Linda she could have everything but the bacon, carefully explaining that the other patron brought her own bacon and had the chef cook it for her.

★ ★ ★

On the meat subject, Ida Lupino is very fond of her butcher. A few weeks ago her meat order arrived in two packages and was much heavier than she thought it would be.

However, without unwrapping it, Ida gratefully tucked it away in her ice box and made a mental note to thank her butcher the next time she telephoned.

It was about three days later when the butcher frantically called and asked her to send back half the meat. It seems that Ida got not only her allotment but the week's allotment of Maureen O'Hara. Result: Maureen went meatless, Ida having already eaten the stuff.

★ ★ ★

To be a success in Hollywood, try going to New York. This formula has been worked by many of the actresses, namely Betty Grable, Katharine Hepburn and now, Arleen Whelan.

Six years ago Arleen was plucked from a beauty shop and placed into stardom at Fox. She became a star, but not a topflight one. Finally Arleen, tired of posing for leg art, and of bad parts in "B" pictures, asked for her release from Fox.

She stayed around Hollywood just long enough to tell people she could really act and then off she went to New York. Recent reviews of her New York stage play read "Arleen Whelan, hitherto merely a Hollywoodolly, in her first theatrical try clicked heavily, scoring with all of the playwright's lines, not to mention her own lovely ones. Her performance above all others made the proceeding believable." Miss Whelan is turning down all the Hollywood offers and says she will return in her own good time when a role to her liking is offered her.

MOVIELAND wishes her the best of luck.

★ ★ ★

Wally Beery and 12-year-old Carol Ann spend a good deal of their spare time at the Hollywood Canteen entertaining service men. Since her babyhood, the two have been constant companions.

Red Skelton and Dinah Shore appear on "Command Per formance," that wonderful radio show for men in the servic —and for which no star receives any pay.

Michael O'Shea, a swell Irish kid who's getting his first motion picture break by making love to Barbara Stanwyck in "Lady of Burlesque," says that one time he had an orchestra.

"I had always admired these gypsy guys who fiddled for you at the table in some romantic spot," he told us, "and so I always wanted to have an orchestra called, "Michael O'Shea's Gypsies." However, when I did get my own orchestra, I was so tired, what with doing three shows a day, a radio program, and a comic skit in a vaudeville routine, that I was too tired to wander around and play confidential music at the table. So I called the orchestra "Michael O'Shea's Stationary Gypsies."

★ ★ ★

Contrary to all belief that Maria Montez is a night club belle, evening after evening will find her slipping into a movie in Beverly Hills, alone.

The maid at her home will tell you, "Miss Montez is out for the evening," and visions of the svelte Maria on the arm of one of the town's handsomer swains are thus created.

The truth is Maria is a very lonely girl. Everyone thinks she is so popular it would be foolish to get a date with her, and she is too proud to tell the truth.

★ ★ ★

Contrast to this the tale of the Hollywood glamour girl who has no time to go out.

Leslie Brooks, one of the most attractive of the new crop of lovelies, has one night out of every four weeks to herself. Instead of spending that night at a night club, Missy Brooks crawls early into her little bed.

Cause, war work. Three nights a week Leslie spends at the Hollywood Canteen with the soldiers. Another night is taken up by the VACS at their canteen in San Pedro. Naval Aid takes up another night, and one night a week she takes a dramatic lesson. The other night is taken up with a voice lesson. One night a month her singing teacher can't take her, thus her free evening.

Career and war are certainly playing havoc with her social life.

★ ★ ★

Hollywood is a town of rumors. The logical and traditional first rumor after a girl gets married is that she is anticipating a blessed event.

Michele Morgan is the latest in this group. Poor Michele's phone kept ringing with congratulations, inquiries about just what she would like as a present, and recommendations of doctors. The final blow came when leaving a party one night, her host almost carried her to her car, telling her that she must be more than careful now. The next morning Michele sat down at her phone and called all the leading columnists and radio commentators and told them, "I am not going to have a baby. It is most embarrassing to me to have to deny it, but when I do know I am going to have a baby, everyone in town will know it. I will be that happy." Michele's husband, actor Bill Marshall, is soon to be called to the service. He is to go into the air service, and although they have been married such a short time, Michele is a very proud and happy girl that he has been chosen for training.

★ ★ ★

The Victor Mature-Rita Hayworth thing looks for sure. By the time you read this, Mrs. Martha Kemp Mature will have made that Reno trip, having personally paid for the divorce, incidentally. Rita will be free of her bonds to Ed Judson in April. So if Vic hasn't been sent to foreign duty by then, he and Rita will undoubtedly be the ones for whom the wedding bell tolls.

According to her friends, Marie McDonald, who has recently announced her marriage to Vic Orsatti, ex-agent and now a test pilot for Douglas, was influenced in her decision by the counsel of her stepfather who, like Vic, is an American-Italian.

★ ★ ★

Cecil B. DeMille will get a bathtub in a picture if it kills him. In his serious drama "The Story of Dr. Wassell" which is the true story of a World War II hero who rescued twenty wounded men from Bataan, DeMille has had a bathtub written in. The good doctor, who in the story hasn't had a bath for two weeks, will end up his rescuing experiences by falling asleep in the bath. It is here that Navy Officers, searching for him, will find him and tell him about the decoration which he will receive for his bravery.

All of which reminds us of the old story of the Chicago reporter who one time interviewed DeMille while DeMille was taking a bath—and he (the reporter) missed the point.

★ ★ ★

Betty Hutton tells this one. She was attending the set party which was given at the completion of her picture "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," when the sandwiches gave out. Betty, who is that kind of girl, ran over to a nearby lunchstand to replenish the supply.

"I'd like twenty-four cheese sandwiches," Betty told the waitress.

"To take out?" came the question.

★ ★ ★

(*Continued on page 60*)

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Briggs! This romance led Ginger Rogers—but just turn this page and look at the wedding pictures.

Illustrated by Movieland's Exclusive Photographs of Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs Taken on the First Day of Their Marriage

● above—They were outside the Players Club, waiting for their car, but Jack still couldn't resist kissing Ginger.

● left—This is how they danced . . . time, place, and people watching, all lost to them.

ON January 16th Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs, a private in the Marine Corps, were married at the First Methodist Church in Pasadena, California. The young groom slipped a gold band valued at twenty-two dollars on the bride's finger. He put a matching wedding ring on his own left hand. That gold band means more to Ginger than all her jewels, for Jack bought it and the one for himself from his meager fifty-dollar-a-month Marine salary.

Under her real name of Virginia Katherine McMath, Ginger was married to Jack Briggs by the Rev. Albert Edward Day, who never goes to movies and therefore did not recognize her. Her only attendant was Eddie Rubin, now a talent scout at RKO, but long Ginger's friend and her go-between on any sort of public relations.

Marriage in Hollywood is always hazardous. That it is a marriage in wartime only complicates it more. Yet Ginger married a boy she had dated only ten times before that wedding day.

To say that Hollywood was surprised by the union is the height of understatement. Hollywood had really expected Ginger to marry George Montgomery about a year ago. Even at Christmastime it had thought she might wed Philip Reed.

So what nature of man is this fellow who captured her lonely heart? Why did Jack Briggs win her when handsomer, more intelligent fellows had failed? How did they meet, how did they fall in love?

It's a typical wartime story, if not one usually typical of Hollywood. The newlyweds first met when Ginger was on a bond selling tour in San Diego last September. After her personal appearance she planned to dine with some friends. They asked permission to bring Jack Briggs along. Ginger agreed.

Knowing Jack, I can imagine a little of what happened during dinner. In the first place, Jack is a tall nice looking boy, with an unusual gay sense of humor, charm, and a very straightforward manner. Ginger Rogers' being a big picture star would not awe him in the least. Before he enlisted (and he was, when the war started, the first Hollywood lad to enlist in the Marines) he had been under contract to RKO. A star was a star to him and nothing more. So Jack probably treated Ginger like a beautiful girl whom he would like to know. Apparently, before they finished dinner, Ginger had completely forgotten she was a Hollywood star and was just a girl having a good time. After the first meeting Ginger was willing to see more of Jack Briggs.

I imagine that at that first dinner Jack must have told Ginger that even if she didn't know him, he knew her. He had played a small part in her picture, "Tom, Dick and Harry." But when Ginger is working, she is intent upon her job and like all stars, keeps very much to herself and will allow nothing to

—Nat Dallinger

● above—They went out dancing together, that first evening of their wedding day, did Jack and Ginger. Note here their twin wedding rings.

● below—Vivian Cosby, the author of this article, gets a few personal details from Jack himself.

● right—This is the official day-after-the-wedding photograph which Paramount took. Ginger's house is high on a hilltop and very beautiful. Incidentally Jack kept Ginger waiting at the church one hour and twenty minutes, but it wasn't his fault. Blame it on the trains and the war. Ginger just laughed about it.

THE MAN GINGER ROGERS MARRIED

by Vivian Cosby

—Nat Dallinger

● left—Of course, the bridegroom had to refuse to let the bride so much as pick up a coffee pot.

★

● right—Here they head for home again, both smiling, despite the fact that in two more days Jack had to go back to camp, and Ginger back to "Lady in the Dark" on which her work was suspended for four days, to give her a honeymoon.

—Nat Dallinger

interfere or distract her.

At that time, however, Jack probably thought of Ginger only as the star of the picture. For he was then engaged to Sally Wadsworth, a young contract player on the lot. Their romance, however, was largely the result of two young people posing for publicity pictures together, and they were never very seriously altar bound.

If there is such a thing as fate, it certainly had played a definite part in this romance. For when Jack Briggs attended Rhodes Preparatory School in New York, he excelled in both dramatic work and athletics. His skill in the latter brought him a chance to try out with the Philadelphia Athletics Baseball Club. Jack considered the offer; then decided that his real leanings were more towards being an actor.

Having made his decision, Jack Briggs started seriously to study for the stage. He spent two seasons in summer stock and studied with Cecil Clovelly, the well known dramatic coach. Then feeling he was ready to try Broadway, he began making the rounds of the theatrical offices.

One day when things were extremely low, Jack decided to go scouting on his own. He was strolling along 45th Street when he noticed some young men going into a producer's office. He followed them and discovered they were answering a call for a juvenile in the road company of "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

Upon learning this, Jack asked the lady in charge whether he could stand in line. She agreed, saying the director, if he wasn't too tired, would hear him read. But by the time the director had interviewed everyone else, he was plenty tired. He, however, consented to hear Jack read some lines. He passed him the script and with an impatient gesture told Jack to hurry.

The young actor figured he had everything to gain and nothing to lose; so he abruptly told the director he wasn't going to hurry. If he was going to read it at all . . . he was going to read it right. A little taken back at Jack's straightforwardness, the director saw his point. After the reading, he signed Jack for the part, and it was as the result of his part in this play that an RKO scout saw him and signed him.

The way in which Jack Briggs met Bonita Granville, after the Sally Wadsworth flirtation ended, shows he knows how to win what he wants. He had wanted to meet the young starlet for some time, and wandering into the RKO commissary for lunch one day, he had the good fortune to see Bonita sitting alone. He went over and introduced himself and asked permission to have lunch with her.

After that there were no more Granville-Jackie Cooper datings, while Bonita's and Jack's names were coupled as a romantic item, even after Briggs entered the Marine Corps.

Jack's friends thought the friendship was serious. Then one day Jack asked an acquaintance to lend him twenty-five dollars because he had a date with Ginger Rogers. The friend thought Jack was pulling a gag but obliged with the twenty-five. The next day he read an item in a movie column that Jack and Ginger had been seen night-clubbing together. Now I guess he feels like a twenty-five dollar Cupid.

I was attending a New Year's Eve party when the first knowledge came to me that there was something serious between Ginger Rogers and Jackie. Among the guests at the party were Jack's mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Katz. Mrs. Katz told me that Jack had expected to bring Ginger to the party but at the last moment had not been able to get a leave from the Marine base.

When Ginger's surprise marriage was announced, knowing how mothers feel about their only sons getting married, I called Mrs. Katz to ask her about it. She told me, "The marriage was not a surprise, as it had been planned for quite a little while. I think Ginger is a sweet girl and old enough to know her own mind. The kids are in love, and I'm all for it."

Nevertheless, Hollywood frets as to whether or not Ginger's marriage can be a success. She has been married twice before, and she is eleven years older than Jack Briggs. Her first husband was E. J. Culpepper, called Jack Pepper, a vaudeville performer. Her second was Lew Ayres, the star. I do not know any more than anyone else why these marriages failed. But I do know that Ginger takes marriage very seriously and that she waited for four years before she divorced Lew Ayres. As for being eleven years older than her new husband—well, at one time Ginger was a fun loving kid who liked to dance the Charleston. Even though she is now a star, I believe at heart she is still that kid.

When one is climbing the fame ladder, there is little time to do anything except work. For years Ginger did just that—work. Now she is one of Hollywood's topnotch stars and an Academy Award winner. This achieved, she now has time for happiness and romance.

Lately she has been visibly lonely, visibly unhappy. She took up sculpturing, bought a ranch in Oregon, and did all those numerous and varied things that a rich, unhappy woman can do. But there is not much fun in having or doing things unless you can share them.

Away from the camera Ginger earned the title of the worst dressed woman in Hollywood. Yet she was plainly interested in clothes, plainly trying to find the happiness many women find in shopping for them. She would go to John Frederic's and buy thirty hats at once, and the same day go to another shop and buy eleven pairs of shoes. It was obvious that she was a woman just shopping to kill time. Since she has known Jack, all this has changed.

At her wedding she looked lovely in a simple dark brown suit, with a hat to match trimmed with sable tails, a suede bag upon which were pinned baby orchids.

Perhaps the best indication that she is happy comes from her own explanation of why she fell more in love with Jack Briggs than with any of her other suitors, fell sufficiently in love to marry him.

Says Ginger, "I love Jack because he likes exactly the same things I do. He has the most wonderful sense of humor. He knows about Hollywood and the demands of an acting career. I do not believe I could have married any man who did not understand that. He likes sports, and I do, too. He loves to dance and I do, too. Music is important to him and to me. Really, we have everything in common."

Ginger stopped to smile, that wonderful, gay Rogers grin. "In other words, I love him," she said.

So let's hope that this is a true love for Ginger and that it lasts until the end of the war and the end of peace, until the end of time.

THE END

TYRONE POWER'S EXPERIENCES IN MARINE BOOT CAMP

by JOHN ALDERSON

THE SEVEN TOUGHEST WEEKS OF TRAINING ANY FIGHTING MAN CAN GET HAVE ONLY REVEALED TYRONE POWER AS A GREATER GUY THAN EVER

Now it's Private Tyrone Power of the United States Marine Corps. Ty enlisted months ago but was deferred in order to help out his production company. Here he's drawing a clothing requisition from Sergeant George A. Phillips.

THERE is a dark young man in the Marine Corps right now, who put on a set of dungarees and tried to lose his identity.

He tried very hard—harder in fact than some of the other "boots," or recruits, afflicted with glamour. But he didn't succeed, and it wasn't his fault. After three weeks in the Recruit Depot, at San Diego, California (or boot camp) he was awarded the Honor Man badge for being the outstanding man of his platoon.

More than that, the award was made by Colonel George T. Hall, who commands the Recruit Depot and knows his boots.

All of which means that Tyrone Power is making an excellent Marine.

Nothing is being given Power because he was once the glamour boy of pictures. In fact, anyone associated with glamour, or the business of acting, is regarded with great suspicion by the Corps.

This is strange, because the Marine Corps is a pretty glamorous outfit itself. The Corps considers itself on par with those other two glamorous outfits: the French Foreign Legion and the Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. Heroic for one hundred and sixty-seven years, they think a great deal about their tradition. An old Marine will tell you that there are Marines who are actually Marines—while some of them will stay "boots"—that is, raw beginners—all their lives.

Tyrone Power will not stay a boot all his life. And the Corps is as proud of that as he is. In a quiet way. Very quiet, because the young man has had some annoyances, due to the fact that he was once a movie star.

One of the first things that impressed them at the Recruit Depot was Power's height and strength. No less handsome off screen than on, he is, however, both heavier and taller looking.

Like every other new man in the Corps, he had to take all the shots at first, and like almost every man, they left him limp. He didn't want to eat; practically speaking, he didn't want to breathe. It wasn't until the third day that he could even look at the chow, but then the rest of the guys in his platoon saw that he was going to be regular about meals, too. He fell on them with as great an appetite as the rest of the fellows, and he's kept pace with them ever since.

He was in for the usual kidding, plus. Every new man goes through the barber shop routine, but his was

a little tougher than usual. Some of the guys tried to kid him by picking up locks of his hair, insinuating that they were either going to keep these locks in their memory books or send them all back to their best girls.

Ty took it all with such good grace that he won them all from the start. He didn't want any publicity, and he said so. On the other hand, when they came to him from Public Relations Office and said that if he would pose for some pictures, it would be for the benefit of the Corps, he immediately consented.

He's never looked like an athlete on screen, but when he got out on the obstacle courses, both the officers and the men discovered that he was an athlete, and a very good one.

In every way, Tyrone seemed to want to do nothing that was outside the accepted Corps idea.

Perhaps it is a little undiplomatic to admit that there have been some recruits from Hollywood in all branches of service who have not been too popular. There have been a couple in the Corps that everybody at the post could have done without very nicely. Not one of them had any Hollywood importance that compared with Power's. As a star, Power could probably have got away with a lot. Instead, he came into service completely modest, unassuming, and even retiring. He made it plain from the first day that the only thing he wanted was to be the best possible Marine.

Power's D.I. or drill instructor's name is Platoon Sergeant Stanley B. Plaszczynski, and he has spent the last eight years—two hitches—serving the Corps in all parts of the world. The sergeant is big and tough. He knows his stuff . . . and he knows his men. This is what he says about Power:

"Power has a keen understanding of what we want him to do. He asks few questions, and when he does want to know something, he goes right to the point. And don't think I'm saying this because he was a movie star. As far as we're concerned, he is just one man in our platoon—and a damned good one."

That is a direct quote—and that, ladies and gentlemen, is praise from Sir Hubert. You see, boot camp is run by NCO's, or non-commissioned officers. Young, rugged, intelligent, these D.I.'s, or drill instructors, have to live with their men every minute of the seven weeks. They have to get up with them, eat at the same time, train with them, listen to their troubles, discipline them.

That's why the quote from Platoon Sergeant Stanley B. Plaszczynski is praise from Sir Hubert. The sergeant's assistant instructor, Sergeant John Onstad, feels the same way. So, too, does that platoon's corporal, Corporal B. D. Lewis who was brought through boot camp himself by Sergeant Plaszczynski.

Yet what they don't know is that the former motion picture actor had a "boot" training all his own. It wasn't too easy for him in Hollywood even though he was the son of a world-famous actor. He knew what it meant to starve and worry and get up at dawn to make the studios in the hope that he could get just one day's extra work.

As fame came to him slowly, he worked even harder. A star *must* keep himself in good condition. He must get up in the morning at a regular hour, have his breakfast, get to the studio on time. He knows what it is to work long hours, to keep himself conditioned so that if he's called to play any part, he can play it.

So it wasn't very strange to Ty Power when he was told to scrub-and-wash, to keep his rifle clean at all times, to hang his clothes up a certain way, to make his bunk according to regulations. He could take it.

But those weren't the annoyances we mentioned. They came from outside the Corps. Some of the young ladies who heard Power was in boot camp moved heaven and earth to try to get to see him.

But moving an M.P. is something else again. One of the guards at the gate told me that he never knew a man could have so many sisters, wives, aunts, and cousins, as Mr. Power seemed to have. The romantic young ladies had been informed that only a blood relative may visit a boot, and only in an emergency.

That's why the guards started humming Gilbert and Sullivan at one another, particularly the line which runs: *"And his sisters and his cousins and his aunts . . . Oh, his sisters and his cousins and his aunts. . . ."* They came in droves, but they never got to see Tyrone.

Boot camp is at the other end of the Marine Corps Base, a good mile from the main gate. Boots, themselves, are not permitted to stray from their particular area. They aren't even permitted in the PX or Post Exchange, unless the entire platoon goes, escorted by their D.I.'s. Tyrone found that he was very securely hidden from prying eyes in boot camp. And he was greatly relieved.

Some of the younger boots were impressed with the fact that an important motion picture actor was among them. They dug out pencils and scraps of paper and asked Tyrone for his autograph.

That happened just once. Then the D.I. got the boys together and told them a few things. He told them that Power was no longer a picture star. He was learning to be a Marine. And Marines just don't give out autographs, even if they shoot down ten Zeros over the Solomons. They don't even give out autographs on checks, because the Marines who have checking accounts are about as scarce as Tyrone Powers.

After the D.I. got through explaining those things, the more persistent and annoying of the autograph-seekers were made "captains of the head," which, in Marine talk means they were given the washroom detail. After a week of this, they were cured of their adulation.

But Ty did give out one autograph. He was just starting for the clothes-line, bucket in hand, when he was waylaid by a square-jawed, bull-necked drill instructor.

The corporal's face was red—not only from the sun. He took Ty behind one of the buildings, safely out of sight and explained himself. He didn't give a damn about movie stars. In fact, he rarely went to see a picture. But his wife was a devoted picture fan. She went to movies every day—sometimes twice a day. Now, she was working in a defense plant near Los Angeles. She was due to come down for the week-end. But she would come only on one condition: if her husband got her Ty's autograph.

Under the circumstances, there wasn't very much that Ty could do. He signed the paper held out to him, even inscribed it to the corporal's wife. The drill instructor looked around furtively, pocketed the paper, mumbled his thanks, and disappeared in the direction of the phone booth.

At the current writing, Ty is at Camp Matthews, which is one of the Marine Corps rifle ranges. His schedule at the range is a difficult one. From the moment it is light enough to see, to the moment it's too dark, Ty is up on the range, "snapping in." He is marching for miles up and down hills, with rifle and ammunition belt. The rains have made the range muddy. Ty, like the rest of his platoon is lying in the mud, learning the various positions the Marines use to shoot. Offhand isn't so bad. That's the standing position. It's apt to make your arm a bit tired, for though the Garand, or M-1 as it's officially called, only weighs about ten pounds, it does get heavy. But the sitting, kneeling, and prone positions are the ones that will get him at first.

In sitting, he will have to lock his elbows in his knees a certain way. He will have a tight sling on his left arm—tight enough to hurt. If he doesn't bend down enough, a heavy rifle range coach will sit on his shoulders until he does. While taking the prone position, he will lie in mud for hours, simulating gunfire. His elbows, despite the shooting pads, will be raw. His rifle and sling will be instruments of torture.

But three weeks after coming to the range, he will shoot for record. On that exciting day, everything is forgotten. Pain, stiffness, the discomfort of the ground are all forgotten. Ty will load a clip of eight rounds into his rifle and commence firing when told. He will be given four seconds to reload.

On that day, after shooting sixty-

eight rounds at two hundred, three hundred, and five hundred yards, he will find out whether he's an expert, a sharpshooter, or a marksman. Or whether he qualifies at all.

But the chances are he'll be pretty good out there. The D.I.'s have an uncanny knack of sizing up their men. The coaches on the range are even better. And Ty looks like good sharpshooter material.

Ty now knows how to field-strip his rifle in the dark and put it together again in three minutes. He knows how to clean and oil it. During his spare time, he studies his target book, in which every shot is marked. He goes to school and listens to lectures by coaches. He still scrubs and washes his clothes, from skivvies to dungarees. He still wishes he could go to the PX and buy some candy. He can't wait for Sunday to come around so he may sleep an extra hour. He still drills and marches. Sunday night he watches the amateur show, put on by the boots themselves. He doesn't even see a movie or USO show—not at the range. Maybe, if he's very good, Annabella may take him out on a Sunday and buy him a dinner at La Jolla. But she'd better get him back at taps.

Ty still hasn't made up his mind about the specialty he wants to pick. He isn't certain about glider school yet. But the Marine Corps has every specialty the Army has, and many more of its own—on a smaller scale. So Ty has a wide choice.

But whatever he picks, he'll do well. His D.I.'s are sure of that. And one of them even told me a secret. Frankly, I don't know whether this is the truth. But this instructor is not a liar.

He says that Ty is crazy about the Corps; has more of a crush on it than he ever had on pictures. And he wants to stay in the Corps even after the war is over. I reminded the D.I. that Twentieth Century-Fox has a contract with Ty which is frozen only for the duration and six months. That made no impression on the D.I. Ty, he insists, wants to stay in the Corps, and Marines usually get their way—contract or no contract.

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

CARY GRANT

Cary Grant, an screen, is one af the smoathest and mast glib. Actually, he's afraid af strangers, laves baaks, blandes, good food, and dags in that arder (dan't forget haw very blande is beautiful Mrs. Barbara Hutton Grant) and he has that kind of humor that makes him name his Scatty "Archie Leach" which is the original Grant maniker.

One af the few actors who can successfully pick his own rales, he is the dream prince of all leading ladies, getting alang like a dark-haired angel with such diverse personalities as Irene Dunne, Ginger Ragers, and Jaan Fontaine. However, he has his own bit af temperament, swinging between gaiety and mood indiga. He's too brainy, thaugh, to take these spells aut on fellaw players. After "From Here to Victary," Cary plans to ga ta Africa, Washingtan permitting, ta entertain our traaps.

HOPE, DOTTIE'S FACE, and HILARITY

Where there's Hope there's Lamour these days—and mirthmaking, too, particularly when these pals pair up in a production named after Bob's three-and-a-half million copies sold autobiography, "They Got Me Covered." A Samuel Goldwyn production—it's Bob's first and Dottie's second for this maestro of merriment. Playing a news sleuth after Axis spies, Bob insisted upon being well dressed. "For my writer friends," he said. "Why, most of the ones I know are the best dressed men in the breadline."

JUDY GARLAND

By ALMA HARRISON

says Good-Bye to Marriage

In "Presenting Lily Mars" Judy wears full gowns to hide her thinness.

IT TAKES a lot to make me feel genuinely sorry for movie stars as a class. They are young, beautiful, famous, rich—four very comfortable things to be.

But I am sorry for Judy Garland, now that I can tell why her little face for months has looked so drawn, why the catch in her voice has been so poignant.

Judy and her husband, David Rose, have just issued a joint statement. "We regret that it is necessary to issue a statement saying that we have parted, but we have both agreed that a matrimonial vacation now is the only way to settle our mutual difficulties."

To those who know Judy best, the separation did not come as a surprise. Over at Metro it is no secret that during the filming of "Presenting Lily Mars," Judy was on sick leave a third of the time. When she and Mickey Rooney started "Girl Crazy," Judy was absent as often as she was present.

Now it just isn't natural for a twenty-one-year-old girl with a film future as bright as hers to be ailing constantly, to have headaches and fainting spells, and yet have no illness any doctor could diagnose.

Then there was the insomnia. Judy has suffered from insomnia for over a year. You can't be truly happy and have insomnia. The two don't go together. It was quite obvious that Judy wasn't happy. In fact, it was obvious to a discerning few that she was not happy two years ago when, upon the occasion of her nineteenth birthday party, her engagement to David Rose was announced.

If you ask me, I do not believe Judy was ever in love with Dave Rose in the first place, though I'm sure she thought she was.

It was rather unfortunate that Judy's announcement had to come on the heels of the Deanna Durbin-Vaughn Paul wedding. Hollywood loved the Valentine wooing of Deanna and Vaughn. Both were young. Both were handsome. Neither one had been married before. That marriage was right, as everything about Deanna's life and career had been. On the other hand, the Garland-Rose romance was one for which Hollywood definitely did not care.

Judy really "gives" when she sings — and that sob in her voice isn't acting.

They started out in vaudeville as the three Gumm sisters. Here are Virginia (left) and Sue today, visiting stellar sister Judy on the set.

Deanna had long dogged Judy's career. The two girls started out at the same time, both were under contract to Metro. Both attended the studio school. Then Deanna left, went to Universal and proceeded to have herself a spectacular career while Judy ate her heart out waiting around to be discovered.

By the time Judy met David she had caught up with Deanna and outdistanced her, but while Judy was going around with David, Deanna planned to marry Vaughn Paul. Hollywood cheered that, but when Judy announced her engagement, everybody went glum.

"Why she's just a kid of nineteen," everyone said. "And he's a man of thirty!"

To which Judy replied defiantly, "My father, too, was eleven years older than my mother, and nobody seemed to mind."

And then there was Dave's previous marriage to Martha Raye, a swell egg, but nobody liked Judy playing second fiddle to Martha. Nor was David Rose either handsome or glamorous.

Judy went to Deanna's wedding. It was a perfect wedding—with bridal veils and the church filled with flowers and those two young people so radiantly in love.

Judy's wedding was quite different. She and David were dining at Romanoff's. They had quarrelled about David's taking a trip. Judy had told David that if he took the trip, she could not be sure she would be here when he came back. It was at that moment they decided to get married, and there was a mad scramble to raise the cash for the plane fare to Las Vegas, to find Judy's mother to accompany them.

Deanna's wedding had been right. Judy's was a fairly tawdry elopement. The date was July, 1941.

Judy and David took a big house in Bel Air. Judy staffed the house with servants. The butler did not take Mrs. David Rose very seriously. He and his wife knew her affection-

The last time Judy and Dave Rose went out together they were at the Brentwood Players, an organization of young people like themselves.

ately as Judy from having seen her on the screen as a little girl. It is not easy for a kid like Judy to adjust to running a household. Her own home had always been run for her by her mother. But wise Mrs. Garland now played hands off. Judy was a married woman. Judy must assume the responsibilties that went with marriage.

Judy tried to plan the menus, tried to entertain, but it takes a very adult and well organized person to manage a career and a household. Once she invited guests, came home exhausted from the studio, went to bed, and ordered her dinner on a tray. As the guests began arriving, Judy, dressing rapidly, greeted the company and made the motions of eating another hastily prepared meal.

Then there was the matter of David's hours. Like a great many musicians, he does most of his work at night. When Judy would come home from a hard day's work at the studio, wanting to relax for an evening with her husband, David would be in his work room arranging his radio shows. Next day while David slept, Judy would be back at work at the studio.

To make any marriage work is not easy. Nineteen-year-old Judy tried to be a good wife. She tried to fit into David's life, to be interested in David's interests, but she had the added responsibility of stardom and the urge to make good in her own right.

In the past year, for instance, Judy engaged in a colossal undertaking—carrying the load of a film by herself. In "For Me And My Gal," Judy was starred for the first time without Mickey Rooney. Playing opposite her was one Gene Kelly, a very competent fellow from the stage, but an unknown to film audiences. So the entire responsibility of the picture rested on her slim young shoulders. "For Me And My Gal" turned out to be a big hit, with Judy receiving raves from the critics, but at the time she was making it, Judy was frightened and apprehensive.

If she could have told her doubts and fears to someone she would have been much better off. But David had his own career problems, and Judy did not want to bother him.

Judy said, and believed, that the reason she fell in love with David was because he was the first person who treated her as if she were grown up. On the screen she was a little kid. The public wanted her to be a little kid off screen, too, and while Lana Turner—who is only a year older than Judy—was perfectly acceptable in a daring evening gown at a glamorous night club, Judy was supposed to be at home playing with her dolls.

It has always touched me that these picture youngsters should be given so many responsibilities when they are so young and should be required to make decisions over which wise old men would ponder. But it was doubly difficult for Judy because she was not being allowed to grow up. Judy had crushes like any girl her age. But the boys would not take her seriously. To them she was Dorothy in "Wizard of Oz." She was a kid in pigtails. But they took Lana Turner seriously, and Judy couldn't understand it.

For example, Judy had a terrific crush on Artie Shaw. She thought she adored him. Maybe she did. It is a fact that she had a date with Artie Shaw the night he and Lana eloped. Artie had called Judy, cancelled the date, telling her he had to work. Judy was woefully disappointed but she turned to her mother and said, "I know he has to work. And I'm going to be very understanding about it."

It was the next morning that Mrs. Garland showed her the papers. "So you're going to be understanding," she said. "Look at this." The headlines told Judy that Lana and Artie were married.

Judy had a radio program to do that night. When she went into the dressing room, the clipping had been pasted up on her mirror. That did Judy in. She was weeping her heart out when David Rose appeared, bringing her a hot apple pie, her favorite dish. He didn't tell her she was a foolish kid. He told her she was going on the air and going to sing. He treated her just as if she were a woman whose sweetheart had just eloped with another woman. And that's how the Garland-Rose romance began.

I suppose Hollywood will eternally wonder what might have happened if some other man besides David Rose had walked into Judy's dressing room that night, just as Hollywood will now wonder when Judy will begin finding herself—the grown-up self she has longed to be.

You may be sure of this: there is no other man or other woman in the Garland-Rose split-up. This was complete incompatibility, with neither side deeply to blame. There was too great an age difference between Dave and Judy. There was too much "career" on both sides.

Certainly, for the time being, Judy will be the one the more hurt, as she is so deeply emotional about all things. At the moment, she is like a lost child. It's small comfort, but I do hope it will be some little comfort to her to realize that the suffering she is now experiencing will enrich her as an actress.

THE END

V for Veronica **Gracie Allen's advice to the boys at the Hollywood Canteen—don't try to kiss Veronica Lake on the cheek unless you want a bang on the mouth . . . Or have you heard that before? Anyway we know things about Veronica that you probably don't know. Fredda Dudley has written them all up in a story, "How to Raise a Glamour Girl," that will appear in the May Issue of MOVIELAND. When you read this story of Veronica Lake's amazing upbringing, you'll understand why this very young star is a happy wife and mother—and why she'll keep on being one.**

MISS ARTHUR RELAXES

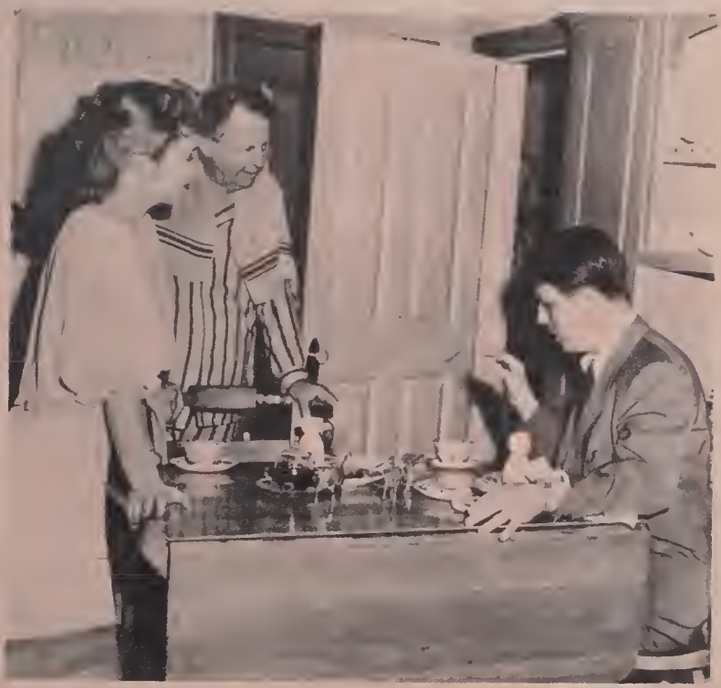
● Leg art on Arthur yet! Jean and Director George Stevens watch Jean's co-star, Joel McCrea, do a scene.

● Jean clowns with Charles Coburn, doing a swell imitation of Charlie balancing a monocle.

Pure murder to interviewers, hard on directors, etc., there is one place (save her own home) where Jean Arthur is as you see her on the screen. This place is the set of any picture where she is working.

The answer probably is that Jean, intelligent, sensitive, hard-working, is also monstrously shy. Difficult as she is in her career contacts, her friends adore her, and her marriage to Frank Ross, producer, is lasting and devoted.

Here Movieland caught Jean unaware, on the set of "The More the Merrier," in a series of characteristic Arthur poses.



● Jean and Coburn look on while Director Stevens makes with the hands, explaining how he wants a scene played.

● Once a week service men are invited to Columbia studios. Here Jean obliges with a pose, even if nobody around the place remembered to get the service guy's name!

FAVORITES OF THE

AMONG themselves the Marines sing a ditty, of which one verse goes:

"Oh, the Army gets the medals
And the Navy gets the Queens
But the guys that get the rooking
Are the U. S. Marines."

We cite this chansonette not to make you feel sorry for the Marines—who can take care of themselves—but to point out that even the Leathernecks admit that the Gobs get, and know how to select, the gals. And the Bluejackets do have very decided tastes.

Find two or more sailors gathered around the scuttlebut shooting the breeze, and if they aren't talking about the chow—and they aren't—they'll be slipping the old oil back and forth about women. And their tastes in women?

Well, if they are having a scholarly discussion of movie queens, you can lay a little cash that Betty Grable's name will pop up more often than a boogie beat in a jam session. Ask a sailor what Betty's got that your cousin Matilda hasn't got, and you're in for three hours of passionately detailed answers. But boiled down and strained it comes to this:

Figure (as if you didn't know), Youth, Vivacity, Rhythm. And those are the same qualities that appear in almost all the contenders for Betty's honor as the flicker favorite

Turner and Grable, Grable and Turner. The gobs couldn't say which came first in their affections. They wanted both. They'd take either—and they won't get even one of them!

Below—Third in the hearts of her country's sailors is Jane Russell. And you should be able to figure out why for yourself.

FLEET

BY MICHAEL JACKSON

Seaman First Class U. S. Navy

of the fleet.

That a star is redheaded or blonde, tall or short, thisa or thata, is a matter of the individual bluejacket's taste. But to be a hit with all the Navy, a girl must have the sleek curved lines of a sloop, must be young—none of that worldly Con-

Photo by Frank Powolny

Fourth is Gene Tierney. No boy in blue demands that she should be able to act.

tinental charm stuff—must look as though she'd actively enjoy a party, and, very important, have an ear and toe for music. But the music should not be classic, and the singer should not have operatic curves. No wide-women and song please.

Betty is the embodiment of these qualifications. And so, too, is the luscious Lana Turner, who presses Betty for top honors. What Lana hasn't got, a dog shouldn't have, say Boatswains. And if Lana isn't the West Side of Heaven, then the USN doesn't know from yachting.

The number three spot, you might be surprised to learn, is taken by a movie star who, at the time of this poll, has yet to appear in a movie. She's that tall, tan, terrific Jane Russell who's set the boys to falling over gangplanks and bumping into bulkheads. And she's done it solely on the strength of the photos that have appeared in the public prints. If the Hays office decides never to release her first film, it does so at the risk of being demolished by the concentrated fire of every battlewagon of the Pacific and Atlantic fleets.

The number four spot is cozily filled by that zestful little breastful, Gene Tierney, rated by all hands as really ship-shape. Protest to any seaman, "But can she act?" and you will be answered by a blank stare and yourself asked. "What's that got to do with it?"

Miss Dorothy Lamour, La Merrier, playmate of Bing and Bob, fits nicely into the number five spot. Although nobody's throwing any rocks at her chassis, Dottie's popularity is greatly based on her being a good guy, and her bond selling campaign has clinched her with the boys in blue.

Veronica Lake slinks into the Navy's very select group because those who are for her are so very vociferously for her. A lot of boys can't see her stylized appeal, but those who do see it have blasted their way through a protesting minority.

With Rita Hayworth it's just the opposite. There's no vestige of a dissenting minority. Even the deck hands who didn't rate her the very top were willing to have her come along on any cruise in case their favorite should fall overboard. In many ways, Rita could be listed the number one tomato because, of all

Dottie Lamour wins fifth place —and for reasons not because of her art or chassis.

Ronnie Lake slinks into the Navy's pool, though many a gob insists he hates her.

the entries, she was the only one who pleased all.

The established glamour girls—Dietrich, Crawford, Colbert, Sheridan, et al — surprisingly rated neither approval nor disapproval. Reminded of these stars, the boys were agreeable enough, but their okay lacked real fire and ardor. The headiest dive, though, has been taken by Myrna Loy, acclaimed, not too many seasons past, as the screen's perfect wife. Maybe it isn't marriage the salts are thinking about these days.

Other established belles who didn't toll were Roz Russell, Bette Davis, Norma Shearer, and believe it or uh-uh, Ginger Rogers.

Ann Rutherford scored solidly because she is so sweet and wholesome, and Teresa Wright was left standing at the dock because she is too sweet and wholesome. Betty Hutton brightened a lot of eyes because she seemed like fun, and Martha Raye was scratched because she seemed like too much fun.

The real sneaker, dark horse, and would-you-believe-it is — grab on to your John Fredericks—Shirley Temple. After some hemming and no little hawing, a few young Boots blushingly confessed that Mrs. Temple's daughter was their ideal. Greeted at first with what you can imagine, the cornered Boots produced a dog-eared but still luminous photo of Shirley, taken by George Hurrell, whose camera put the double o in oomph. Latest communique reports that all skeptics were convinced.

For those of you who have been fidgeting through this piece wondering what the Navy thinks of Hedy Lamarr, well you can stop chewing your nails right now. She's priority cargo for any freighter. Strong men have been known to turn pale at the mention of her name and second class seamen have been seen to shove Lts. (JG) out of line during the showing of "White Cargo." And the only sure way to keep her from winning the Navy Cup is to keep her out of the contest. A sailor can keep his mind on only so many things at once. Perhaps in the future, when sailors are less occupied than at present, there will be another contest. Hedy can enter that one—or merely keep the fleet to herself. It's as she chooses.

THE END

Yes, it *is* Shirley Temple. Yes, those uniformed hearts beat for her. Read why.

Photo by A. L. Whitey Schafer

Photo by Hurrell

To bring out all the vagabond in you, this crisp white straw with its cool green leaf stitching over crown and brim is super. The brim is bound with narrow green grosgrain ribbon.

For that you-great-big-wonderful-hero air Marie dons a powder blue felt with two shades of rose stitching forming a floral pattern on the under-brim. Blue veiling over all.

THESE *Spring* HATS

HERE ARE SIX HATS
TO GIVE A GIRL
SIX DIFFERENT
PERSONALITIES
PLUS ONE HAT WITH
SIX MOODS ALL ITS OWN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY A. L. WHITEY SCHAFER

A hat like this would melt a male heart of granite. It is at once fatally demure and dashing, of the most dove-like gray, a soft bend to the brim, and a gray veil with chenille dots.

For flirtatious moods Marie wears a pale blue stitched fabric sailor, in a shade to match her eyes, with sheer black veiling edged in black lace. Her envelope bag is the same blue.

HAVE A WAY WITH THEM

The six-hats girl is Marie McDonald of Paramount's "Lucky Jordan." When she feels worldly (far left) she wears a white fabric postillion hat with black tassels and wide veil to flatter her lovely face.

This Merry Widow effect (near left) will make any man renounce any impulses he has had toward being a merry widower. The hat itself is purple, the veiling the most delicate and flattering violet.

Spring HATS

The girl who owns the miracle hat is Columbia's Marguerite Chapman. The hat consists of a large pouf of sized velvet that is both pliable and firm enough to retain angles. Here Marguerite wears the hat pulled up at the sides and down to a single deep center point.

See how this hat changes when it is puffed high in the back and pulled down in a deep dip over one eye.

Piquant is the word now, with the hat flattened out. Marguerite lets down her curls to add to the effect.

Sweep the hat up on one side, down on the other, add an upswept hairdo and pretty ears decorated with earrings.

With her hair in a long loose pompadour, with the hat worn on the back of head like a fluffy beret—It's a little girl look.

Finally, for all around charm, Marguerite wears her hat almost flat across, slightly tilted and with edges turned up.

Photography by Don English

Photo by Frank Powolny

BERNADETTE

Jennifer Janes, Hollywaod calls this girl who wan the most coveted role af 1943, the rale af a simple peasant girl wha saw a visian and who through her faith created the Shrine af Laurdes. Herself a long-legged, charming persan, Miss Jones has already created a filmtown sensation. First of all, she turned aut not ta be Jennifer Jones, at all, but rather Phyllis Walker, recently af the New Yark stage. Next she turned aut to be married and the mother af two children. Finally, she was revealed to be, nat a movie newcomer, but the graduate af several Westerns. Twentieth Century-Fox, taken in by all this, now grins and admits it adds up to making Miss Jones a real persanality, which it does indeed, giving Jennifer that kind of calar fram which great actresses—and great performances—are made.

THE HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN

By Kay Proctor

☆ ☆ ☆ FROM HOLLYWOOD'S ANGLE

A FRECKLE-FACED kid with that telltale strain about his eyes elbowed his way to the crowded counter. His khaki overseas cap was thrust under his belt, and he wore two campaign ribbons over his heart. He wasn't smiling or shy, the way they usually are; instead there was almost a note of belligerence about him.

"Cuppa java!" he barked. "Black!"

"Okay, soldier," I said. "How about a sandwich and some cake with it?"

He debated momentarily, then grunted, "Yah!" and shoved a dollar bill in front of me. I smiled.

"Your first visit to us, isn't it?" I asked, returning his bill. "Your money is no good here, soldier. Everything is on the house and welcome."

He did a perfect double-take of wary doubt and surprise. "You mean everything's *free*? Food and all?" he questioned. I assured him it was. "I don't get it!" he mumbled unbelievingly. Then, "Thank you, ma'm," he said quietly as if in

apology for his first brusque approach.

What is the Hollywood Canteen?

There are two ways of answering that oft-asked question, both right. One is a matter of facts and statistics. The other I have learned from the many hours I have worked there.

The Canteen, located in the heart of Hollywood, formerly was a ramshackle building which housed a broken-down night club. Graying, old, and dirty, it must have presented a hopeless picture to the men and women of the forty-two Hollywood guilds and unions—plumbers, electricians, painters, carpenters, laborers, art directors, teamsters, cartoonists, decorators, prop men, and all the rest—who undertook the enormous manpower, money, and materials job of transforming it.

The fireproof building now is an inviting white with a high board fence around it to insure privacy (keeping out all civilians save those actually working there) and the name Hollywood Canteen is fashioned from heavy hemp rope above the door. Inside the decor motive is the Old West—friendly, plain, and able to take a beating from heavy service shoes and a good-natured crowd. In the small lobby is a check room where the men may get free tickets to future radio broadcasts as they pick up their caps to leave.

Down one side of the large main room is the Snack Bar (formerly a regular liquor bar) where steaming hot coffee, chilled half-pint cartons of milk, fresh sandwiches, and cake, together with cigarettes, candy, and raisins are to be had for the asking. Grape punch and cookies also are served throughout the night (seven p.m. until midnight, and two p.m. until eight p.m. on Sundays.) The bandstand is at one end, and surrounding the larger-than-average night club dance floor are tables and chairs. The back quarters of the building house the kitchens and supply rooms.

Life starts stirring around the Canteen about noon when the first volunteer workers arrive to prepare the food for the night's festivities.

All Canteen workers, incidentally —cooks, dishwashers, waitresses, bus boys, dancers, musicians, and entertainers — are connected with the motion picture business in some way and donate their services (in-

Ginny Simms, Rita Haywarth, and Mary Martin sing for the boys' supper over typical Canteen boxes of milk.

Reggie Gardiner, warking as a Canteen waiter, staps to give forth a few laughs.

GENERAL RULES OF THE HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN

SCRUPULOUS POLITENESS AT ALL TIMES TO ALL MEN IN UNIFORM IS DEMANDED. If there is any difficulty with a Service Man – please repart this immediately ta the Officer of the Day, wha will deal with him. YOU MUST NOT ATTEMPT TO HANDLE THIS YOURSELF.

2. STAY IN YOUR OWN DEPARTMENT. By daing this yau will not tread an anyone's toes. If anyane asks abaut warking in a department other than yaur awn – REFER THEM TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE DEPARTMENT THEY WISH INFORMATION ABOUT.

3. NO HOSTESS IS TO LEAVE THE CANTEEN AT ANY TIME – UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES WITH A SERVICE MAN – OR TO MEET HIM OUTSIDE IN THE VICINITY OF THE CANTEEN. We are responsible nat anly ta aurselves and to the Hollywood Canteen – but ta the name of the entire Matian Picture Industry.

4. If yau PERSONALLY da nat appear for three (3) cansecutive times an the shift specifically assigned to yau – yau must – UNLESS YOU GET A SPECIAL SUSPENSION OR SEND AN ALTERNATE TO TAKE YOUR PLACE – relinquish yaur right as a permanent member af the Canteen and return yaur identification card to your Chairman.

5. All Cammittee Chairmen and Captains must make sure that the individual rules pertaining ta their particular department –ARE UNDERSTOOD AND ENFORCED–by all warkers under them. Arrangements must alsa be made to replace any last-minute emergency drop-outs.

6. ALL VOLUNTEER WORKERS, HOSTESSES, HOSTS, ENTERTAINERS, MUSICIANS, NAME PEOPLE, ETC., MUST ENTER THRU THE COLE STREET DOOR. There will be a light there at all times.

7. ALL WORKERS MUST REGISTER IN AND OUT. A registry book will be at the Cale Street Entrance far this purpose. THIS IS MOST IMPORTANT. REPORT TO YOUR CAPTAIN OR COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN AFTER REGISTERING.

8. THE OFFICER OF THE DAY is the only persan in the CANTEEN wha has the autharity ta deal with any QUESTIONS, EMERGENCIES, OR CRITICISMS. REPORT ALL SUCH TO HIM.

9. DO NOT HIGH-PRESSURE ANYONE FOR ANYTHING.

TRY to be ON TIME at ALL TIMES.

[Weissman]

Tyrone Power and Annabella dish it out—for free as does everyone. The bands and their leaders have been particularly generous.

[Weissman]

Note the sign over Mary Martin's head. It says, "If we haven't got it, fake it." That's orders.

cluding aching feet, tired backs, and "dishpan" hands) for no remuneration save the gratitude and appreciation of those they serve.

The magnitude of the Canteen's operation is revealed in the statistics for the three months it has been open. Attendance has averaged well over twelve hundred men a night. Five thousand pounds of meat and cheese have been made into two hundred and fifty thousand sandwiches. Also served were fifty thousand pieces of cake, forty thousand cookies, four thousand gallons of punch, six thousand gallons of coffee, sixty-eight thousand half-pint cartons of fresh milk, sixty-five hundred packages of cigarettes plus great bowls of packaged raisins and candy. On Thanksgiving seventy-two fine fat turkeys were carved at the bar. Thanks to the generosity of various national and local food merchants, most of the food was donated.

Speaking of statistics, one hundred and twenty-five name bands, including Kay Kyser, Freddie Martin, both Dorseys, Spike Jones, Ted Fio Rito, Gene Krupa, Ferdie Grofe, Duke Ellington, Horace Heidt, Muzzy Marcelino, Phil Ohman and many others, have played more than five hundred dance hours of music. Nor can the six hundred top entertainers—singers, dancers, and comedians — who likewise have given freely of their talent in behalf of the men be overlooked. Entertainers like Eddie Cantor, Bob Hope, Red Skelton, Betty Hutton, Dinah Shore, Ginny Simms, and other top notchers. No wonder the soldiers and sailors and marines are adopting Hollywood's pet word "Terrific!" when they speak of good times at the Canteen.

I sneaked a peak one night at some of the post cards the men had written and left to be mailed (also free). Somehow my feet did not ache so much when I read, *"It's places and people like the Canteen that makes me glad I'm in the Service." "This is a soldier's paradise." "These folks have hearts as big as barns." "What a spot!" "Every girl a dream and in person!"* And the chuckle I got from another made me forget I had had no dinner and my back felt like it had been tattooed with a buzzsaw. A boy named Joe was writing to a girl named Maybell.

"All right, I don't care if you don't answer my letter. I've just had a dance with Marlene Dietrich." Joe informed her.

The pretty young girls who act as dancing partners for the service men guests, the somewhat older women who serve the food from the Snack Bar, and the bus boys who carry the trays of dirty dishes from the tables arrive at the Canteen shortly before seven p.m. Each worker has been registered and fingerprinted and is checked in each night through the back door. Extreme care is exercised in the selection of these volunteers, particularly the dancing girls, for obvious reasons. Careful policing (but not snoopy interference with the fun) also is done by military police, shore patrol, and the Canteen's own senior hostesses and Officer of the Day, for the same reason: the Canteen must be kept a clean and de-

Dottie Lamour does her bit—raffling off nightly bonds to the boys. Hollywood personalities donate the Victory bonds.

[Weissman]

That's Basil Rathbone, in the worn apron, washing dishes back scenes. All the glamour boys do this work.

cent spot for young service men to visit.

The Canteen officially closes at midnight with the singing and playing of "The Star Spangled Banner." The guests leave, but not the workers; everything must be left shipshape for the next day, and that means another long hour of hard work. Dirty work, too; it's no place for sissies who shrink from wielding a mop or emptying garbage.

Bette Davis and John Garfield were the originators of the Hollywood Canteen idea. They worked like demons to make the idea take form. But both frankly and gladly admit the Canteen would not be the Canteen were it not for the hundreds of Hollywood men and women—movie star, bit play, bigshot executive, and little fellow alike—who are pouring their hearts, time, and honest sweat into the project.

What is the Hollywood Canteen?

It's Doris and Jules Stein and Ann Warner, beating their brains out to raise the necessary funds, and the generous people who respond to their appeal. It's gracious and patrician Mary (Mrs. John) Ford, supervising the thousand and one details of the kitchen and Snack Bar and scrubbing table tops when the need arises. It's cheerful Marie Hare, faithfully at the tedious task of grinding meats for sandwich spread, and Jean Lewin, running the office with infinite tact and patience.

It's the beloved, sixty-year young Mary Gordon, elbow deep in steaming, sudsy dishwater for five-hour stretches and spunky enough to accept a mischievous sailor's dare to "cut a rug" with him on the dance floor. It's Billie Burke babying a soldier and inventing excuses to serve him after curfew in defiance of all the rules, and Beulah Bondi, reminiscing with a marine and easing loneliness by reminding him of his Aunt Beulah in Cross Creek, Iowa, or Mapleton, Maine.

It's Deanna Durbin, gayly dancing with tall smoothies or runty clods and making them all feel important. It's Hedy Lamarr, present every Friday night regardless, signing autographs for hours on end and adding a personal touch to each. It's Fred MacMurray, hustling trays and joining the band for an impromptu saxophone solo.

It's Paramount president Frank Freeman, rubbing shoulders with the gang and keeping a benign eye out for timid strays. It's the scores of nameless women who crowd their own household tasks that they may work quietly at their background jobs in the Canteen kitchen and just as quietly depart, their sacrifice unsung. In a modest way it's me and hundreds like me (including the editor of Movieland herself) who work all day in an office and then stand hours serving food and smiles.

In brief, the Hollywood Canteen is but another symbol of the American way of life. It is the real Hollywood that lies beneath the glitter, tinsel, and glamour of the town.

THE END

KELLY—BUT NOT GREEN

BEING THE BRIEF BUT BUSY HISTORY OF GENIAL GENE FROM BROADWAY

MGM saw Gene starring on the stage of "Pal Joey," signed him immediately.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

A rarity—up near the top in one picture. Gene did it with Judy Garland in "Me and My Gal."

Gene Kelly and his lovely wife have reason to celebrate and be gay. Gene's rapidly approaching stardom.

Photo by Nat Dallinger

BY MARCIA SCOTT

GENE KELLY is the smooth kid who tiptoed into "For Me and My Gal," played the part of a combination draft dodger and egotistical ham. He was so good in the role that half a dozen other actors had been turned down with a flat "no—never!" that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer shooed him right into three other pictures before the public ever had a look at him! They haven't done that with anyone since Shirley Temple . . . and Kelly is doing it all without dimples or graduated curls.

He's the hottest thing in town right now—this sassy looking mick who's not one-third as handsome as Taylor, who doesn't sing at all like Crosby, and who doesn't dance nearly so well as Fred Astaire. Added up, however, Gene hits an audience like a three-alarm fire and will keep on doing it for seven long years—heaven and the draft willing.

Usually, it takes a film newcomer at least one picture or two to get whipped into good, fighting shape. With Gene, he made himself right at home in "For Me and My Gal," and strolled in and out of the footage like an old hand at the business. Everybody was surprised, even his bosses, although he's always been a fresh aleck who marched in and took over any situation after the first five minutes. Here's the record:

He took dancing lessons early in life and turned into such a darn good stepper that he eventually lined up a houseful of paying students and taught them all to time-step and buck-and-wing at quite-a-bit-an-hour. When he tired of the whole business, the students set up a clamor, and Gene had to go into the matter professionally—opening a dancing school and starting to collect fees in earnest.

Next, when the Kelly Dancing School grew into a full sized development, Gene began to arrange road shows for his students—but which starred Gene and his brother, Fred. Gene wrote all the sketches, all the advance publicity copy, prepared the advertising, sold the show to the managers, pasted up the posters, lined up the props . . . and stayed on long enough to m.c. the whole thing, to stooge for his brother, to pull applause for the poor paying talent, and to wind up with a fast turn of dancing that suddenly made the people glad they had come.

Third item in point came up when Gene hit the twenty-seven-year-old mark. (He's thirty now.) Enough of teaching other kids to dance, he decided. Time for him to hit the road on his own. He trained into New York (Pittsburgh had been his stage so far) and walked right into a part in "One For The Money"—a hit. But, then, Gene Kelly has no truck with flops—even accidental ones.

A hefty run in his first show, and Gene had William Saroyan come through with a beautiful bit in his new something called "Time of Your Life." Gene was not only good in his small piece; he pulled a preview "For Me and My Gal"—translated, he caused plenty of excitement without even a smidge of advance notice to help him along.

Now he was ready for the big lights, for stardom. So he sought out the top spot in "Pal Joey" and set theatrical fire to the theater, to 44th Street and Broadway, and to all of New York before the first week was out. Big hit or nothing. That's the only way Kelly plays.

Between "One For The Money" and "Time of Your Life," Gene took time out to work for Billy Rose as his leading dance director. And this is where love came walking in, looking like dancer Betsy Blair, a red-headed baby, seventeen years old, with trusting eyes and ticket home in case anyone started to leer. Gene did—so Betsy became his girl and married him just before he left for Hollywood. She's one of the prettiest girls in the world. But, of course—she would be. Gene Kelly has never been interested in doing anything halfway.

Now—the Hollywood part of the Kelly kinema. Soon as he and Betsy groped through the Union Depot and found their way uptown to Hollywood, they set up housekeeping in a rented bungalow and played Russian Bank and gin rummy until midnight every night. In the daytime Gene acted in "For Me and My Gal" and Betsy ate double—for herself and for the baby who was on the way. She's with them now and answers to the name of Kerry Kelly. "A real ham," says pop. "An angel in front of company—screams like mad when there's an audience." Kerry's a real Kelly, she's letting them know. Even as a baby, she's making her mark around the place. Maybe some day she'll out-Kelly Papa.

The kids Gene taught to dance back in Pittsburgh—like true Kelly phenomena—are making time now. A few of them are starring in Broadway shows. Others are on the road. Several of them are in Hollywood working with him at Metro. Gene sits in the commissary chewing bubble gum while his students "hi, Gene" and wave "hello," which is probably the first time a Hollywood romantic star has been able to grin at a crowd of twenty-year-olds, say "they're mine . . . all mine," and have his studio approve openly. Well—who said Gene Kelly was orthodox, anyway?

He's piled up three more pictures since the first one . . . and the studio swears up and down he gets better each time. Which doesn't surprise us at all—does it?—we, who know how he got that way. We'd be more surprised if Gene Kelly suddenly quit hopping around and just took the sweet breaks as they came along. And what fun would that be?

HOW TO GET YOUR MALE BY MAIL

For millions of girls today the only way to hold your love is by letter. Pretty Anna Lee, from her own experiences, gives you some rules for this fine art.

BY SONIA LEE

DO you want to keep the love of that special soldier, sailor, or marine intact? Do you want your office hero, who never gave you a tumble before he exchanged his business blues for khaki, to realize what a super-queen you are? Do you want that casual friendship to become something special in the shape of love?

With war upon us, and families, friends, and sweethearts separated by thousands of miles, plus many oceans, letter writing becomes 1943's finest art.

If you want distance to lend enchantment, Uncle Sam's mail service can be your Cupid . . . that is, if you get wise to words and learn how to write a potent letter.

Anna Lee, the little English actress whose charm and talent you became conscious of in "The Commandos Strike at Dawn," qualifies as an expert in this letter writing business, and you can learn about letters from her.

Twice in her life gentlemen in His Majesty's service have placed their hearts, their fortunes, and their futures at her feet as a direct result of correspondence. On several occasions she was forced to curb her talent for letter-writing because the recipient was becoming too serious.

Obviously, declares Miss Lee, a girl must choose the plane on which she desires a relationship to exist before writing. If she has a love gleam in her eye, her letter takes on one slant. If it's friendship she's after, then there is a nice middle road of words which she can safely travel.

Take, as a perfect example, Miss Lee's own experience.

She was a youngster in England with theatrical ambitions when she met a Naval Lieutenant. Two days later he sailed for China.

In the next two and one half years Anna's letters progressed from interest to friendship and finally to love. Never a week did she miss writing to him.

Eventually, Anna and her Lieutenant were officially engaged, and from then on there was nothing but plans for marriage in their letters.

"There is one nice thing about letter writing," declares Miss Lee. "A man and a woman can't quarrel by remote control. You put your best side forward in letters. And you fall more deeply in love, because your emotions create an ideal."

Just about this time, Miss Lee had the bad fortune to injure a foot and had to retire from the stage for a year. Among her family friends there was an old lady who required a companion and had the charm to be rich enough to take Anna on a world cruise, with China on the itinerary. Nothing could have pleased Miss Lee more. Here was a chance to see her man.

Unfortunately, in the flesh the gentleman had drawbacks which had not been visible in his letters. In addition, she had meanwhile met an officer of the Highlander Regiment, who seemed to be everything her fiance was not. Anna was definitely on the sharp points of a dilemma—engaged officially to the sailor, but completely bewitched by the kiltie man.

She needed time to sort out her emotions. She wanted to linger in Hong Kong to be able to do that. A small, annoying miracle helped to make that possible. It came in the shape of a mosquito which gave the old lady malaria. That kept them rooted to the spot until the ache went out of the old lady's bones.

Anna spent almost a year in China, and by the time she returned to England she had broken her engagement to the sailor and was on a letter-writing basis with the Highlander.

For a full year she corresponded with him. It became love, and an engagement when he came to England on a furlough.

Letters kept their love in bloom for another three years—Anna in England, and her fiance in Africa.

Now that gives you an idea of the post-graduate course in letter-writing Miss Lee has had. You can readily see that her advice on how to write letters which make a man think about you, miss you, hanker for you, and love you, is right valuable.

There are three very definite divisions into which letters from girls to men fall, says the lady.

First, of course, there is the letter to the unknown.

That's the gent you meet at the USO party, or who happens to be a friend of a distant cousin of yours.

He asks you to write, and you do. Your letter to him should be gay, chatty, impersonal. No doubt you have discovered that his special interest centers on early Crosby platters, and so you promptly spend an hour or two listening to hepcats, boning up so you will know what you're talking about. Of course, he may be just a gent who looks forward to the Saturday football game, and if you're really a pal, you will report scores, spectacular plays, and even clip colorful accounts of games in which his alma mater figured.

You may toy with a bit of gossip, too. Anna, for example, reports Hollywood news, amusing things that happen on the studio sets, little tidbits about fellow actors and actresses. This type of letter should be strictly impersonal.

Second, if you are writing to a man with whom you have an intellectual companionship, you will naturally discuss your mutual interests. In this instance letters are idea letters. You can go on at length about opinions, new conceptions of government, education, sports, books, or music. Because these are discussion letters, any topic stimulating to the mind can be freely discussed. You can even hold a debate through your letters. Your heart is definitely in the frigidaire when you carry on this type of correspondence.

It is the letter a woman writes to the man of her heart which determines whether he will come back to her more in love, more closely knit into her life, or emotionally estranged.

It has been said that the average woman doesn't know how to write a love letter. The contention is that only the truly great writers can capture love on paper.

But if a woman observes certain rules, there is no reason why she can't do the job better than an expert because she can always speak from her heart.

A love letter should, first of all, be a nostalgic letter. It should have a yearning quality. It should speak of mutual experience in the past: of a bar of music heard and remembered; of a sunset that was molten gold; of a party at which you had an especially large amount of fun. Your letters should recall milestones of pleasant memories.

The love letter should give a sense of reality to the man you love, an identity with a routine, pleasant, normal life which has been abandoned temporarily. So speak of what you're doing. Tell him of the movies you have seen and the friends with whom you've spent an evening, who is doing what in the war effort, and such things. Your letters should have the tinge of the personal column in a small town newspaper.

Tell him about your own patriotic activities. It will give him a sense of support, a unity with you in the accomplishment of a task.

Now, let's face it. Every woman is afraid that there might be some feminine substitutes for her closer at hand. The average woman consciously prays for her husband's or her lover's safety, and unconsciously fears some other woman. Your letter, then, is the only love ammunition you have. If perchance competition does develop, you're handicapped to the extent that you don't know anything about the woman on the spot.

Maintain sufficient confidence in your own attractions not to worry—at least, don't let your fears creep into your letters. There is nothing more infuriating to a man than to receive jealous and suspicious letters.

In writing to the man you love, you have an opportunity to disclose facets of your personality which you have been either too

Anna Lee and her talented husband, Bob Stevenson, at Mocambo. Stevenson is now directing "Jane Eyre" for 20th Century.

busy or too shy to uncover when you were together. Here is your chance to be a woman of value—self-reliant, but clinging. Unafraid and hopeful. Practical, but romantic.

Nothing which might lead to disputes should ever be included in a letter. At the same time don't exclude your long distance love from your little anxieties and troubles. Your job is not only to keep your man in love with you, but also to make him yearn to protect you, and anxious to come back to guard you against the troublesome incidents of life.

Cut out clippings which might interest him. Send him word of his own special friends. And don't forget the cookies and the candy and the sweaters.

If you wish, the letters to the unknown and the letters to your intellectual companion, can gradually shift into love letters. Your letters to the casual acquaintance in service, the man who never gave you a tumble in the office, may very slowly and very subtly develop a personal relationship.

Do it gradually, don't rush things. Don't force things. Discover the key to his personality through your correspondence, and if you want that man for your very own, concentrate on that key. If you're clever enough, you can make the man realize through your letters that you are the other half of his life. You can make him fall in love.

The danger in this is that you may unconsciously so adapt yourself to that person's likes and dislikes, your own personality may become submerged or even masked. Don't do this . . . because when you meet in the flesh there might be a reaction and a sense of strangers meeting.

Be your best self in your letters, but don't be two other people.

The realities of war service broaden and harden a man. They give him a sense of value. Under conditions of stress and strain, men discover which women have worth and character and which women lack both.

There is a story floating around of a soldier in Australia who became enthusiastic about a girl he met there. His sweetheart at home wrote: *"What has she got that I haven't got?"* And the answer was, *"Nothing . . . but she's got it here."*

Remember that letters are love's ammunition. They are your only weapon against any girl infringing on your preserves. Write them cleverly, and you will have no rival. Not even if she is right on the spot.

For you can bind your man to you, and hold him against all competition if you give your letters the quality which makes a man dream and remember and long to come back to familiar things and people . . . and you.

THE END

Guess who this is gnawing his way through that facial underbrush, having a tidy snack of that typically Russian dish, apple pie with coffee. Just by way of proving what a lad will do for his art, turn back to page 15.

THE Hollywood Women's Press Club is an organization of sixty feminine scribes who report Hollywood's activities to the general world. Membership is by invitation only and is eagerly sought. The editor of Movieland has the honor of being president of the club.

Yearly the members vote on the most cooperative stars of the year, plus those who have proven least cooperative in their relationship to the press. Golden apples, duly inscribed with words of gratitude, are given out to the pleasant stars. For the women, the apples are made into lapel pins; for the men they top golden script markers.

Here you see at the annual luncheon (seated on either side of the editor of Movieland) Rosalind Russell and Cary Grant, who won the almost unanimous vote as 1942's most cooperative personalities. George Sanders and Jean Arthur, almost as unanimously, won the booby prizes.

Said Cary Grant, gazing ruefully at the ladies, "This worries me a bit, accepting this. The last time a man and a woman and an apple got together, a lot of trouble started."

* * *

3-BAND RIOT

Republic's "Hit Parade of 1943" is solid for the hep

Like your tunes with a boogie beat? Here's that Count Basie with saucy Dorothy Dandridge.

Want them symphonic? There's Freddie Martin to sweeten them and Gail Patrick to act them out.

Want girls? Well, lookee. Here's what you'll find in the chorus in the Tahm-Boom-Bah number.

Want romance? John Carroll and Susan Hayworth provide that. Add it together. It's a movie worth money.

BURLESQUE HITS THE SCREEN

THAT form of entertainment for which Grandpop used to sneak down back alleys; that all-girl and red-nosed comedian jumble which Broadway has recently taken to its gawdy heart, now reaches the movies for the first time. Producer Hunt Stromberg, going it on his own, away from his old stand at MGM, is presenting Gypsy Rose Lee's novel "The G-String Murder Case." On the screen, this best seller written by a strip tease girl will be called "Lady of Burlesque." The reason for the change is not so much the Hays office as a survey that revealed that most movie patrons claim not to know what a G-string is (outside the realms of music). In case you don't know, don't ask your maiden aunt. She won't know, either.

left—Barbara Stanwyck plays Dixie Daisy, star af the Opera Hause Burlesque Company.

This cheerful little armful is Marian Martin. Remember her fram "Boamtown"?

Janice Carter, one of the dolls.

Stanny hiding out behind a scrap of gauze.

right—Gloria Dixon is Dolly, a falling star, jealous of her husband's attentions to the girls in the show.

The lady of the big hat is Dallas Worth, a six-foot femme. She surely must be from deep in the heart of Texas to evolve a name like that.

"Bring on the girls," audiences have cried for years. So Stromberg gives out with Iris Adrian and tall Stephanie Bachelor, here surrounding Eddie Golden.

MOVIELAND'S MOVIE REVIEWS

THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT

Lost in the Libyan desert, some sixty miles away from the Allied lines, spotted by enemy planes, a patrol of weary soldiers doggedly seek both the enemy and safety.

Hit by dive bombers, they lose practically all their numbers, their food, and their equipment.

THREE HEARTS FOR JULIA

Melvyn Douglas and Ann Sothern are happily married; then Melvyn is off in the wilds on a newspaper assignment.

After promising Ann he won't go away again, Melvyn leaves for Africa and stays two years. This has Ann returning to her career as a violinist.

SILVER SKATES

Patricia Morison is owner and manager of an ice-skating revue, and in love with Kenny Baker, who sings in the show. Belita, the star of the rink, is planning to leave.

CHINA GIRL

On the Burma Road, an American newsreel photographer has been captured by the Japs. He refuses to work for either the Japs or the Flyng Tigers.

Finally they lose the sergeant who has led them. From there on, an inexperienced corporal takes over.

Down to four men, the corporal helps rout a Nazi force. Half crazed by heat and thirst, he recalls his only romance. The ending is superb.

There is greatness in this film. It shows what our boys in Africa are enduring. As Henry Fonda's last performance till peace, it is also his greatest.

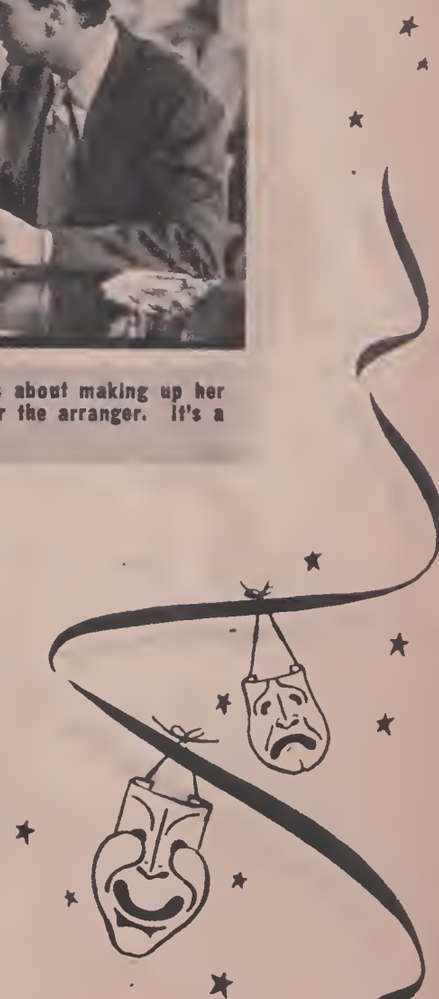
Melvyn returns and finds home has become a boarding house for the orchestra women. Also present are two male orchestra members.

As if this isn't bad enough, Ann spurns Melvyn and goes about making up her mind which of the two males to marry—the conductor or the arranger. It's a gay picture and delightfully acted. You ought to like it.

To prevent Belita's leaving, Kenny resigns love. It should also make Patricia jealous, love him more.

Complications arise when Patricia learns of Kenny's attention to Belita. The plot is routine, but Kenny's pleasant singing and Belita's smooth skating make it well worth seeing.

He meets the Vassar-educated daughter of a Chinese patriot. Comes love. Together they go through a bombing, which awakens our hero. This exciting junk is played better than it deserves by Gene Tierney and George Montgomery.



YOU CAN TELL AT A GLANCE WHICH ONES YOU WANT TO SEE

MOVIELAND'S MOVIE REVIEWS

SHADOW OF A DOUBT

Albert Hitchcock, that master of supreme suspense, is up to his best form in this thriller about a shifty, charming member of an innocent, small-town California family.

You know as you see him slip away from the big city, ingratiate himself with his family, that he is implicated in a crime, but not until almost the end, what crime.

CHETNIKS, THE FIGHTING GUERRILLAS

The fantastic events in this film have the special value of being events from the life of Draja Mihallovitch, the guerrilla chieftain of Jugoslavs who refuse to be conquered.

Draja captures a silly Italian supply caravan, then steals into a Nazi-held town to visit his family.

THE MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD

Jack Benny, ambitious small-town lawyer, wants to marry Priscilla Lane. Priscilla's papa, disliking him, suggests Jack conquer New York first.

Jack goes to the big town, accompanied by faithful Rochester.

HITLER'S CHILDREN

Except that this deals with children, it is the same familiar story of Nazi teachings and terrorism, here specifically the story of a boy in the Gestapo and a girl teacher.

His young niece, named young Charlie after him, first gets a crush on him, then begins to suspect him. When a particularly charming detective appears, she tries to trap Charlie into a confession.

Far be it from us to tell you any more. Go give yourself a nerve-tingling time. T acting is super, particularly that of Joseph Cotton, Teresa Wright, Macdonald Car and Patricia Collinge. The whole production is superb.

The family identity, exposed by his hot-headed son, the Nazis offer Draja a bargain—lay down arms and disband guerrillas or have his wife and children killed.

Seiflessly Draja decides the life of his country is the more important. But see the ending for yourself. Acting is excellent, with Philip Dorn as Draja, John Sheppard as aid, and Martin Kosleck as Nazi.

No clients. One day he's photographed taking candy from a kid.

As a result of this publicity, clients flock to him. Priscilla pursues him. Papa demands a shotgun wedding. None of it is worthy of its stars or much of your time.

The girl is consigned to a concentration camp. The boy witnesses her flogging and tries to save her. The grim ending is heart rending. Tim Holt and Bonita Granville are the stars.

YOU CAN TELL AT A GLANCE WHICH ONES YOU WANT TO SEE

CLOSEUP OF Movieland's COVER GIRL

Rita Hayworth is the most loved and least understood girl in Hollywood. But read this story . . . and find out why she's a star.

by ANNETTE BOGARDUS

Photo by Hurrell

NOBODY in Hollywood really knows Rita Hayworth. She's the most abused and least understood girl in town. Everybody loves her . . . and nobody knows why.

What goes on behind those eyes of hers, they ask. What makes her child-like now, age-old a moment later? How can she be so fired with rhythm and excitement, then change at the snap of a finger to complete apathy? Is she clever or dull? Preoccupied or bored? These are the questions Hollywood wants answered before they'll leave Rita Hayworth alone to be her natural quiet self in a community over-run with—let's call them, characters.

Everybody falls into a type caste, and stays there. Everybody in Hollywood is predictable. Now—what's with Hayworth? Look at Goddard—the mad-cap, the non-conformist; Garson—the intellectual, worldly; Turner — undisciplined, impulsive, the beautiful baby; Russell — the great gal, the wit. How can Rita go along being sweet and accessible and normal with all that super glamour oozing out of her and burning up the screens?

This is why:

She's a great star — sure — but she's still the gorgeous kid who danced in night clubs with her dad, rode stage-coaches in penny westerns, and made quota quickies—not too long ago. Her hair is redder now, her figure is more streamlined, she wears better clothes, and she knows what to do with makeup. But aside from these minor exterior adjustments, Rita Hayworth hasn't done much personality remodeling since she started to make merry at the box office and find her place on barracks walls from Iceland to Africa. She loves being a movie star, but she's not impressed with her importance. She's thrilled with her success, but she's not loading herself down with delusions of grandeur.

So—"character" or not—there's not another girl in town with so many friends, real friends, as this same Rita Hayworth. No other important star is so respected, so admired, so discussed. For she has heart and essential sweetness, and she doesn't like to hide it behind a pancake makeup or a set of false eyelashes. Slow—is she?—combining her type of elegance with a good, good soul? Brother!

Rita sees every interviewer who puts in a request. She poses for more pictures than any other top-ranking star. She isn't temperamental, and she keeps right on being the most amiable woman of glamour on this hemisphere. Her level headedness may be mystifying to a town accustomed to wackiness — but Rita's not changing, praise the Lord.

Before meeting her, people are warned: "You'll be startled. She's hard to talk to, she's mono-syllabic, she's just face and figure." Then the information trickles out that Rita is branded because she can't discourse for an hour on "What I Want in the Next Man I Marry,"

or "Why I Fell in Love With Victor Mature." Who could?

As a matter of fact, Rita would tell you how she fell for Vic—if she knew. Since she doesn't, she answers honestly, "I don't know. Does any girl know how—or why—she falls in love with a man?"

She doesn't make wild statements—like so many of her sisters in beauty—because she knows that every word she says will find its way to the public prints sooner or later. She doesn't flounce up to the front office every day or so and have it out with her bosses, because she's pleased with her progress and loves to work. She doesn't come out and set the date of her marriage to Mature because he's in the service awaiting overseas duty, and she's still not free from her first marriage. Yet she's called illusive and uncommunicative—all because she's as simple and straight-forward as that!

Where's the mystery in her? What's so hard to understand?

Perhaps it's because Rita still believes in being nice to people—even though she's a famous gal who looks like a dream walking—that she's been selected as this season's "what goes with her?" girl. She'd actually stand on her head if a photographer thought it would make a good picture, because Rita thinks nothing is too much trouble.

One afternoon she was so accommodating that twenty-five people with twenty-five different assignments poured into her house—all at the same time—and clamored for her undivided attention. She posed in slacks first, then changed to a house-dress to carve a prop turkey, then into a sequin business for a glamour shot, then into a bathing suit for somebody's magazine cover, then into shorts and shirt for a sports picture, then playing the piano to illustrate a feature story, they brushing her hair for a beauty layout—and so on. Rita didn't complain—not once—during the entire afternoon. But the reporters and photographers did. Plenty. The place was so mobbed, they wept, that nobody could get anything done!

She doesn't like to talk about her marriage to Eddie Judson, but that's because she's a sensitive kid at heart who takes divorce seriously and a broken marriage as something personal and private. But she's thrilled about being in love again, and one look at her these days convinces the most dubious that Rita Hayworth *truly* is in love.

She'll tell you that Vic is a grand fellow who likes people and wants people to like him, despite his recent publicity. And he's brought Rita into the sunlight of happiness again, so he's genuinely good for her. He's made her life amusing and gay, and even though he's been away for months, Rita says his letters make up, in part, for his absence. "He writes just like he talks," she says, "and I always end my notes to him by asking him to 'talk to me again soon through your letters.' "

There's nothing strange or mysterious about a girl like that, a girl who's that honest and sincere. She's probably too real for comprehension.

And that's why Rita Hayworth is a star, even though nobody can figure her out. It's heart she has. Heart—all the way down to her twinkling toes.

Photo by Don English

Photo by Hurrell

Rita in leopard skin pajamas, Rita 'luring in a satin nightie, Rita saying rah-rah for the camera at a fake football game (taken early in August to be published to co-incide with fall football seasons). All this is for fame, and the sum of it all works for Rita's welfare.

THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE ACADEMY AWARDS

by DORA ALBERT

FOR fourteen years, the Motion Picture Academy has voted for the screen actor and actress who have given the best performances of the year; to them it has awarded coveted gold statuettes, nicknamed Oscars. First awarded in 1929, it wasn't until eight years ago that the statuettes got their name.

It happened that Donald Gledhill the executive secretary of the Motion Picture Academy, was waiting in his office with his wife for the expected visit of a family uncle. That same day the jeweler was due to arrive with the gold statuettes. Just as the jeweler appeared, along came uncle.

Turning to his wife, Donald Gledhill said, "There's Oscar now." He meant his uncle, but a newspaperman who was waiting outside overheard him and thought Gledhill was talking about the statuettes.

Accordingly, the next day he printed, *"Motion picture people refer to the Academy statuettes as 'Oscar.'"* After that, the nickname stuck, and "Oscar" was born.

1929

Janet Gaynar was in "Seventh Heaven" with Charles Farrell when she wan the very first Oscar ever awarded. Remember her as the little waif? Now Janet, retired from the screen, is happily married to Adrian, the dress designer.

There were many ramantic figures an the screen that year. Emil Jannings was a famaus character actar, and not a great laver or a ramantic figure. But in "The Way of All Flesh" he gave a performance that made the Academy chaase him.

1930

She'd been the Biagraph Girl and America's Sweetheart—a hit in her first picture, "Her First Biscuits." Then suddenly Mary Pickford was afraid. Silent stars were being swept aut. But she made and talked in "Caquette" and won an Award.

Remember the Cisco Kid? It was really in "In Old Arizona" that the character was born. And it was far his playing in "In Old Arizana" that Warner Baxter, shawn here with Edmund Lawe, wan an Academy Award.

1931

Having chosen Mary Pickfard in the very unsophisticated "Coquette" the year befare, the Academy chase Norma Shearer in the very sophisticated and naughty "Divarcee." Her leading man was Chester Marris.

Gearge Arliss became a great favorite because he had the ability ta make histarical characters live. "Disraeli" won a double blessing. It braught in the clink af cains ta the bax-affice, and it brauaht Mr. Arliss the Academy Award.

1932

The mast popular Academy Award ever made was ta belaved Marie Dressler of "Min and Bill." "Bill" was Wallace Beery. Nate the cantrast in acting styles.

Lianel Barrymare had always kept quietly in the backgraund, while his brother John garnered the publicity. But it was Lianel wha wan the Academy Award for the Barrymare family far his acting in "A Free Saul" with Narma Shearer.

1933

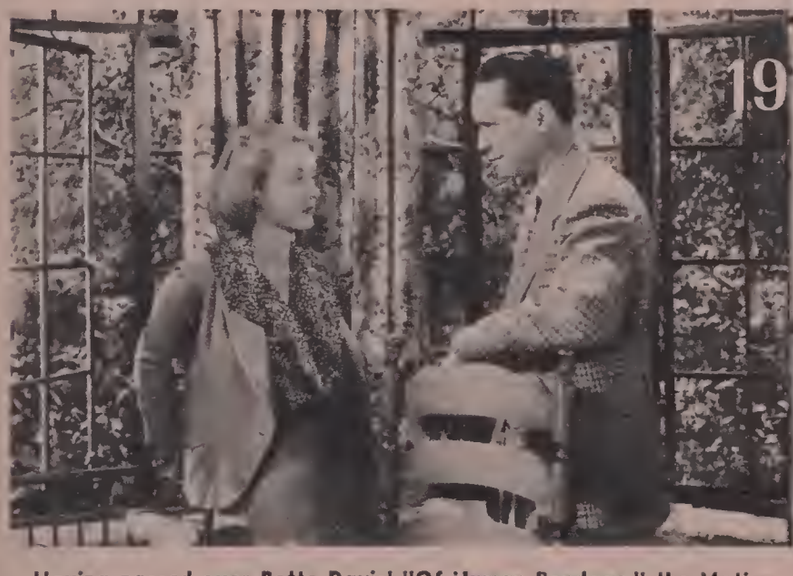
Helen Hayes came ta the screen, made what was believed a flap. The late Irving Thalberg saw it and said, "It's a wonderful piece af acting. All it needs is cutting." And sa "The Sin af Madelan Claudet" made history. Helen Hayes wan the Award.

The judges had a hard time this year. They thaught rredric March super-daaper in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," but they alsa liked Wallace Beery in "The Champ." Finally they decided in favar af March, but gave Wallace Beery a special award.

Katharine Hepburn has always been best when she plays herself. In "Morning Glory," as a young and lovely girl consumed with eagerness to get on the stage, she was magnificent. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., her co-star, is now a Naval Lieutenant.

The private life of Henry VIII wasn't so very private after Charles Laughton got through with it. People talked so much about his acting, the Academy gave him the crown. Here he's shown with Binnie Barnes.

It was in "It Happened One Night" that two stars won Academy Awards for their acting in the same picture. It has never happened since. The stars were Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. Neither of them wanted to play in "It Happened One Night." Both were supposed to be "through." The Awards raised them to heights they have not yet relinquished.



Having passed over Bette Davis' "Of Human Bondage," the Motion Picture Academy in 1936 decided it was high time they gave Bette the Oscar for something. So they gave her her first statuette for "Dangerous" with Franchot Tone.

Victor McLaglen gave the best performance of his life as the man who became "The Informer" because of his cowardice and his greed. His leading lady? Margot Grahame. But where is she now?

Remember how wonderful Luise Roiner wos in "The Greot Ziegfeld"? Her love scenes with William Powell tore the heort out of you. The picture wos o brilliant triumph for Powell; and on even more brilliont one for Luise.

"The Story of Louis Posteur" might hove been a dull, highbrow dromo, dealing os it did with the life of a greot scientist. But Poul Muni mode Louis Posteur o great humon being, ond won the Acodemy Award thereby.

Viennese Luise Roiner won her second Academy Aword for her brilliant work in "The Good Eorth" with Paul Muni, then wos lost to the screen. She's coming bock now, however, in "Hostoges."

Spencer Tracy fought bitterly ogoinst ploying "Coptoins Courogeous," but in it he won his first Academy Aword. Freddie Bortholomew, now in the Army, wos the child co-stor.

For her acting in "Jezebel" with George Brent, Bette Dovis won her second Acodemy Aword. Love between Bette ond George flored, then died loter. Brent is onother stor in service.

Spencer Trocy won his second Oscor in "Boys Town," portroying o reol priest, Fother Flonagon. Mickey Rooney, doing equally fine work, was ruled out of the voting becouse of his youth.

Having won the Oscar for her Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind," Vivien Leigh had Hollywood at her feet. She could undoubtedly have become No. 1 Box Office Star. Instead, she went to war-torn England with husband Laurence Olivier.

The Oscar for the best male performance went to Robert Donat, the fine English actor, for his playing of "Mr. Chips." No one dreamed that year of giving an Oscar to the quite unknown Greer Garson as "Mrs. Chips."

Ginger Rogers played a sweet young thing in "Kitty Foyle," which depicted the life of the white collar girl. Ginger wept when she was awarded the Oscar. She knew, then, that she had escaped being merely a great dancer, and had become a great actress.

"Philadelphia Story" spelled "comeback" for Katharine Hepburn and "Oscar" for Jimmy Stewart. Hollywood had known right along that Jimmy was excellent in light comedies. But "Philadelphia Story" proved it.

In 1942 Joan Fontaine and sister Olivia de Havilland were both nominated for Academy Awards. Joan won. The film was "Suspicion," but as in the Bette Davis case, film insiders felt the Award had really been given for her previous year's picture "Rebecca."

It was high time Gary Cooper won an Academy Award. Despite "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and many other distinctive portrayals, Gary didn't win an Oscar until "Sergeant York," with young Joan Leslie.

1943

★ ★ ★

The great two—Greer Garson, relatively a film newcomer, and James Cagney, relatively an old timer. Both of them Irish . . . each of them a wonderful performer . . . the two of them the greatest credit to the picture industry.

★ ★ ★

● Joel's grandmother crossed the plains to California, brought the little chair (here photographed) along with her in a covered wagon. Joel's proud to have it in his home now.

● Nights before the living room fire, Frances and Joel discuss their two careers, which they both run perfectly. Frances' newest picture is "I Walked With a Zombie." Joel's is "The More the Merrier."

DEE STANDS FOR

by FREDDA DUDLEY

● The McCrea ranch is no "scotch and soda" farm. It's a real, self-supporting ranch, devoted to steer and alfalfa raising.

. . . for Dizzy, too, in the happy, charming marriage of the Joel McCreas

MR. and Mrs. Joel McCrea own and operate that rarest of all Hollywood vehicles, a successful marriage. Sometimes it has run along merrily, sometimes muddily—even as marriages do the world over. This bus has been powered by love (unrationed) and oiled by plenty of humor. It has picked up a pair of small hitch-hikers on the highway of life—Joel Dee, aged seven, and David, a year younger.

In common with any vehicle operated twenty-four hours a day, marriage is likely to develop some knocks in the motor, and the McCrea marriage is no exception. Frances Dee, reminiscing about her nine years of matrimony, on the set at RKO, said laughingly, "I wouldn't presume to give anyone advice on running a marriage. All I can do is to tell about some of the adjustments Joel and I have made."

The career thing, which has gummed up the works for many a talkie-town twosome, has never bothered the McCreas. Joel doesn't care whether Frances goes on with her acting or not—it's entirely up to her. And Frances loves pictures. Right now she is finishing one, titled "I Walked With a Zombie," and it's a neat number. Story laid in the Caribbean, and dealing with creeps of all kinds. You wouldn't think it possible to superimpose a delicious love story between Frances and Tom Conroy, over this chiller-diller, but so it goes.

As you may remember, they met on the set of "The Silver Cord" at Paramount, ten years ago. Between takes, Frances asked this McCrea chap where he had been born. "In South Pasadena," he confessed.

Frances laughed. "You mean Garvanza, don't you?" she asked. Only a short time before had the suburb dropped the jawbreaker name for the more toothsome title of South Pasadena.

"That's right. How did you know?" inquired Mr. McCrea.

"Because that's where I was born, too," Frances explained. Less than forty words later they discovered that they had lived, as children, about five blocks apart. Matter of

● Frances Dee and Joel McCrea, both handsome, glamorous stars, have been happily married for nine years. How have they resisted the handicaps that overthrow most Hollywood marriages? You'll know why when you read this gay yarn.

[Photo by Hal A. McAlpin]

fact, further conversation revealed that she was the skinny kid to whom Joel had condescended to give an occasional bike ride on the handlebars of his bicycle.

Having been born in the same small section of earth was practically the only similarity between Joel's childhood and that of the girl who was to become his wife. Frances' father was an army officer; so she traveled farther than a Mexican jumping bean in a test pilot's pocket.

Joel just stayed at home. He lived in exactly the same spot for twenty years; during that time Frances lived twenty different places. Joel's childhood had developed in him a relaxed attitude entirely lacking in curiosity about what lay on the other side of the hill.. Frances had wanderlust to the point where an occasional trip was an absolute necessity.

This difference of opinion brought up some pretty problems. Just after they were married, Frances began to hear the beckoning cries of distance. "Let's go somewhere," she suggested to her husband.

Well, he had other things to do. The ranch was new and needed constant attention. (It consists of two thousand acres on which he runs two hundred head of cattle.)

Frances cajoled. She teased. Finally she said hotly, "All right! If you won't take me on a trip, I'll just go by myself." She packed with abandon. She rushed from closet to suitcase to dresser drawer. By the time she was ready to go, she was more than half out of the notion, but you know how it is with a woman's pride.

So Frances, with her head at a forty-five degree angle, went down to the station and looked over the available destinations on a map. When she had started to pack, there had been just one goal in mind: New York. On second thought, however, New York seemed such a long way from California . . . and Joel.

So Mrs. McCrea compromised. She bought her ticket and boarded her train. Two days later, Joel received a postal card from Zion National Park in Utah. *"Having wonderful time. Park extremely interesting. Home Saturday,"* it read in a small, contrite hand.

Joel has never fully recovered from sheer delight at this antic.

The next time she ran away . . . But count the miles yourself:

Frances wanted to go to Palm Springs to spend the week-end, but Joel couldn't get away—again because of ranch work. Frances pleaded and argued; she promised not to be bitten by travelitis again for a long time. Mr. McCrea stood pat, just one hundred and ninety pounds of immovable object.

So Frances packed again and set out in her car, pausing to have dinner at a deserted drive-in. She drove around town a while, thought it over, and decided that the lure of the desert was merely something out of a Crosby-Hope-Lamour picture, and no relaxation to her at all. She swung around and headed north. When she reached the ranch, around ten p.m., the house was dark and forlorn.

● **This will give you an idea of the wild simplicity of the McCrea ranch.**

Feeling exceedingly small and meek—not to say puzzled by Joel's absence—she went to bed to get warm. It was between two and three in the morning when she heard the familiar McCrea stride, crossing the outer room.

The next few moments are secret and sacred, as such moments are to all marriages, but finally husband and wife got around to explanations. Joel, reconsidering his trip to the ranch, had decided he'd go adventuring with Frances. But when he had returned to their apartment, the bride was gone. He telephoned the Desert Inn and learned that Frances had no reservations. He called his family and Frances'—no news. He canvassed their friends; no one had seen nor talked to Frances. Then, getting panicky, he called the Desert Inn again only to be told that Mrs. McCrea was positively not there.

He had one more idea. Could it be? Could she have gone to the ranch?

And that little episode stopped the recurring runaways of Frances Dee McCrea. Nowadays, Joel goes with her when the horizon beckons. (But he keeps a psychic eye turned backward during the outbound trip, and he is as giddy as a reinless horse when his head is turned toward home.)

In practically every love affair, each of the partners has to throttle

[Photo by Alex Kahle]

● Doesn't she look too fragile to be the mother of two husky sons?

himself at one time or another to keep from demanding, "Hey, what makes you do that?"

Frances says honestly that Joel had, for years, a legitimate complaint to make about her being a pixie, living in a forest. Fuller explanation: a pixie is a character who wears cobwebs for stockings. When a pixie is through with one day's stockings, she simply sheds them and leaves them where they fall. The wind will be along by and by to pick them up and whirl them away. A pixie never hangs up a dress, because dresses are made of leaves, and one is as good as another. There's always a new one.

During the years when her family traveled a good deal, Frances lived in a suitcase, so possessions were never scattered far. During the times when she had a room of her own, she spent six days each week getting it into disorder as picturesque as the streets of New Orleans during Mardi Gras. The seventh day she spent in straightening, folding, stacking, and wooing general neatness.

But consider the effortless Mr. McCrea. For him, everything always seems to fall into place. He might have been born in army barracks and trained all the days of his life by a particularly tidy top sergeant. He maintained a definite spot in a definite drawer for every little cuff link. In the dark, during an earthquake, he could have put his hand, instantly, upon his income tax receipts for five years ago.

So Mr. McCrea gently but firmly started a campaign to turn the pixie into a paragon of order. Nowadays, Frances is astonishingly good at remembering what happened to that three-year-old script, or where her husband left that tack hammer.

But when the McCreas dress to go out to dinner, Joel gets ready first, then leaves Frances to tackle the problems of womankind without an audience. She manages as best she can without throwing too many things; then, all aglow and ready to be social, she picks up the debris and sets everything to rights.

Another source of continual surprise in the McCrea household is Frances' habit of extemporaneous hospitality. She is forever bringing home unexpected guests, but the best story to date deals with a night during which she worked excessively late on a picture. As a consequence, she was sent home in a chauffeur-driven limousine.

Along a particularly remote stretch of road, she espied two naval C.P.O.'s, waiting forlornly for a lift, so she ordered the chauffeur to gather them up. At two a.m. the two sailors looked upon Miss Dee as a golden page out of a book of miracles. They were very glib. They admitted that they were bound for a station miles beyond the McCrea ranch.

So, Mrs. McCrea said—

But wait. Let Joel tell it. It seems that he was awakened from a troubled sleep by his wife's dulcet voice casting bright conversation like pebbles into the lake of night. She was obviously coming upstairs, followed by heavy footsteps and baritone voices.

Joel sat up in bed just as the light was switched on. "Darling, we have guests," said his blithe little wife. Joel swears that the officers saluted him gravely, and that he—in the dignity of his pajamas—returned their salute with a straight face.

"I have invited them to stay the night," Frances explained. "Then someone can run them up to their station tomorrow. It's only sixty odd miles. We're going to raid the ice box. Want to join us?"

That Mr. McCrea is a man of great restraint and charm is proven by the fact that he nimbly inserted himself into robe and slippers and made a fourth around the kitchen table.

And clothes! Mr. Joel McCrea has never uttered one word of protest about the extent of his wife's wardrobe, or the price thereof.

Wanna know why? He, personally, buys most of her clothes, including hats and shoes. Frances hates to shop. Things that look delish to her in a store have a way of going sour when she gets them home.

To date, Frances considers his purchases one hundred per cent perfect.

All of which proves that what makes a marriage successful in Smalltown makes it magnificently successful in Hollywood, too.

THE END

Maureen O'Hara, whose husband, director Will Price, is now a Marine, has arranged her picture schedule so that she leaves the set Friday nights and doesn't return to the studio until Monday morning. She boards a train or plane late Friday night for San Diego, where he is stationed, and takes up housekeeping in a small apartment they have rented and spends her weekends with her husband. Maureen says no career is big enough to keep her from being with Will while she can, and the Irish girl has told the studios if they don't agree to her absences, she will take suspension.

★ ★ ★

Carmen Miranda remains the most exclusive oomph gal in town, and a date with her is still a mark of nobility and accomplishment that very few of the Hollywood star-chasers can boast. A short time ago, a movietown swain (whose name was until recently linked with another star on another lot) thought he was getting somewhere when he talked Miranda into a date.

That night he showed up at her Beverly Hills home to take her to Ciro's, and was flabbergasted to see Carmen appear with her three brothers, all of whom went along for the evening.

The story got around the next day, and the disappointed swain was questioned by a certain well known leading man who was working with Carmen in a picture at Twentieth Century-Fox at the time. Upshot of the conversation was that the two men made a bet that the leading man couldn't manage a date with Carmen minus the brothers.

The leading man asked Carmen for a date—with the specification that no brothers accompany. With a twinkle in her eye, La Miranda agreed.

So that night the leading man showed up at Carmen's, and out she came minus the brothers, but plus her whole orchestra. The entire twenty-two musicians went along for the evening, with the leading man footing the bill!

Child star grows up. Bonita Granville, just a few years ago the juvenile hellion in "These Three," is rapidly becoming one of the top glamour girls in Hollywood.

Her list of beaux reads: Tim Holt, who, now that he is separated from his wife, is being chased by all the girls in town, but prefers the golden haired Bonita. Buddy Pepper, former actor now in the Army, who used to be escort of Jane Withers. Tony Martin, who makes a beeline for Bonita's Toluca Lake home when he is on leave. Skitch Henderson, musician roaming around in the background trying to get a date, and once in a while, John Carroll.

Last year's Jackie Cooper is no longer on the horizon. But Bonita is doing right well for herself.

★ ★ ★

When "news" was printed in the papers denying Errol Flynn's suicide it was received in much the same manner of the old trick in the newspaper trade of the minister denying he beat his wife. There just wasn't any foundation on which to deny the rumor. In fact there wasn't any rumor.

But the story behind what happened to cause the story to be printed was interesting in itself. It all started with a slightly risque story which began "Flynn's body was found . . ." Through telling and re-telling the story finally reached New York, and there heads of the AP and UP took it seriously.

A week after the story made the rounds of Hollywood dinner tables, Warner executives began getting frantic phone calls from the news services around two and three o'clock each morning—each call was the same, "Check Flynn suicide rumor."

Warners' wired Flynn, and he replied from Acapulco, Mexico, that he was perfectly all right. News services wouldn't believe the wire. Finally, in desperation, Warner Brothers issued a formal denial that Flynn had committed suicide which all the papers printed and all because some wag thought up a gag.

★ ★ ★

Sir Cedric Hardwick and John Bonner were enacting a scene together. Bonner is shot and sinks slowly to his knees—he omits horrid, blood curdling screams and groans.

Everything was silent except for the dying man's agonized breathing. Finally, Sir Cedric, who in the scene is towering over the man in his death throes, leaned down and said very softly, "I say, old boy . are you trying to build up your role, eh what?"

Mory Pickford ond her Novol Lt. Buddy Rogers mode one of their rore night club oppeoronces when they showed up ot Ciro's. This is Mory's first oppeoronce since her illness. (P.S. We hove onother picture of Mary for you on poge 51.)

We don't know what wos soid or spilled—your guess is as good os ours—but whotever it wos, it oll took place between Ginger Rogers and Mischo Auer one night ot Ciro's. And that back you see next to Ginger belongs to husbond Jock Briggs.

This could only happen here.

Busby Berkeley, famed dance directer, is married to pretty Claire James who plays minor roles around town. Unfortunately, Berkeley's mother has never approved of Miss James, and when the marriage was consummated she extracted a promise from the two. Berkeley was to live with her, and Miss James was to have her own apartment—the married couple were to meet once a week for a date.

Claire never fails to call husband Busby each noon, and according to her mother-in-law's edict, sees her husband, away from his home, once a week.

★ ★ ★

Torch carrying leads to funny things in our town. John Howard, who has been carrying a lighted one for Hedy Lamarr, keeps her picture—a giant six-foot oil—in his front room. Hedy, who is still carrying a torch for George Montgomery, has Twentieth run off his films every once in a while for memories' sake. George, who broke his engagement to Hedy, is still carrying a torch for Lady Publicity . . . and no one wins, nohow.

★ ★ ★

The neatest trick of the month was pulled by United Artists on their picture "In Which We Serve," Noel Coward's wonderful English production. Use of swear words were objected to in this country by the Hays office, thereby causing a scathing denunciation of our censorship by a member of British Parliament.

United Artists, however, was forced to cut out the swear words—so here is what they did. Since there was no retaking the scenes, the actors say the words but one word is cut out on the sound track. You can still see the swear word . . . but you can't hear it, and that, says the Hays office, is what is important.

★ ★ ★

Jill Warren, Twentieth Century starlet, tells this one on herself. Jill has been in two pictures, "Over My Dead Body" and "Quiet, Please, Murder." In real life she is a producer's secretary who simply couldn't get a break, but after tucking two parts under her belt, her agent decided to see whether he could get her a contract at Paramount.

The talent head at Paramount took down the vital statistics and ended with, "What pictures have you been in?"

"Over My Dead Body," came Jill's reply.

"And," said the talent scout without a change of expression, "what type of roles?"

"I was a corpse in both 'Over My Dead Body' and 'Quiet, Please, Murder.'"

The talent scout nodded his head and turned to the agent.

"At present," he said solemnly, "we're looking for new feminine forms, but we prefer that they are not corpses, or if they must be, let them be more on the order of Veronica Lake or Claudette Colbert."

★ ★ ★

Jane Russell, whom we think should be nominated for the "greatest non-acting performance of two years," receives tons of fan mail each week, and nearly every one of the letters contains a line, "I have just seen you in your picture 'The Outlaw' and I think you gave the best performance I've ever seen. You are my favorite actress" and words to that effect.

Jane, of course, has never been seen on the screen, and unless Howard Hughes buys a chain of theaters as he did when his "Hell's Angels" couldn't get a release, probably Jane never will be seen in "The Outlaw."

★ ★ ★

Oddity of the month is the story of Elena Verdugo. Elena is a pretty seventeen-year-old who was found by Twentieth Century talent scouts when she appeared in a bit in a Pasadena Community play.

Fox put her under contract when she was fifteen, sent her to dramatic school, and then at seventeen she got her big chance when she was loaned for the part of "Ata" in "Moon and Sixpence." She thought her fame and fortune were made.

However, two weeks before "Moon and Sixpence" was scheduled to be shown, her Twentieth Century bosses gave her her walking papers. However, Paramount, which had already seen the picture, signed her to play a native girl in Cecil B. DeMille's "The Story of Dr. Wassell."

★ ★ ★

Marriage has really agreed with Teresa Wright. The girl who was brought from the New York stage a year and a half ago to play in "The Little Foxes" was unsure of herself, shy and not at all well.

Then came her marriage to writer Niven Busch. Teresa is now a vivacious, charming, and assured young woman. Glimpsed the other day at an art exhibit with her husband, she was the center of a laughing group. A year ago, Miss Wright would have been a plain, tired, and frightened girl hiding in the darkest corner.

Randolph Scott and socialite Pat Stillman are here pictured chatting with a friend at Ciro's. Since Randy is one of those fellows you seldom see with the same girl twice, don't be surprised if he's escorting someone else the next time.

When they started working opposite one another in Republic's "Hit Parade of 1943," Susan Hayward and John Carroll couldn't stand being near one another. Now that the picture's finished . . . maybe some day Susie will be the next Mrs. Carroll.

The New Year seems to have ushered in as neat a crop of feuds as has been seen since the lamented Swanson-Negri days.

When Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins worked together in "The Old Maid," words ran high, and glances were as cold as an Alaskan outpost, and Warners' felt that never would those twain meet again on a set. But they reckoned without Bette and her ideals of perfect casting. When it came time to cast the important second woman role in the current "Old Acquaintance," Bette insisted no one could play the part as well as Miriam. Warner's, shivering slightly with apprehension, tried to console themselves with the theory that since work has been very sparse with Hopkins lately, she might have calmed herself down to being a perfect dove.

'Tweren't so. Little more than one toe in on a sound stage with Davis, and the Hopkins war began. When they finally wind this film up, the studio believes even Bette, the Bountiful, will say the heck with perfect casting from now on. All she'll ask, they hope, will be a little peace.

At the same studio, young Nancy Coleman has been muttering that Ida Lupino was no gem in mutual closeups, but Ida retaliates by saying something about Nancy's nerves and their sensitivity, but that is absolute sweetness and light compared to the friction that has arisen, even before film shooting, between Orson Welles and Joan Fontaine.

There is a feud that should prove itself a dilly and then some. Welles wants top billing. Fontaine wants top billing. The film itself is "Jane Eyre." The luckless company producing it is Twentieth Century-Fox. Fontaine and Welles both have colossal roles to play. If these co-stars are squabbling even before they get in front of a camera together, heaven help the director when they get into full stride.

Warned by all this, however, Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard, and Veronica Lake, all three girls who know how to and do fight for their rights, are three perfect angels as they cluster together in "So Proudly We Hail." All Paramount expects the explosion to happen hourly, but so far these very smart cookies have been so elegant to one another that the general atmosphere on the set is like tea time at George VI's tidy place called Buckingham Palace.

★ ★ ★

Speaking of Welles, while Orson was frantically calling Rita Hayworth, who just wouldn't date, Helene Fortesque Reynolds began a hot and heavy pursuit. Helene, besides being "the other woman" in nearly all Twentieth dramas, also has the claim to fame of being the first belle in Hollywood to turn down Orson Welles.

In 1940 when Orson first arrived, RKO (to whom he was then under contract) arranged for him to go to a Hollywood premiere. The studio called Helene and asked her to accompany Orson to the premiere as a publicity stunt. Helene refused. Orson was then given Dorothy Comingore.

Dorothy charmed Orson and got the coveted role of "Citizen Kane's" wife. Helene got bitter fruit. Now that Orson is on the Twentieth lot, Helene is desperately trying to meet the genius, and the genius refuses.

★ ★ ★

Here's the inside on why you won't be seeing Greta Garbo in that top role she wanted in MGM's "Russia." Time was when the Great Swede could pick her own roles, take it or leave it, and it was known that she had her heart set on "Russia."

Then Gregory Ratoff, the director of the picture, had a talk with her. In the course of the interview, La Garbo

Here's a romance that you ought to keep track of. The flyer is Captain W. R. Howard. The girl, of course, is Dorothy Lamour. Their dates are as frequent as army regulations will allow—which means every time the captain has leave.

Hedy Lamarr will have a personal press-agent at Camp Crowder, Missouri, when Lieutenant Spivack returns to his post.

forwarded some of her ideas about how the role and the picture should be done. The result: a polite razzberry from Ratoff. So you won't be seeing The Great Garbo in "Russia," that's for sure.

Garbo, incidentally, has traded in Gaylord Hauser for a Hakim. A Hakim is the top of all Hollywood wolves. Greta's is Raphael, the wolfier of the two wealthy Egyptian brothers, who were important European picture producers. Topper to the story is that Raphael takes out GG one night and a very attractive dark-haired studio secretary the next. This is one of the funniest triangles in Hollywood at the moment.

★ ★ ★

The extent to which stars are plagued by characters who trade on the star's publicity led Cary Grant to hit the ceiling not long ago. A Beverly Hills Beauty Parlor let it be known via the grapevine that Grant was backing it.

"The only thing I ever backed in my life was one of Bing Crosby's nags—and you know how far that got me," said Cary. Grant, furious at being tagged with anything so unmasculine as a Beauty Parlor, has enjoined the place from using his name in any connection.

★ ★ ★

Comedy at a soda fountain: Virginia O'Brien munching a sandwich and drinking a glass of milk, Michele Morgan drinking a chocolate soda. In walks Bill Lundagan for a cup of coffee. In walks a news photographer and seeing all the talent, asks them to sit together to have their pictures taken.

Lundagan is agreeably sandwiched in between the two glamour girls when they start in on him. It seems Bill has lost his heart to Martha O'Driscoll. Michele used to be one of his girls until she married Bill Marshall, and Virginia O'Brien, the bride of Kirk Alyn, used to see Bill once in a while, too.

Both girls say they are going to tell Martha about him picking them up and buying them sodas.

Poor Bill becomes very flustered until he hits upon the idea that he will call their husbands and say that they had picked him up. Thus the tables are turned, and there are two very upset brides! It all ends in laughter, and Bill tells the girls that there will be no wedding bells for him and Martha until after the war is over. Bill will be in service by the time you are reading this.

★ ★ ★

You can discount those stories and interviews about Jeanette MacDonald wanting to abandon her screen career and return to the Metropolitan and her first love, the opera. As a matter of fact, her agent is moving heaven and earth in an attempt to get her a much sought-after straight role in Lester Cowan's Columbia production, "Heart of a City."

Meanwhile, her co-star Nelson Eddy has been signed by Universal as star of "The Phantom of the Opera." Nelson won't be the "Phantom," but old boy opera himself. The girl, most likely, will be Susanna Foster.

★ ★ ★

Incidentally, here's ONE Hollywood fight that didn't get into the headlines. One of MGM's romantic male leads, well known for his extra curricular activities, asked La Hayworth for a date and was coolly and firmly rebuffed. He then passed some disparaging remarks about Rita. And . . . when Mature heard them, he went right over to the actor's house and gave out with a terrific walloping.

★ ★ ★

John Howard graduates from the Naval Training School at Cornell University in April. When John was chosen to attend this fine course at the college, he quietly packed his bags and left Hollywood with no fanfare. This was just what he had been waiting and planning for—had been attending night classes for over a year to prepare himself.

From a friend of ours stationed at the same Naval Base with Henry Fonda, we hear equally scholarly things about Hank. It seems that before he quietly slipped off and enlisted, Hank had been studying semaphoring, how to tie sailor's knots and all the rest of those preliminary things our boys in blue must know. The star was so good at them, in fact, that he was offered immediate advancement in rank. Hank refused the swift advance, wanted to earn it.

Our photographer caught them like this one night not so long ago at the Westside Tennis Club.

Orson Welles renewed an old acquaintanceship with attractive Betty Averye at the Westside Tennis Club on New Year's Eve. This looks serious now that Orson is no longer seeing his one time constant companion Dolores del Rio.

LOVE STORY OF A MUG

by BARBARA BERCH

THAT HOMELY, WONDERFUL GUY, BILL BENDIX, HAS GOT A CORNER ON THE BEST KIND OF LOVE THERE IS

Photo by Bud Fraker

When Movieland asked Bill to pose for this photograph of him with his wife, Bill kidded the Missus, saying, "She's the biggest ham in the family. Why, she's been at the hairdressers for three straight days now, getting ready for this thrill."

THIS is the story of the kind of love Hollywood seldom sees.

Hollywood knows about romance, about glamorous courtship and glittering elopements. It knows every angle, from hiring the church to calling the press photographers on big weddings. It certainly knows all the ins and outs, particularly outs on divorce. But the one thing it doesn't know about is lasting love in marriage.

This is a story of that kind of love.

It stars Bill Bendix, Paramount's barrel chest with the mashed-in nose who leaped out of "Wake Island" to push your heart around, and at the same time kept you chuckling. It features Therese Bendix, Bill's nice tall wife, who's been married to him for fourteen years and tells him to his face that he's the best husband a woman ever had besides being the best actor in the world.

The first two acts of this love story are rugged—full of sound and fury, signifying devotion and poverty. The ending is the sort of smash climax Major Frank Capra liked to do before he went into service—the kind of climax where the poor, mistreated, bullied hero suddenly starts chalking up the breaks, getting all the money, justifying himself with the girl, and living in grateful bliss ever afterward.

Bill Bendix is no Robert Taylor for handsomeness, and Therese doesn't simper around like any sweater girl, though she's pretty enough to be one. Nevertheless, they make the beautiful people in Hollywood stare hard to discover from them what this love business is really all about.

The Bendix story starts way back on 110th Street and 8th Avenue, in New York City, nearly thirty-five years ago. That part of the city hadn't yet turned into Harlem, and three-year-old Bill had fun throwing spit-balls at baby Therese, who lived next door. Bill says there's never been a time in his life, since teething-spoon days, when he hasn't been in love with Therese.

They grew up, next door neighbors. They went in the same classes at the same time in public schools, neither of them any smarter nor any more stupid than the other boys and girls on the block. Then Bill distinguished himself by breaking his nose during a high school basketball game and changing his face from a fairly handsome eyes-nose-mouth combination into the minor classic it is today. They couldn't tell then that this was eventually to make Bill a great comedian. Right then, that broken nose represented tragedy. To Therese's everlasting credit, she ignored the broken nose and kept right on being Bill's best girl.

Graduated from high school, Bill got going great in the grocery business. He started out as a stock boy and eventually worked himself up to store clerk, junior grade. Then the bosses made him cashier and gave him the keys to the store. Therese was plenty proud of him.

This was 1927. By 1929, Bill, like nine-tenths of the American population, walked smack into a depression. One day he was somebody, and the next day he was just a guy with no job and no prospects. Therese married him anyway. Bill was twenty-two, she was twenty, and nothing—not even the worst depression ever to hit the world—could keep them from marrying on the day they had set aside, years back.

Except for that stuff called money, life was perfect. Bill did manage to find a seedy job with a grocery chain in New Jersey, but his salary was enough to keep only the two of them—uncomfortably. And since young Lorraine, age .001 minutes, was threatening to put in her appearance, Bill took an extra job at night as a singing waiter, which paid off in tips.

"I'd bring a guy his steak, sing a chorus of 'My Buddy,' and he'd give me a quarter just to shut up. It was almost a dishonest living," Bill explains.

For six tough years they fought it out along that line, steadily losing ground. Toward the end of 1935, Bill and his bride faced the situation. They had no money left—Bill had no job at all, not as a grocer or as a singing waiter—and little Lorraine had worked up a bigger appetite than her folks. The Bendixes shuddered when they thought of it, but food and warm clothing were more important than pride. There was no way out but to apply for relief.

Therese sat quietly, watching Bill prepare for the grimmest ordeal of his life—waiting in line to register for relief compensation.

Suddenly she said, "I'm going, Bill. I won't have my husband standing in line to ask for relief. I'll be the one to ask. Then when you do get a job, there'll be nothing black for you to remember."

He gulped, but he couldn't argue with her. So Therese lined up, filling out the relief questionnaire under the direction of a fresh kid with whom she used to go to school.

But—the Bendixes bounced back. On relief? All right—Bill would be an actor, on relief. It was the only job he could find open, and he had done a few amateur shows around town. So he found himself a place with the New Jersey Federal Relief Project. The three Bendixes began to look up on their twenty-one bucks a week. Lorraine not only got all she wanted to eat, but mamma and papa began eating, too. Bill never believed he was an actor, even after he started to rate all the comedy leads. Therese, though, said he not only was an actor, but the best darn actor next to Alfred Lunt.

After two years of the Federal Theater, Louis Simon, head of the Jersey branch, took Bill over to meet Cheryl Crawford, of the highbrow New York Theater Guild, who was casting her first independent Broadway show. With the first shock of meeting Bendix, she shrieked, "What—an actor from a Federal Theater!" Then recovered sufficiently to look at him and give him a part.

The Bendixes nearly collapsed of joy. This, they were sure, was the pot of gold at the rainbow's end. So after that Bill was cast in six different plays—all flops! Finally, in 1939, the Theater Guild came through with a part in a piece called "Time of Your Life," which played Broadway for a year, went on tour, and played Los Angeles. Nobody in Hollywood thought to sign the tough gorilla who played Krupp, the

policeman, until the troupe went back to New York. Then the Hollywood starmakers remembered Bendix and started burning up the wires between here and there.

They called him one morning at eleven o'clock. Therese was over in Jersey visiting her mother, Lorraine was at school, and Bill had just given his other suit away to the cleaners. "Pack and get on the five o'clock plane," they told Bill. "We need you on the set tomorrow afternoon."

Bill choked up. "Look," he said. "I've got to get my wife, bring my kid home from school, pay off Equity for leaving a show I'm rehearsing, and get my other suit back. How can I do all that by five o'clock?"

"Five o'clock—or the deal's off."

Bendix began praying into the telephone. "I can't make it—give me a break—" He was a good actor. He finally persuaded them. They said, "All right, you can catch the midnight plane. But not a second more—hear?"

All the way to the coast Bill sat wondering how he had ever crashed pictures. There were plenty of good-looking actors wearing out 44th Street looking for jobs. Somebody in Hollywood must be casting pictures with their eyes closed. Bill was worried sick, and the only comforting knowledge he had to cling to was that Therese thought he was great. Who else did he want to please, anyway? But he was a relieved guy when he arrived in Hollywood and discovered they did actually want him—barrel chest, broken nose, and all.

Two weeks later, as soon as he found a house near a good grocery, so Therese wouldn't have to walk too far, Bill imported his womenfolk to Hollywood. Those first two weeks here were the longest weeks Bill Bendix ever lived through. They were so lonely that now Therese has to beg for even a few days off to visit her folks in Jersey. Bill knows now he just can't take a separation from her—more than a few days at a time.

So they live in their small house in Los Angeles, Therese rides all over town on her bicycle, Lorraine still eats more than any of them, then wrestles with her Dad on the back lawn after dinner. It's only a little house, the Bendix domicile, and Bill's salary, by Hollywood standards, is only a little one, too. But the Bendixes are rich in the most precious commodity in the world, love.

What about Bill today? He beams at everyone from behind that bulbous growth on his face, and comes out on top in pictures like "Wake Island" and "China" because he's a good, good guy and audiences are very smart—smart enough to recognize and to love a genuine heart of gold.

THE END

"The OTHER CROSBY"

The five Crosby brothers all acknowledge that Bing is THE Crosby. Everett, who manages the careers of all of them, calls himself "the Wrong Crosby." Bob, the baby of the family, shown above with his own family, calls himself "the Other Crosby." But Bob, now minus his Bobcats, is doing a bit of okay, too. He's under contract to MGM, will soon be seen in "Presenting Lily Mars," Judy Garland's next. With him here are Mrs. Crosby and Miss Katy Crosby. Cute?

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WHAT HAPPENED BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE ERROL FLYNN TRIAL

EDITED FROM HOLLYWOOD BY
RUTH WATERBURY

BETTY GRABLE

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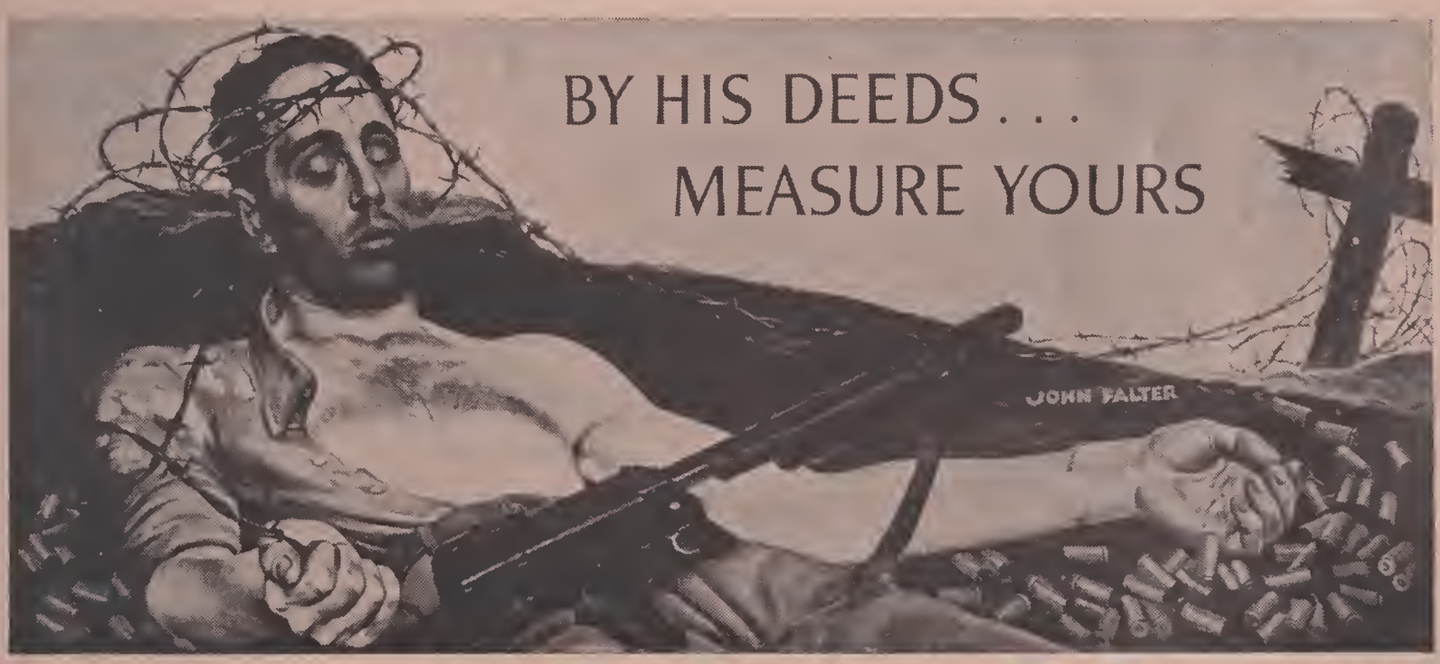

The civilian war organization needs your help. The Government has formed Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. If such a group is at work in your community, cooperate with it to the limit of your ability. If none exists, help to organize one. A free booklet telling you what to do and how to do it will be sent to you at no charge if you will write to this magazine. This is your war. Help win it. Choose what you will do — now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

CONTRIBUTED BY THE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS OF AMERICA

OUR WRITERS

FLORABEL MUIR, who wrote our story about Errol Flynn on page 14 this issue, is one of the most distinguished journalists in California—or in the United States, for that matter. Like most distinguished journalists, however, she is very modest about her accomplishments.

For instance, when we asked her to write us some build-up about herself, she replied succinctly:

"Have worked for the *New York Daily News* since 1927.

"Have covered many big trials for the *News*, such as the Ruth Snyder-Judd Gray murder case; the Mary Astor trial; the Wright murder trial.

"I covered an execution in Utah. In Utah they give a choice of shooting or hanging. This guy took shooting. I had to get a special dispensation from the Utah Attorney General, since the law says only males can witness an execution.

"Was born in Wyoming in a wild, wooly mining camp, Rock Springs, and got used to physical violence early in life. Started my newspaper career as a night police reporter on the *Salt Lake Tribune*."

What Miss Muir fails to state is that, since the *New York Daily News* has the largest circulation of any newspaper in the United States, it makes her top-ranking news reporter in the West. She also doesn't say that she has appeared in such publications as the *Saturday Evening Post* and other major magazines.

She has been married, very happily and for a long while, to Denny Morrison, who is a newspaper man himself and therefore understands the racket.

This is Miss Muir's debut in MOVIELAND, but you'll be seeing more of her here.

* * *

HENRY A. REESE is a very versatile man. In support of this statement, we offer a list of his activities, from his college days at University of Chicago, up to the present time. He has been a cannery laborer, a cartoonist, a contributor to *Saturday Evening Post*, a baritone, a bus boy, a reporter on daily newspapers, a soda jerker, the secretary of J. P. McEvoy, an actor, a rewrite man for an encyclopedia, and, to top it all, was in charge of children and guns in the road show company of the Broadway hit "Dead End." As he remembers it, the children were much more dangerous than the guns.

At present, he is working in a defense plant by moonlight and writing stories about Hollywood in the sunlight. He was born in Nebraska twenty-nine years ago, but has grown up in California.

Mr. Reese is married and the proud papa of an infant son named Mike . . . which qualifies him to write "Life With Fathers," the story on Abbott and Costello on page 20 of this issue.

MOVIELAND

EDITED FROM HOLLYWOOD BY RUTH WATERBURY

VOL. 1, NO. 4 MAY, 1943

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LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS IN THE SERVICE

★ ★ ★ ★

BEGINNING with its March issue, Movieland offered to pay five bucks, or even ten, to any service man who would write a letter we deemed worthy of publication concerning some movie personality stationed at his base or camp, or news concerning camp shows and the like.

Below are our two favorite letters so far. We want more, however, so if you are a guy in uniform, don't you want to join in the fun?

Here's all you have to do. In your outfit somewhere, whether you're Army, Navy or Marine, there's probably one guy from Hollywood, perhaps several. Write and tell us how you like that fellow, what has happened to him among you, and such things. Or if you haven't got a Hollywood personality handy, write how you feel about Hollywood camp shows, which personality of all who have come to visit you, you liked the best, and why. You can even tell which you liked the least, and also why.

Shoot your letters along, keep them down to 500 words or less. For the best one, each issue, we'll pay $10 by return mail. Besides that humdinger, we'll pay $5 for each other letter we publish from a service man. Please sign your name, rank and outfit. Sorry, no letters can be returned.

Address Ruth Waterbury, Editor, Movieland, 9126 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif.

$10 LETTER

DEAR MISS WATERBURY:

May I tell you about a fellow soldier whose acquaintance I made a couple of months ago? I had cut my hand during bayonet practice, and my drill sergeant sent me to the 36th Evacuation Hospital at Dodd Field. A genial, good-looking corporal examined my hand, decided it required three stitches and forthwith proceeded to perform the operation with considerable skill.

The first thing I noticed about him was his resemblance to Lew Ayres. His hair streaked with gray, a pleasant smile on his face, and wearing a crisp white uniform, he looked like Dr. Kildare in person. I mentioned this resemblance to him, and he chuckled modestly.

"I guess you've got my number, soldier," he said. "How's your hand feel?"

He had done his job well; there was scarcely a scar to show where the stitches were taken.

Since that memorable day, I have seen Lew Ayres quite often. He now proudly wears a staff sergeant's chevrons on his sleeve. He has earned that rating through intensive study, hard work and real ability. He has also won the respect, yes, and even the admiration of his fellow soldiers, some of whom rather resented the presence of a "movie star" in their ranks. He seldom mentions Hollywood and then only when we ask him questions about that fantastic town and certain of our screen favorites.

A good soldier and a real guy, Lew Ayres is a worthy symbol of all the patriotic young men of the film capitol who have cheerfully given up their careers to enter the service of democracy. Dr. Gillespie should be proud of him.

Sincerely,
Pvt. Leroy Keleher
Military Police Detachment
Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

$5 LETTER

DEAR MISS WATERBURY:

We do not have any men in my outfit from Hollywood. We are just Rebels and Yankees.

However, I was stationed in Los Angeles for four months last summer, and I feel sure I shall never be in a city where service men are treated nicer.

That is not my opinion alone. I have buddies who were at Santa Monica last summer and Hollywood was our favorite place to go. I have never been in a more friendly city, and certainly never was in one where I was treated so well.

We never had to hire a taxi or ride a bus because people were so grand about giving us rides.

I was at Joan Bennett's garden party one Sunday afternoon and the people were swell to us. I see a lot about the Hollywood Canteen in the magazines but I left California the Saturday it opened, so I didn't get a chance at that, but I enjoyed the radio programs and the nice shows at the U.S.O. clubs.

There always seemed to be something to do in Hollywood to pass away the time. For my part, I am sure if every city and its inhabitants were as nice to boys in all the branches of the service as they were in Hollywood, the morale would be ace high. A disgusted soldier with his heart only half in his job will amount to nothing even with the finest weapons in the world. Fortunately, Hollywood and the rest of these United States have seen fit to entertain soldiers.

Yours truly,
Pvt. R. L. Stokes
Oxnard Detachment
Carlsbad, N. M.

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JACK WILLIAMS (The Harlem Sandman)
DOROTHY DANDRIDGE
POPS AND LOUIE
THE MUSIC MAIDS
THE THREE CHEERS
CHINITA
THE GOLDEN GATE QUARTETTE
Freddy MARTIN and His Orchestra
COUNT BASIE and His Orchestra
RAY McKINLEY and His Orchestra
FREDDY MARTIN & ORCH.
COUNT BASIE & ORCH.
RAY McKINLEY & ORCH.
It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

by Ruth Waterbury

I promised not to reveal this writer's name but I think the story he told is too good to miss.

The man is from New York and was brought here by Sam Goldwyn, about whom he had heard so much. He was anxious to meet Goldwyn to get, first hand, one of those famous "Goldwynisms" that have come down through the years. But nothing happened.

Our writer worked on the screen story for which he was hired for six months, had daily conferences with Goldwyn, and listened attentively for something he could relate to his friends as the newest of the veteran's "sayings." Still nothing happened.

Then came the last day, and he went in to say good-bye to his employer. The two men gravely shook hands and Goldwyn said:

"It's been a pleasure—it's so nice to have had you as a clog in our machine."

THE PAST IS FAR AWAY AND GONE?

When I was told the story about Iris Adrian, who plays Barbara Stanwyck's sister "Gee-Gee" in "Lady of Burlesque," refusing to be associated with Nils Thor

Bob Sterling talks to Judy Garland while sailor Bud McTaggart looks on. Judy and Bud have been seen about a lot since the Rose-Garland separation. Doesn't she look tragically ill?

Granland, night-club master of ceremonies, "because I don't want to be known as a girl from the chorus," I was reminded that people do go high-hat from "success." It so happens that Iris was a girl from NTG's chorus, and he started her on her road to fame.

★

SOMETIMES THE PAST GETS CAUGHT UP

In contrast, consider the case of a star who has really succeeded in this business, yet never forgets a friend. The man's name is James Cagney, and this is the newest story about him.

Jimmy's next picture is going to be the Louis Bromfield novel, "McLeod's Folly," which is being produced by his brother, Bill Cagney. The two brothers have been attempting to get their various friends into the cast. Among others, Mrs. Florence James is being tested for the role of a fragile, beautiful woman, who motivates the plot, and thereby hangs a tale.

★

Mrs. James was director of social activities for the famous Settlement House for lower East Side kids many years ago. Among the children was a young boy named James Cagney, a little red-haired kid with a lot of talent, she thought. She told Cagney he should be on the stage, and being a trained dramatic coach herself, spent hours teaching the boy everything she knew. It was through her influence that Jimmy got his first stage job. Mrs. James now runs a very successful repertory theater in Seattle, and Jimmy is bringing her down to Hollywood to test her for her first screen play.

★

Nice story, isn't it?

SHE'S A PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL

Betty Danko, a stunt girl who had just finished a screen fight in which she had chairs broken over her head, dove through a mirror twice, was tossed across the room knocking out two men, for a scene in "Meet John Bonniwell," ended it all by saying it was nothing.

★

Betty, who is a veteran of twelve years at this work, told us that the only time she was ever injured was when she was sitting, minding her own business. The seat was on a wire which gave the illusion of Betty riding a broomstick. The seat broke, Betty fell on the cement and broke her leg.

★

Left to right—Claire Trevor, Keenan Wynn (Ed Wynn's son), Betty Hutton, and Producer Fred Kohlmar, dancing at the Mocambo. We're running this, hoping Betty's infectious grin cheers you up on sight of it, the way it always does us.

★

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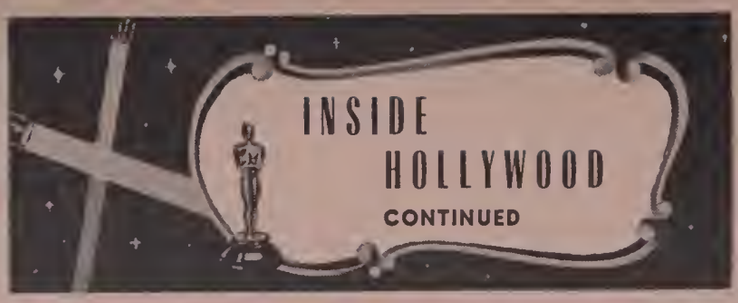


★ **That gentleman who loathes interviews, George Sanders, actually smiles for our cameraman, Dallinger, as he toasts with champagne (yet!) Michael Arlen. And Arlen, you know, is the author of the Falcon stories.**

THE RECENT CENSOR BAN ON BUMPS

★ Censorship headaches are numerous, but the recent ban on bumps as done by Barbara Stanwyck in "Lady of Burlesque" led to real complications. The "bump" burlesque sequence was taken out of the picture, but meanwhile several national magazines had come to the set and taken pictures of that day's shooting. National mags are refusing to give up the pictures, and the studio is refusing to allow their publication, on the grounds that no such thing is in the picture.

★ A compromise will probably be reached when they are published.

HOWARD HUGHES DIRECTS "THE OUTLAW"

★ The Now It Can Be Told Department—concerning Howard Hughes' picture, "The Outlaw."

Hughes is a very exacting man, and when he took over direction on his picture, he had never met Jane Russell or Jack Buetel who play the hero and heroine. The two kids were up against tough competition in veteran actors Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell, and whether or not that was the motivating force, we don't know, but this is what happened that first day.

★ Huston and Mitchell had the opening shots in a scene they play together for the film. They started at nine o'clock, and after fifteen takes, broke for lunch, returned, and did the scene until twenty-six takes were made. At this point Mitchell blew up and walked off the set. Hughes was unperturbed. Mitchell made the mistake of coming back after dinner at which time Hughes

promptly teamed him with Jack Buetel for a scene, shot it, and said it was perfect. Mitchell was properly chagrined, and the picture continued without temperament being displayed by any actor.

IF YOU WANT TO MEET ORSON WELLES

Last month we told you the story about Helene Reynolds, Twentieth Century player who has been trying desperately to meet Orson Welles ever since she turned down a date with him to go to a premiere, and his consequent partner, Dorothy Comingore, got the lead opposite Orson in "Citizen Kane."

Well, at last the scheduled meeting was to take place. Helene was called by the studio to test opposite Orson for a role in "Jane Eyre." Helene was thrilled no end and arrived bright and early for her make-up and was on the stage an hour early. She rehearsed her lines, everything was perfect, except the hours passed and no Orson. After waiting until three o'clock in the afternoon, a telegram arrived at the studio. It read: *"Government business calls me to Washington, D. C. Will be back as soon as I can."*

Helene still hasn't met Orson.

AND FOR WHOM DOES THE BELL TOLL?

It was denied in certain circles, but get this straight: Paramount DID get a protest, and a very official one, against the release of the technicolor version of the Ernest Hemingway classic, "For Whom the Bell Tolls," the story of the struggle in Spain. The protest actually was made by General Franco, who made his representations to our State Department which, in turn, relayed the protest to the studio.

It seems that the general was all concerned because the picture was too sympathetic to the Spanish Loyalists.

Frank Freeman, Paramount head, answered the protest all right. He sent word back to Franco, through the State Department, that Hollywood is making pictures for the edification and entertainment of the millions, and not for the personal pleasure of one General Franco.

Alan Curtis, recently separated from blonde Ilona Massey, is appearing many an evening with Universal's tall, blonde Louise Allbritton. If he looks vaguely bored here, that's the way he always is, no matter who. And the girls seem to love it.

(Continued on page 60)

APRIL and MAY

by Varga

☆ ☆ ☆

YOU'VE seen the luscious Varga versions of the months in calendar style? Now the famous artist is in Hollywood, supervising scenes in which his calendar girls come to life in "Du Barry Was a Lady." Kay Aldridge, above, portrays April, and Kay Williams represents May, with rake and flower pot.

☆ ☆ ☆

PREMIERE PARTY

Hollywood, like the rest of America, is living quietly these nights, but they will turn out for charity, particularly when it is in association with a movie like Noel Coward's "In Which We Serve." Mrs. Basil Rathbone made the opening of this film a benefit for the Naval Aid Society.

photography by Nat Dallinger

Jeanette Macdonald, perfect example of a star doing right by the armed services.

Reggie Gardiner and pretty, new Mrs. Gardiner greet Mrs. Rathbone.

Here's that pleasant lady, Mrs. Rathbone, seated between her husband and Patricia Morison.

One soldier gives out with a pen for Charles Boyer to autograph still another soldier's book.

Even a movie queen has to wait for her husband. Here Queen Davis waits for husband Arthur Farnsworth still outside grappling with the parking problem

Before the fun started, film and society girls drew service lads' names from a hat to select escorts for the evening. Here are Heather Thatcher and June Lang officiating.

He 's Lt. (j.g.) Spangler Arlington Brugh Today—And Happy for the Finest of Reasons

THE STORY BEHIND ROBERT TAYLOR'S ENLISTMENT

"THIS is the first day that I have been happy since December 7th, 1941."

The speaker was Robert Taylor. The date was four o'clock on the afternoon of February 10, 1943. At eight that morning Bob had been awakened by a telephone call that informed him he had been given his commission as Lieutenant Junior Grade in the Navy Air Corps.

It was simply my good luck that I was the first member of the press to encounter him that afternoon as he dashed down to the MGM studios to tell all his pals his good news. I would like to claim it as a great scoop that he talked to me—but the truth is that he would have talked to anyone at that moment, so bubbling over with joy and excitement was he.

There is no need to go into a hundred words to tell you how handsome Taylor is. The whole world knows that. But on this particular afternoon he was at a peak, his shoulders thrown back and his eyes fairly giving out sparks of happiness. He isn't usually much of a conversationalist, but now he talked almost glibly. In Bob Taylor this would have been automatically noticeable, but it was particularly so to anyone about Hollywood who has known him throughout the last year and a half, a year and a half in which no personal news whatsoever has been printed about him, no personal story appeared.

When England declared war on Germany, back in 1939, Bob Taylor announced that the day this country got into the mess, if it ever did, he would enlist. Then came December 7th, and Bob Taylor did not enlist.

Now that he is in service, the story behind all that silence can be revealed. The story of Bob's unhappiness can be told, and reading it, no matter how enthusiastic you have been about him in the past, you will like Bob better than ever.

It is important to know, first, that despite his very masculine beauty — and beauty in Taylor's case is honestly the word for it—despite his being a movie star, he is, underneath it all, very much the average American male. He was born in one very small town, Filley, Nebraska, and raised in an even smaller town, Beatrice, Nebraska. He was the only son of extremely pleasant, American upper class parents—his dad a doctor, his mother an ex-school teacher. He went to a small American college, Pomona, and was graduated with honors. His going to college at all represented a financial sacrifice on the part of his parents, the Brughs. Like any other well bred youth under those circumstances, he felt he had to make good. When his father died, and he had his widowed mother to support, he felt that responsibility even more keenly. When an MGM talent scout placed him under contract to that studio for thirty-five dollars a week, he wasn't too sure that he was on the path to high glory. But "Society

Lt. Brugh of the U. S. Navy. Bob has petitioned the courts for the right to use the name of Robert Taylor privately as well as in his professional life.

by JOHN ALDERSON

Forecast of the future. Two years ago Bob made "Flight Command," the story of a Navy flier. That's why he's a Navy flier—rather than an Army soldier today.

Doctor" fixed that, and Bob was in from that moment, an overnight sensation literally.

He went through the whole Hollywood works from that time onward. He went through the rush of publicity, the rush of the press to talk to him, to photograph him. He had mobs of fans haunting him wherever he went, such mobs that once in Times Square, New York, he had his clothes so torn from him that only his quick escape into the dark interior of a taxicab kept him from looking like a strip tease artist. He fell in love with a girl, Irene Hervey, and fell out of love with her later.

Many a young man does go through such a simple emotional pattern, but in Bob's case it was blown up in headlines out of all proportion. Those headlines made Irene Hervey the victim of the most suffering of hearts. (Irene almost at once fell in love with Alan Jones, who was on the same lot at the time. She married him, and her marriage has been idyllic—but that didn't make as good copy as the romantic lie which implied that her life was wrecked by Bob.)

On top of this came Bob's unfortunate trip to England in 1938 to make "A Yank at Oxford" on which occasion two silly girls were hidden under his stateroom bed. Some reporter found them there. The girls gushed. The reporter labeled Bob "a pretty boy."

That title stuck, all during Bob's English trip, all during his return to this country, for nearly six months afterward. It was bad publicity, and right along with it Bob hit a couple of bad pictures. Because of those two things, he became no longer the wonder boy of his studio, but rather the studio worry. The studio wanted to save him, as a very precious property, but didn't quite know how.

All this happened to Bob so rapidly, he was still so young—less than twenty-five—that he had no inkling of how to save himself. Besides, by this time he was in love, completely in love with a forthright, ambitious, intelligent girl named Barbara Stanwyck. On May 14, 1939, they were wed.

Well, you ask, how does all that explain why Bob Taylor did not enlist on December 8, 1941 and why he has enlisted now?

It does explain it, and this is why.

The moment he married Barbara he assumed not only the responsibility of a wife and child (Barbara's adopted son, Dion), but the responsibility to prove to his wife that marriage could be the most beautiful of human relationships. Barbara had known bitter years when she had been wed to Frank Fay, whom she had loved passionately. The reason she had demanded such a long courtship from Bob, the reason she had refused for months to consider wedding him was because she was frightened that her second marriage might turn out as badly as her first.

Bob, being that average, middle-class American boy of good breeding, only wanted one marriage. Barbara was the woman he wanted to stay wed to always. But he had to have time to prove that.

Secondly, there was his mother whom he deeply loved. He wanted to be able to provide her with every comfort.

Lastly, there was his work as well as his responsibility to his studio.

Now if Bob Taylor weren't such a thoroughly swell guy, this latter wouldn't have counted with him at all. It's my own guess that if Barbara had been in the same spot, she would have shrugged off the studio without many qualms. Being more of a realist, she would have known that even though the studio was working hard to put Bob back in the key position he had once occupied, it was, nevertheless, working much less for Taylor and much more for its own bankroll.

Except for his home life, which was all that the most idealistic young man could wish, Bob went through two tough years. The studio experimented with roles for him, making him a prize fighter (to show his masculinity), showing him unshaven and similar nonsense. Bob still didn't get a hit. He had made "A Yank at Oxford" in 1938. In 1939 he had three horrors in a row, "Lucky Night," "Lady of the Tropics," and "Remember." There were three beautiful ladies involved in those, Myrna Loy, Hedy Lamarr, and Greer Garson, but they all died like dogs at the box-office. Now no interviewers came around to get his ideas on any subject. Now no mobs tore after him when he went to previews.

In 1940 he made "Waterloo Bridge," "Escape," and "Flight Command." The first two were terrific hits, and the third was the turning point in his life.

When the preview notices of "Waterloo Bridge" were posted, Bob Taylor made a revealing remark, a remark that proved he had grown up completely but without bitterness.

Bob said, grinning, "There are a bunch of back slappers around this studio. Some of them are electricians, prop men, and the like; some of them are writers, a couple of them are executives. For the past two years, I've seen none of them. I used to sit around sets and wonder what became of them, wonder if they'd been fired." He grinned some more. "Now I know they weren't fired. They've read those notices, and gosh darn, if they aren't right here. They are all back, telling me what a prince of a guy I am—again."

"Flight Command" marked his first introduction to the life of the Navy and to flying ships.

Bob had long been airplane crazy and was after his own pilot's license. The war in Europe was still in the stage where the English called it "The Second Bore War," but the Navy men, whom Bob encountered while making "Flight Command" at one of our major bases, told him that very dark days lay ahead. Bob listened and learned. He liked everything about their life that he observed. He liked their code. He liked their intellectual standards. Back in Hollywood he had practically forgotten his studious days at Pomona. He talked flying ships and sailing ships, mathematics, maneuvers, navigation, and tactics with officers all the way from the rank of Admirals

[illegible] mates. He had a wonderful time, since at home his enthusiasm for planes was the one delight he could not share with Barbara. She hated everything about them and firmly refused to step foot in one of them.

1941 was a still better professional year for Bob. "Johnny Eager" was released just at the time of Pearl Harbor.

Immediately the pressure not to enlist began being put upon him. The same pressure was put upon Clark Gable, upon Tyrone Power, upon any number of other actors who were making pots of money at the box-office. Bob, as head of a family, was put in 3-A by his draft board. He gave his plane to the sheriff's aerial patrol. It was a wrench to him to give it up, and he was at least happy that now he had one hundred and three hours of solo clocked. He tried to listen to the whispers that he could do more for morale by staying on screen. He tried to still his conscience with the thought that he ought not to break up Barbara's home. He saved his money madly to assure the annuities he had bought for his mother being completely paid for.

None of it was good enough, any more than it had been good enough for Gable, or for Power, or for Fonda, or for Montgomery, or any of the rest of them. When the first anniversary of Pearl Harbor came around he knew he could endure it no longer, and he went down to a Navy enlistment office. He told no one that he was going. He made up his mind that if he couldn't pass the tests, if he couldn't meet the standards, then no one would ever hear about it.

The way the tests turned out was that he had the highest I.Q., the highest Schneider of any man who had enlisted from the Los Angeles district for the Navy Air Corps. The requirements were two years of college, two years of flying experience. Bob had his B.A. from Pomona, his one hundred and three hours of solo flight. Physically he was so perfect that he didn't have so much as one identifying mark on him, not a scar, not a bruise, not so much as a chicken pox mark.

Only two things bothered him. Being thirty-one, he couldn't go into active combat flying. And, although he was to enter service as a Lt. Junior Grade, he had to go in under his own name, Lt. Spangler Arlington Brugh. He went through a couple of weeks without telling Barbara why he had taken up studying math again. Then he finally broke down and told her why he was haunting the letter box and hanging constantly to the telephone.

Barbara took it as Stanny takes everything, chin high, eyes shining, voice calm. She said, "I knew there

[illegible] got the actual

on February 10th, he also [illegible] that he would be sent to Corpus Christi, Texas, for three months' training. He was told he probably would be a flight instructor, but actually he hopes to qualify for Navy Ferry Transport service.

When he went down to tell the studio the news—and I know from talking to him that day that he was nervous as a cat and scared as a school girl over how his bosses might take his leaving—they informed him that he had two weeks before he would go on active duty. If they shot just his scenes, begged the studio, would he play the lead in "Russia"? In other words, could they get just one more picture out of him before leaving?

There were a lot of things Bob wanted to do in those two weeks, see his friends, be with Barbara. But being Bob Taylor, he grinned and said, "Okay. You've been swell to me. I'll do 'Russia.'"

When he got home that night he asked Barbara what she was going to do, as a Navy wife. Barbara smiled at him. She spoke flippantly in order to conceal how deeply she felt.

"I'll do what every other Navy wife does," she said. "I'll wait. I'll work, and I'll wait." She looked at Bob again, but to save her, she couldn't keep her voice entirely flippant.

"And I'll pray," she said.

THE END

ator were the newspaper
s whose business it is to re-
the readers with all the tidbits
the events occurring in a person's
life when that person tangles with
the law. I was on the elevator
watching Flynn a few minutes after
spoke to him with soft respectful
tones as they asked those too intimate questions they feel are necessary when they risk their money against the prisoner's temptation to flee.

paper reporters who cover the Hall of Justice. To them he was just another guy in trouble, and it all depended on how he handled himself how they would treat him. If he were going to be high-hat or disagreeable, they would give him the works. If he kept his nose clean (a phrase they've adopted from the underworld) they would see that he was treated right.

In the three months he was making personal appearances in and out of criminal court rooms in the building, he gave a four star performance every time. I repeat, I believe we straight reporters would have preferred not to like Flynn. The story was a messy one, and the girls involved were pathetic just because they were so young and stupid. Yet almost from the first, most of the reporters thought Flynn was innocent and those who didn't felt he shouldn't be convicted on the stories of girls such as Betty Hansen and Peggy Satterlee, another Flynn accuser, turned out to be.

"If a girl looks like eighteen and dresses to give the impression she is

Errol was right there with them, joining in the laughs at his expense—at the party Agnes Underwood gave him after his acquittal.

Errol Flynn said, "I know that an innocent man armed only with the knowledge of innocence isn't always sure of getting justice."

eighteen and she says she's eighteen, a man shouldn't be penalized if he takes what she offers," said Julian Hart, who covered the trial for International News Service.

THAT was our general feeling. I felt all along, and I know that the other women covering the trial agreed with me that it was the parents of those two girls who should have been on trial, instead of Flynn. Too many parents send their girl babies to Hollywood as soon as they're able to toddle, expecting them to carve out a film career by displaying their physical charms. Young girls should be protected by their parents, not by the law. When it comes time for the law to step in, it's much too late to do much good for the girls involved.

None of us knew, however, how the women on the jury would react to their stories or to Errol Flynn's charm. One of the men reporters gave us a tip, however. "I think the jury women are reacting the same as you dames are," he said. "I've been watching them when Peggy Satterlee's mother testified. She could have learned a lesson from the expression on their faces."

As the trial days passed, during those three months, I must confess we repeatedly tried to draw Errol into comments regarding the two girl accusers. Flynn never displayed a to-be-expected attitude of bitterness toward either Peggy or Betty. He said he felt all the time it was all a sinister plot carried on against him and that the two teen-age girls were just tools used by older and wicked-er minds.

"I really feel sorry for them," he said over and over again as he discussed the case in the afternoon get-togethers in Duco's restaurant across the street from the Hall of Justice. "I wonder what their lives will be from now on. It was too bad we had to bring out all that stuff about Peggy. I'm glad it wasn't necessary to name the man who was involved

by FLORABEL MUIR

Errol Flynn with his hostess, Aggie Underwood, one of the "hard-boiled reporters" whom he charmed so completely.

in that illegal operation of hers. He's married, and his wife is a swell girl, and she loves him devotedly. It would be terrible to disillusion her."

"You should be sorry for them when they've caused you so much trouble and cost you so much money," we told him.

"All the same I do," he insisted. "They can't really hurt me. I'm sure I'm going to be acquitted, but their lives are ruined. A girl doesn't survive things like this. I wish I could do something to help them. I really do, and don't smile at me in that cynical manner. I'm not just talking. I mean it."

"You better not try to help any girls from now on unless your lawyer's with you," we said. "You ought to know by this time that girls are so many mines hidden along your path, and they're apt to explode in your face if you even speak to them."

"I guess you're right," said Flynn, "but I hate to feel that way. I've always liked girls."

On the day the case went to the jury Buster Wiles, Hollywood stunt man and Flynn's alter ego (John Hopkins, assistant district attorney, told the jury he was Flynn's bird dog) was so confident of an acquittal, he moved in to celebrate, bringing with him to the pressroom two cases of very fine liquor, dozens of sandwiches, and a colored butler in a white coat to serve them.

"I don't know whether you should have done this," Flynn worried. "The jury women brought their tooth brushes with them. It looks as if they're prepared to stay overnight at least."

"So what? They might argue all night, they'll convince the men you didn't do it if they stay a week."

And Buster was right. They stayed all night, but they convinced the men.

"We married women talked very frankly to the two men who at first thought Mr. Flynn was guilty," said Mrs. Ruby Anderson who was elected forewoman, "and we explained to them just how the girls' stories couldn't be true."

Just to prove there weren't any hard feelings, John Hopkins who had called Buster a bird dog, came to the press room and had a drink with him.

"Just what kind of a bird dog do you think I am?" asked Buster.

"I guess you must be a pointer," said Hopkins.

The trial was over. Flynn was pronounced innocent. We wrote our headline stories, but we were not through with our star.

Errol had won the reporters' respect and friendship so completely that Agnes Underwood of the Los Angeles *Herald* (she is called Aggie by virtually every judge, police officer, lawyer, business man, and deputy sheriff) celebrated his acquittal by throwing a spaghetti party in his honor at her home.

AS Errol approached the Underwood home, he was met by two cameramen dressed in girl's clothes, masquerading as Betty Hansen, the waitress from Nebraska, and Peggy Satterlee, the girl about Hollywood. The pseudo girls yoohooed and catcalled and then ran to the protecting arms of other photographers dressed as police officers.

The centerpiece on the dinner table was a miniature of the yacht Sirocco, on which Peggy said Flynn forced his attentions on her.

Reminiscent of her testimony that she had been invited below deck to look at the moon through the porthole in Flynn's stateroom, the Underwood home was decorated with portholes big and little. Someone was constantly urging Errol to look through them and see the moon.

During the evening the whole trial was burlesqued by newspaper folk, to the delight of Flynn who could at long last laugh at the whole business.

"You know," he confessed, "when I first met you all, I was terrified. I was accustomed to the press around Hollywood, but those who write about picture people exclusively are a different breed of cat than you are. The rough things you said to me, the cynicism in your eyes, the feeling that you all thought I was guilty, gave me the forlorn sensation of a drowning man.

"I had to make you and the world believe me. That was the toughest role I've ever played. Truth is always harder to believe than fiction, and to my ears the tales of those two young girls sounded so plausible I wondered how I could ever present my side of the case. It seems so ungentlemanly to call a girl a liar, and yet that was what I had to do.

"I felt like saying to those nine women and three men of the jury, 'Look here, these girls are spinning silly yarns, and you mustn't believe a word they say. I don't like to accuse them of maliciously trying to put me in a spot. That's what they're doing all the same and you mustn't listen to them.'

"But the law wouldn't let me say that. There are so many rules of evidence to observe. Legal sparring is much like fighting in the ring. You have to watch out for punches below the belt, and when you take

the witness stand, you have to remember what your trainer told you to do or somebody will let you have it.

"I learned many things by my tilt with criminal law. I know now that Hall of Justice is a misnomer. I know that an innocent man armed only with the knowledge of innocence isn't always sure of getting justice. I appreciate, now that it is all over, what a dangerous spot I was in in that trial.

"I learned much about criminal law in the last three months. I learned it from my attorney, Jerry Giesler, who earned every penny I paid him. To get a break in court, it isn't enough just to be innocent. You have to have a darned good lawyer to prove it. It's a kind of travesty on something or other when you think of all the money the state spent to prove myself innocent. Think how many bowls of soup that would have bought for the starving kids in war torn Europe."

Flynn's mood changed. He started to grin again.

Pat Foley, dean of the district attorney's press room, immaculate as ever with a white carnation in his buttonhole, suggested a toast.

"To the only man who ever won a court battle with women. You know, Mister Flynn, juries always believe women. The guy always loses. You're the luckiest man in the world that in this case they believed you."

Errol laughed. He said, "For a gang of people who had me scared it's wonderful to discover you are all very human after all."

We laughed, too, and some of us proposed another toast.

"To Flynn," we said, "the guy who let us find out that actors are people."

We all drank that one because we all meant it.

THE END

Both Errol Flynn and Annie Sheridan declare they are "just friends." Could be. Here's recent shot of them on the Warner lot.

TERRIFIC TURNER
in
"SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS"

TAKE a good long look, you Lana lads and lassies, at the moods of the most talented madcap in movies. For you will be seeing no more of her till mid-August when her baby will have been born. These shots from her newest picture show that "Sweetie Pie" (as the whole MGM studio calls her) was right in there, punching home her finest performance despite the unhappiness and disillusion that came to her when she discovered that her marriage to Stephen Crane, due to his divorce not yet being final, wasn't legal.

Everything happens to Lana in "Slightly Dangerous" which Metro originally called "Careless" but changed the title because . . . you guess why. She tries, among other things, to make a soda blindfolded—and what a dilly she turns out!

Above—This is the one serious moment in the film . . . and it looks like a practically prophetic scene from Lana's own future —a child's toys, a baby basket, and uncertainty over what lies ahead!

Right—This in case you can't guess is the love scene, Mr. Robert Young co-operating. Bob has had to wait quite a spell to get the girls in his movies, but he's doing all right.

Below—Lana has a beautiful pipe dream which she tells to her chum, Pamela Blake. One thing she wants to do is to become the daughter of the richest man in the world. She does!

LIFE WITH FATHERS

THIS BEING THE DELIGHTFUL STORY OF THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO YOU NEVER HEARD ABOUT

by HENRY A. REESE

ABBOTT and Costello appear to the public as a pair of footloose zanies. Abbott rather harsh and cruel to Costello, who acts like a befuddled urchin. For the benefit of their public, they express their personalities like this:

Costello says, "Every time I talk to you I get into an argument."

"Then why don't you talk to yourself?" Bud asks.

"Because," confesses Lou, "I get too many stupid answers."

Endless argument is the basis of their comedy. That bit of dialogue also sums up their whole public characters. Bud is the nimble-witted sharper who tolerates Lou, the good little dimwit. The truth is that Costello is actually a canny businessman who consistently trims Abbott in an everlasting card game. The hard-appearing Bud Abbott is a sentimental, soft-hearted guy who bewails his own incurable generosity with the plaint, "I'm just a sucker."

They are not only longtime partners but inseparable friends. Nevertheless, offscreen as well as on, they do argue—for pleasure. They carry argument into action, frantically competing in everything. When Costello, come into wealth at last, built a home on two acres of land in the San Fernando Valley, Abbott, coming into wealth along with him, topped him with a similar home nearby on two and a quarter acres. Then they each installed swimming pools, arguing the while as to who had the bigger one. When Abbott bought a restaurant and cocktail lounge, Costello went him one better with a nightclub, complete with continuous entertainment.

So Abbott considered Lou's two small daughters, thought it over, and adopted a son. Whereat Lou's wife, Anne, promptly gave birth to Louis Francis Cristello, Jr. (Costello is an abbreviation of his real name, Cristello) and asked Bud and Betty Abbott to be the baby's godparents. So a little before Christmas, the Abbotts accepted, on the promise that when William Alexander Abbott, Jr. is christened, the Costellos will return the honor.

Over and above everything else, both Lou and Bud are devoted family men, loving their homes, loving their wives and completely nuts about their children.

Lou Costello's first disappointment after the birth of his son last November was that he was at work when the baby was brought home and so missed the reactions of his two little daughters to that blessed event.

As a matter of fact they took it more calmly than Lou did. They'd had so much practice. For they knew a brother or sister was expected one of those days, so when a friend dropped in with his baby daughter, they assumed this was the new sister and were indignantly possessive when Mr. Glaston insisted on taking his own little Barbara Ann away with him when he left.

After that, they claimed every

Mrs. Lou Costello has Carole Lou on her lap; Lou has Patricia Ann on his. They adore the girls. They adore one another.

Here is the old team of Abbott and Costello, those two guys who after twenty-one years in show business, came into big dough the last one. Before them is their successor team.

Here's the first Costello son, being baptized, with the Abbotts as godparents.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Abbott before they adopted Buddy, who changed their lives.

baby that passed the house, so that when their new brother did finally come home, they probably only half believed he was really it.

If Lou Jr. grows up to eat like his father, he will consume vast quantities of poached eggs, thick steaks, baked potatoes, and ice cream. And he will have a passion for crisp hamburgers.

Lou the elder loves to eat, but he doesn't cook. On the other hand, Bud Abbott loves to cook and watch other people eat. It's just as well he does like to cook, for when Abbott and his wife, Betty, found the little blond boy who promptly became Buddy Jr., he was still, at the age of three, living from a bottle and weighed just twenty-six pounds. That was last August. At that time, a bond-selling tour had taken Bud and Betty Abbott to New York. There they saw the thin, thoughtful little yellow-headed boy with a bright slow smile they were soon to call William Alexander Abbott, Jr.

The first night in the hotel with his new mother, Buddy fell out of bed, and Betty, terrified, scooped him up and wept as she comforted him. He wasn't hurt, of course, and Betty's maternal affection lulled him quickly.

Bud had been able to spend only a couple of hours with his namesake before touring on to sell more bonds. But a few days later when a family friend took the little fellow to a movie which, by well-planned accident, just happened to be Abbott and Costello's "Pardon My Sarong," little Bud was no sooner seated than he rose in excitement, pointed to the screen and cried, "Look—that's my Daddy!"

So when, a couple weeks later, they arrived in California, there was no question about it—little Bud had come home. "He moved in as easily and naturally as he moved into our hearts," says Betty Abbott. "And when he comes in in the morning and wakes us with a kiss and calls us Mommy and Daddy—well, it's something we haven't had in our lives."

It was something they've wanted, however, for the twenty-five years of their marriage. Even Bud had misgivings about adoption. Buddy Jr. wiped out these doubts. "I'd give every dime I've got—and my life too, for that kid," says Bud now. Among the first dimes he gave, incidentally, were for an electric train. "He got it as quick as he could," Betty smiles. "You guess who plays with it the most."

So while Bud plays with the electric train, Buddy watches movies. It used to be that Sundays found the Abbott home full of their old friends in show business. Now, with their lives revolving around Buddy, watching him grow fast and sturdy, Sunday finds the house full of children there to see home movies. Buddy is partial to what he calls "cowboy and injun" pictures. And next to his father his favorite comedian is Donald Duck —a taste he shares with Lou.

Lou Costello's little girls, Patricia Ann and Carole Lou, aged six and four, have long played hostess to their little friends with home movies. Their favorites are Abbott and Costello pictures, which they see tirelessly, over and over, and know by heart. But there are some parts they never see, for whenever Lou is in pictured danger, his daughters hide their eyes. But frightening or not, they think the best of them all is "Hold That Ghost," which they fondly believe is entitled "Holy Ghost."

Lou loves nothing better than entertaining his children, and when Bud takes Buddy to the studio occasionally for an hour or so on the set, Lou knocks himself out clowning for Buddy, too. And Buddy repays him in kind. For instance, when Buddy hilariously watched Lou appear to bang himself in the face with a door—by pulling it against his toe instead of his nose—he promptly did it himself. But he confused nose with toe and very nearly knocked himself out.

Lou Costello is imbued with a strong family feeling—not only for his wife and children. but for his parents. It took him a long time, but last year he finally succeeded in talking his father into retirement in a California home which Lou built for him, his mother, and his sister.

Bud, too, has shared his success with his relatives. Until Buddy Jr. joined the family, Bud's favorite topic of conversation was his father, whose life spanned three quarters of a century of show business.

Bud likes to get sentimental about how he and Betty were married in a brief, spur-of-the-moment ceremony in Alexandria, Virginia, twenty-five years ago. He always has had a hunch that Betty might have liked a more ceremonious wedding. So recently when a sailor and his girl, eating in Bud's restaurant, said they were going down to City Hall next day to get married, Bud said, "You'll do nothing of the sort. You come right here to be married."

Next evening, the sailor and his girl were there for the ceremony, with Bud supplying the cake, dinner, minister, gift—everything, including himself as best man. Thus Bud made his vicarious atonement for what he suspected was Betty's lifelong disappointment.

As things stand now, the Costellos still have two more children than the Abbotts, and there's no truce in the everlasting argument and competition. So the books are still open on the Abbott-Costello family sweepstakes. But one thing they're more equal on, and that's their affection, their simplicity, and their devotion.

All of which makes them quite different from the zany pair you see on the screen, doesn't it?

THE END

HONEY-WITH A STING

ONLY a couple of years ago, Simone Simon was on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, getting a tidy fifteen hundred dollars weekly. Enter that thing called temperament. Simone thought that it paid off. She guessed dead wrong. Soon she was off, way off, and no pay in sight. It wasn't until a few months ago when she made that amazing quickie, "The Cat People" (read the story of this in "Inside Hollywood") that she really started on the come-back trail. Her performance in "The Cat People" was so genuinely effective, so truly chilling, Republic signed her for "Tahiti Honey." You see her here as she appears in the latter film, looking at once demure and dynamic, which is a trick at which she is supreme.

The Irish Cagneys may have lived on the poorest East Side walks of New York, but they didn't stint on a carriage for Jimmy.

Jimmy, with Shirley Warde, the star of "Maggie, the Magnificent," at the time our author first met him.

Jimmy's said good-bye to all this for the duration, given up his beloved yacht to the Coast Guard for war service.

YANKEE

THE biggest crowd on record was gathered at the County Fair Grounds to watch the trotting races. Large banners proclaimed that James Cagney was to drive one of the horses. Some of the wise guys cracked, "What does a movie actor know about driving trotters?" They settled back in their seats prepared to give Jimmy the well known raspberry. But to their amazement, Cagney handled his horse like a professional. What the wise guys did not know was that trotting racing is Jimmy's hobby. When he is not making pictures, most of his time is spent in a sulky behind a fast trotter.

But on this occasion, there was a purpose behind Jimmy's pleasure. After the final heat, Jimmy gave an exhibition of fast driving. He pulled up in front of the grandstand. The crowd yelled, "Speech! Speech!" Jimmy waved his hand for silence. Then in his quiet, penetrating voice, he talked to them—not about trotting races or making pictures—but about what it means to be an American. He then sold Defense Bonds. People almost fought to buy, and for each one of them Jimmy had a warm smile and a "Thank you" that came from his heart.

The Mayor of the town drove Jimmy back to his hotel. He asked Cagney why he had not told him he was going to sell Defense Bonds. If he'd known, he would have staged a special rally at the Town Hall. Jimmy shook his head. "If you had done that," Jimmy said, "people would have come to see James Cagney the movie star. I prefer to go to them just as a fellow American."

I first met Jimmy at the start of his determination to become a good actor. It was during a rehearsal of

DOODLE CAGNEY

by VIVIAN COSBY

George Kelly's play, "Maggie the Magnificent." I was an ex-vaudevillian then and an aspiring playwright. I sat in the dark auditorium and saw a swaggering red-headed chap come on the stage; open a closet door to hang up his coat; at the same time tossing a couple of flippant wisecracks over his shoulder to his stage mother; light a cigarette and flip the match away. The scene looked okay to me, but George Kelly turned thumbs down on it. He told Jimmy how to time his action with his dialogue so that they emphasized the speech. I think this was the beginning of that marvelous timing Jimmy has now.

Almost daily after rehearsals, a group of us including Jimmy used to go to the famous Sardi's restaurant to get a bite to eat. This is a theatrical restaurant, then as now haunted by celebrities. Needless to say, in those days, we never attracted any attention, so we dubbed ourselves the "Great Unknown." Jimmy always claimed that he would come back to Sardi's some day when he would not have to look on the price side of the menu. He was always looking ahead in those days and at the same time had sense enough to count the blessings he already had.

This is a habit that Jimmy's brother Bill, who is now his manager, has also acquired, having learned it from Jimmy. Bill is very thankful for two traits in the star's character. One is Jimmy's ability always to keep planning for the future, even when the present looks dark. The other is his capacity for saying no and sticking to it. For if Jimmy hadn't said no to one of Bill's suggestions, there would never have been James Cagney, screen star, or William Cagney, producer.

A few years ago Bill had a good position with an advertising agency. Jimmy telephoned to let him know he was in town after playing a vaudeville date. Bill, anxious to see him, took the afternoon off. They spent it making the rounds of theatrical producers. It was rather a dreary business. And at each familiar, "No, there's nothing for you in this play," Jimmy's shoulders would sag a little lower.

Bill was successful himself, and the hardships his brother was going through distressed him. He decided to have a brotherly talk with Jimmy; so he dragged him into a restaurant for a cup of coffee. They sat in silence for a few minutes. Then Jimmy absentmindedly took a pencil from his pocket and began sketching on the tablecloth. He was a fairly good artist and had occasionally done a little free-lance art

Three of the Cagney clan, Bill the producer, Jeanne the adored but unspoiled baby of the family, and James himself. Mom and Pop are in Hollywood, too. One other brother still loves New York best.

work for Bill's agency. An idea suddenly struck Bill. He told Jimmy that if he would give up show business, he was sure he could get him a permanent art job with the agency, at a hundred dollars a week. A hundred dollars a week! That would mean the end of the landlady's constant cry, "When can you let me have some money, Mr. Cagney?" It would mean no more playing split-weeks in vaudeville—when he could get it. And most important of all, it would mean a sure three squares a day. The prospect looked pretty tempting to Jimmy. He thought it over, then shook his head. "Thanks a lot, Bill," he said, "but show business is my life. I've got to stick to it, or I'll never be happy. Maybe I'll get a break some day."

Bill gave him a brotherly smile. "Sure you will, Jimmy. I'll bet it's just around the corner."

Bill was almost right, for what looked like a break was literally just around the corner. Phil Dunning, a playwright, had just finished a new play called "Broadway." He told Jimmy he would like him to play the lead and gave him the script to read.

The leading male role in the play was a hoofer in a night club. It was just the sort of part Jimmy had always dreamed about. He lost no time in telling Dunning he wanted to be in the play, and how! But there was one big drawback. The playwright was still looking for financial backing to produce it.

Jimmy told Bill all about the play and how he was sure it just could not miss being a sure-fire hit on Broadway. Once again, brother Bill made a suggestion. He had three thousand dollars saved. He was willing to invest it in the play to give Jimmy his chance. If they had this much money to start with, it would be easy to promote some additional backing. But Jimmy refused. He claimed Bill had worked hard to earn that money, and show business was risky.

So Jimmy went back to playing vaudeville dates until Dunning could find a producer for the show. This the playwright eventually did in the person of Jed Harris. What proved a break for Dunning didn't pan out for Jimmy. Jed Harris insisted that a chap named Lee Tracy play the leading role.

Dunning didn't forget Jimmy though, and when they were casting a company for London, Jimmy was given Lee Tracy's role. The break had come at last.

The night the company sailed, Jimmy's friends gave him a farewell party. Toasts were said, wishing him success. In the midst of it, someone told Jimmy that Jed Harris wanted to see him. Jimmy went to look for Harris. Upon finding him, the producer bluntly told Jimmy he was fired. Harris liked his hoofing okay, but he didn't care for his characterization of the part. Lee Tracy was easy-going and casual in the character while Jimmy played it with virile intensity.

In a split second, all the young actor's dreams and hopes were shattered. Right then and there Jimmy made a vow that he would never dance again until he had established himself as an outstanding dramatic actor. (This vow he kept, for he didn't dance again until he was cast in the picture "Yankee Doodle Dandy".)

The next year and a half brought many changes. Jimmy went to Hollywood and made a hit in "Public Enemy." He returned to Broadway for a visit and instinctively went into Sardi's for lunch. Now, he could order his lunch without even glancing at the prices. But life is strange! He found himself loudly acclaimed on all sides. He wasn't even allowed to pay his check, because everybody in the room was scrambling for that honor.

Time passed, and I came to Hollywood. After not having seen Jimmy for several years, everyone said, "Don't look him up. He's very unapproachable." But they were wrong. Jimmy is just the same now as he has always been. He's not unapproachable. People just don't understand him, that's all. Naturally, after seeing him in parts where he is an exuberant, cocky type, it's rather a shock upon meeting him to find him a quiet, soft-spoken, unassuming person. Now, as in the old days, at parties when other people are making whoopee, Jimmy will always be tucked away in some corner with a playwright, or a college professor, discussing psychology, philosophy, or some other weighty subject.

This serious side of Jimmy's stood him in good stead when he reached the dizzy heights of a movie star. For he quickly learned that there are as many complications to staying on top of the ladder as there are to climbing up there.

He first attracted attention by smashing a grapefruit in a lady's face. Not pretty . . . but it rang the bell at the box office, and Cagney was typed. From then on he slugged his way through one picture and one love scene after another. All the time he was slugging, he was also planning. Being a good actor and a real human person, he wanted to play a part with some depth to it. Time after time Jimmy tried to get his studio to see his point of view. It was no dice. Slugger Cagney was making money; so why change the formula of his pictures?

This and some business technicalities with Warners' ended in a court battle. Jimmy won. Now he was free to make the kind of pictures he wanted.

Unfortunately, it was not that easy. Hollywood has wheels within wheels, and they were well greased to throw every obstacle possible in the young actor's way. Along the Hollywood grapevine route it was whispered that Cagney was through. The two films he made during that time was definitely second rate, not from an acting standpoint, but distinctly minus on production.

The future certainly looked black for Jimmy, but undaunted he went right on planning. "If you can't reach your goal one way," Jimmy said, "you can always start over and try another way. If you keep pitching, eventually you'll get what you want."

With this in mind he returned to Warners' to finish out his contract. This time things went more smoothly because Bill became the producer of Jimmy's pictures. They both had the one object in mind, and that was to work toward making better pictures. In "Yankee Doodle Dandy" they felt they had reached their goal.

As "Yankee" was the last picture under the old contract, Jimmy was now really free. This time he knew from experience the right moves to make. One of the first things he did was to acquire the film rights to Louis Bromfield's very human story titled, "McLeod's Folly." Then he and Bill organized their own producing company to release through United Artists.

When the organization of the new company was announced, the Hollywood grapevine again got busy. "Those Cagney boys are crazy," they said. "The world is in a turmoil . . . no one knows what is going to happen from one day to the next . . . and they want to start producing their own pictures."

Jimmy agrees with them about one thing—the world is in a turmoil. But if we sit back and say, "What's the use?" it will never get straightened out. So he means to keep working and planning.

He turned over his farm at Martha's Vineyard for the use of the soldiers at Camp Edwards for the duration. The Coast Guard is making use of his yacht and the island he owns off the coast of California.

The turning over of his possessions to the Government seems to Jimmy very little to do. Inside he feels a terrific drive. He wants to be in there pitching, but he is beyond the enlistment age; so he goes bond selling.

In between the tours and the pictures, he lives very quietly with his devoted, delightful wife, Billie. They have been married long enough to have nearly forgotten the exact number of years. The idea of not being married to one another has never crossed their minds since the day they first met in vaudeville.

The whole Cagney clan is like that. Mother and Father Cagney are in Hollywood now. Baby sister Jeanne is fiercely guarded by her three brothers. It is a one for all and all for one unit. In the best sense of the word, it's a typical American family, with Jimmy its perfect, kind, thoughtful and intelligent Yankee Doodle Dandy.

THE END

SOMETHING *Very Slick* IN SLACKS

Double meaning fully intended this time, thank you, Movieland having nothing but cheers for both Irene Manning, the very provocative "Fay Templeton" of Warners' "Yankee Doodle Dandy," and also for the slack outfit she is here modeling. Showing a Chinese influence, Irene's slack suit has a vivid Chinese yellow jacket, Chinese red, white, and yellow coolie trousers. The buttons and the neck scarf are made of the same printed material. Golden-voiced, golden-haired Irene's next vehicle will be a co-starring role with Dennis Morgan in "The Desert Song."

THE ALL-MIGHTY MICK

—Photo by Clarence S. Bull

right—Twelve years ago, Mickey Rooney was taking movie bits wherever he found them. He got $7.50 for his day's work when he played this messenger boy.

above—Mickey sings a telegram to James Craig and Marsha Hunt in "The Human Comedy."

left—Mick, today, in his newest starring vehicle, "The Human Comedy," playing a messenger boy again, for approximately 5000 shells per week (and shells is about all his salary will be worth when taxes get finished with it).

Why did Mickey Rooney's marriage fail? Why does he fear his own future? Who is the Hollywood girl who really understands him? You'll find the answers in this frank and fearless story about the one and only Rooney

by ALMA HARRISON

I MIGHT as well state at the outset that I belong to the Mickey Rooney cult. This is not to be confused with the Rooney fan club or the "I hate Mickey" department.

The Rooney cult is a small group who believe that the Mick is not only the greatest showman of our time but one of the best actors alive today. Sharing my enthusiasm for Mickey as a Garrick are such distinguished figures as Lynne Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Joan Crawford, George Cukor, and Ruth Waterbury, the editor of this magazine, which is a diverse group, certainly.

Because I have watched him with as much interest for so long, and because you never learn anything about Mickey in a formal interview (one of the few things he does badly), I want to attempt to paint a word portrait of the fascinating little guy.

I'll bet my chances of ever seeing him on the screen again against a wooden nickel that nobody has ever felt passive toward Mickey. You could no more feel passive toward him than you can toward a thunderstorm.

There are those who violently dislike him (many people violently dislike thunderstorms). Then there are those who rush to theatres where his films are playing with their quarters and half dollars in their little hot hands. These are his fans, and to them he can do no wrong. These admirers have placed him for three consecutive years in the box office top ten—twice as the top man in pictures.

Then there are those who belong to the cult. They recognize him as more than a boy who beats a drum, dances a hot conga, clowns, mugs. Although they are enthralled by his mugging, they wish he would restrain himself, because they remember his playing scenes (example, the scene with the school teacher in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever") that for sheer tenderness and acting perfection have all others in films beat a mile.

Mickey, himself, was born to violence. The son of Joe Yule, burlesque comic, and Nell Carter, a vaudeville dancer, he knew the old brought-up-in-the-top-of-a-trunk routine. He knew the miserable struggle for existence, the squabbles over a cheap hotel room, the despair when bookings did not materialize.

But the story of Mickey's early days has been told over and over again, and I mention it here only to refresh your memory.

His mother swears that he sang on pitch at the age of eleven months. Knowing Mickey, I do not doubt it. I think there's nothing the boy can't do. He is certainly expert at anything that requires timing. He can give Bill Tilden a run on the tennis court. He is an expert swimmer and golfer. He composes music, plays seven musical instruments. His vitality is, at times, terrifying.

There are those among the "I hate Mickey" group who love to whisper that Mickey is a bad boy, that if the truth were ever told about him there would be plenty of scandal. To those who know Mickey, this is a laugh. Everything that has ever happened to Mickey has been told and retold, because no one so extraverted as Rooney could ever keep a secret or hide an action.

He loves night clubs, but he is not the quiet guy who sits in a corner. Although his contract (like that of all other stars) forbids his publicly entertaining without studio permission, Mickey joins the orchestra at whatever night spot he happens to be. Chin held high (in an effort to make himself look taller) he walks into a public place as if he owned it, followed by a wake of stooges varying in size and age. The boys and girls seat themselves near the music and in the brightest light. Mickey, who is easily bored, does not stay long. He says, "Come on, gang, we go now," throws some money on the table, and swarms out, followed by stooges.

One night when he and Ava, his wife, were courting, his crowd arrived at the Bar of Music. In an hour Mickey began to fidget. "Come on, gang, we go now," he said.

Ava looked up and smiled her beautiful but firm South Carolina smile. "No, honey," she said, "we

The Mick adores Ava. Once he wanted to leave a party. Ava didn't want to. So—well, read for yourself what happened.

Mickey on the golf course steals the scene from such a veteran scene-stealer as Alan Hale. He can't stop acting.

Mickey and Ava, his beautiful wife, also formally posed. Mickey is a really inspired athlete, terrific at all sports.

don't go now. I'm having fun. We stay."

The others were aghast. No one has ever before defied the mighty mite. Mickey, who has never been one for facial control under stress of emotion, scowled. Ava continued to smile. Mickey melted. They stayed.

Mickey is crazy for Ava. It has been that way since the first day they met.

Milton Weiss, at the time an actor's agent, was managing Ava who had just arrived from the South. She was then and is now probably the most beautiful girl in Hollywood.

Weiss, hoping to land a contract for her, had brought her to MGM. After they had seen the big executives, who did give her a contract, he took her around the lot, since Ava had never been inside a studio before. Mickey's set was but one they visited. Milton, thinking it would give his new client a kick to write home to the folks that she had met Mickey, walked over to Rooney who was playing gin rummy with a pal.

"I'd like you to meet a friend of mine," Weiss said.

Mickey assumed the professional smile, the one reserved especially for meeting the friend of a friend, and holding his gin rummy hand before him, looked up. The Rooney pan took on an expression of wonder and awe mixed with delight as he looked at Ava.

"Holy cow," he said with reverence. The cards dropped on the floor. There was silence on the set. For perhaps the one and only time in his life, Mickey was speechless. Those who witnessed the scene knew that they had been privileged to watch a man fall in love before their eyes.

Married life for the Mickey Rooneys was not all moonlight and roses, as everyone who has the ability to read the printed word knows. Ava left Mickey, announced they could not get along. There was general sympathy for both patries. Any discerning person who has known Mickey for more than ten minutes realizes that marriage to a human dynamo is not the most solid relationship in the world.

When Ava returned in response to his phone calls, gifts, flowers, jewels, Mickey kept on wooing her with all the fire in his nature.

For awhile Mickey, supremely happy, beamed on everyone on the lot. He had Ava back. Everything was going to be all right. But those who were closest to them realized it would not work out. Ava wanted a career. Mickey was dead set against it. Mickey wanted a wife, and there could be only one star in the family. It's an old, old Hollywood story, and wiser heads than the Rooneys have been unable to solve the problem.

So Ava has filed suit for divorce. And although Mickey outwardly is the same old wise-cracking kid, the most casual glance at his face shows what is happening to his heart.

The girl who understands Mickey best is probably Judy Garland, with whom he had made so many successful films. They met at Lawler's Professional School in Hollywood when they were both unknown kids. Judy had just been enrolled, and Mickey had been sent down from the fifth to the fourth grade for inattention. It was ridiculous to expect Mickey to pay attention at school. Even today while he is an avid reader of newspapers, it can be truthfully said that he has never read any book all the way through. Mickey lives too fully every hour of the day to go in for a vicarious life dreamed up by some author. Besides, he just isn't the student type. He can assimilate intuitively, and in the revealing flash of a second he learns. He doesn't need the rest.

Thus, as a kid, he sat at Lawler's combing his hair with his fingers, biting his nails and fidgeting, as Judy watched fascinated. Her crush on Mickey started then and went through several stages of frustration, notably when Mickey said he would pick her up to take her to a party, forgot her, and appeared with two other girls.

Today when they are twenty-one and twenty-two years old respectively, they have respect each for the other's ability and the solid relationship of trusted friends. Mickey and Judy give each other advice, discuss their careers, wish each other well. "I'm crazy about Mickey," Judy once said, "and I've been mad enough at him to shake him until his teeth rattle."

Mickey, as a matter of fact, does not have to try very hard to be annoying.

Clark Gable says that Mickey haunted him for two weeks once. He followed Gable all over the lot. When Gable looked up from his bowl of special chicken soup in the studio commissary, Mickey's eyes bored into Gable's face.

Clark couldn't figure it out. Why the sudden crush? The mystery was solved when Rooney did a devastating impersonation of Clark on the screen.

"I had to look away a couple of times when I saw it," Gable said. "He was more like me than I am like myself. I recognized mannerisms that I did not know I had." Incidentally, it got Clark over these same mannerisms.

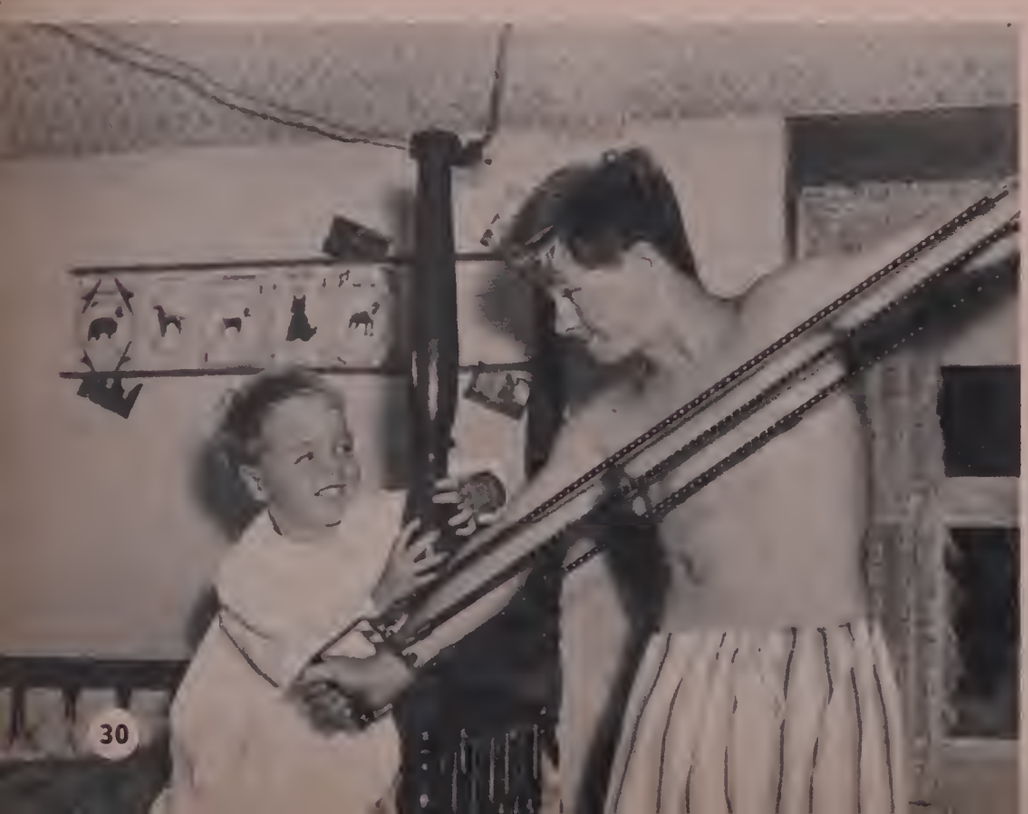
When Rooney played with Spencer Tracy in "Boy's Town," the Academy Award winner had to fight for every scene. A couple of years later Tracy and Rooney were teamed in "Men of Boy's Town." In the cast was a kid named Darryl Hickman, several years Mickey's junior. Darryl was out for every scene, and Rooney had to pitch good to call attention to himself.

He walked off the set one day after such an encounter with beads of perspiration on his brow.

Tracy, watching, grinned. "Now you know, Mick," he said, "how I felt when we worked together two years ago."

A formal interview with Mickey is a flop. He is unutterably polite, answers questions when popped, but is so restrained as to be completely unnatural.

To see Mickey in all his glory, catch him at a party. On one of his many personal appearance tours—



Rooney will knock himself out to help newcomers at acting. He's particularly sensitive to kids like five-year-old Jack Jenkins who is in "The Human Comedy."

he had been across the country dozens of times—he was being entertained by a group of San Francisco bigwigs at a banquet. After all the speeches had been made and Mickey was duly welcomed, the party settled back into being a bore.

Mickey knows mood and pace. He knew the mood of the party was deadly. So he asked for a piano. A hotel attendant rolled one into the banquet hall, and Mickey proceeded to give a one man show. He did all his imitations. He sang songs—some of which he had made up just for the occasion and at that moment. He had the distinguished audience in the palms of his stubby fingered hands. When he finally left, all present were Rooney cultists.

The "Hardys" have worked together so long with the same director that they communicate only in the language of the screen. Director Sietz will say, for example, "Now the old double take 'em, Mickey." Or "Give 'em the one, two, three, kid." This theatrical double talk meant less than nothing to Kathryn Grayson until Mickey took her aside and worked out their scenes together.

And now I realize that these anecdotes about Mickey have been only a postponement of writing what is closest to my heart concerning Mickey. It is not easy at a time when men are dying in Guadalcanal and elsewhere to speak of the personal tragedy of an artist. It seems rather ridiculous, somehow.

Mickey would laugh loudly if you pointed out that there could be anything tragic about his career. Mickey would make a wise-crack. Mickey would do the sort of double take I have seen him do so often when someone pulls a gag. But for my money Mickey as an artist is tragic because he is working against time.

As Andy Hardy, the bumptious boy with the heart of gold, as the fresh kid for whom everything turns out all right, he has just so many screen years to go. Mickey has reached his full height. He cannot go on forever playing the roles to which he has given such enormous distinction. What then for Mickey? Can he, being so short, portray maturity? I don't know, frankly. I feel that Mickey (whom I have already called an extravert and perhaps I am wrong) is fearful that he can't.

He can direct, sure, and what a wonderful director he would be. But he is a really great actor. So I hopefully suggest that within the next five years when Mickey's face loses its Andy Hardy quality that someone write a role for him that will bring out all his many talents—something about a mature man whose stature is no more than five feet one inch. I look with hope to a film wherein a really grown-up Mickey achieves all the shadings of artistry of which he is capable.

If he ever gets that role, look out for genius.

THE END

—Photo by Clarence S. Bull

This is the formal . . . and completely unnatural . . . Rooney, still just long enough for the camera to pop him. Nevertheless, the truth-telling camera catches the seriousness he tries so hard to conceal.

HERE'S NOT LOOKING AT YOU

BEHOLD a side of your favorites they seldom show the camera. Can you guess the beautiful fronts of these handsome backs?

They are Mister and Missus. At least they were when this picture was taken. It shouldn't be hard for you to guess who.

Same evening Mr. and Mrs. To-the-Left were at Ciro's—so were these brothers.

A very young man about town, here backstage at the Hollywood Canteen. Do you know him?

Those brand new honeymooners. First they walk into the Mocambo, and then they walk away from it.

They're always together, always dancing. Doesn't his suit give you a clue?

You know by the beautiful shoulders, the svelte hips—this is a honey.

GIVE UP?
Okay, Turn Page

HERE IS LOOKING AT YOU

Jiminy, hasn't Shirley become beautiful! Some monogram, too.

Exclusive views by
NAT DALLINGER
Movieland's staff photographer

Of course you knew. Mickey Rooney and Ava. This was when the kids were happy together again, before Ava left for good.

Harry Ritz, left, and brother Jimmy Ritz are with Virginia Hawks and Mrs. Harry Ritz.

Roddy MacDowall, of course, and telephoning or not, he was actually working at the Canteen.

Mr. and Mrs. John Calvin Briggs is the name, if you want to be formal about it; otherwise, Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs.

You mean you didn't recognize that pin-striped Raft suit—or that Grable figure?

It's Hayworth, signing away for the lads at the Canteen. Rita works hard and often at that stand.

Dumbo is usually a Dumbomber (that is a training film guy who makes nothing but mistakes), but here he's a sailor and apparently up to his nozzle, as usual, in trouble.

Donald Duck shows up "Der Fuehrer's Face" for the silly thing it is. And over on the right is—well, of course. It's Pluto, the pup, and he's working for Uncle Sam, too.

A STUDIO GOES TO WAR..

"HALT!"

The armed guard at the gate of the Disney studios was scanning my credentials more severely than the cops at the other studios—and Hollywood studio cops rank high among the nation's Tough Guys.

He was wearing an arm-band, Coast Guard Police. The whole procedure was very strict. I was led into a waiting room while a few "we've-got-to-check-up-on-him" phone calls were made. A pretty girl was dispatched with a message obviously concerning my humble presence, and some more phone calls were made. More pretty girls appeared.

Finally, there were some more questions and signing one's name on a list, and I was given a visitor's badge, as in a Government office or a defense plant. All day long, while I was out at Disney's, I was never left alone, not for a single moment. Which was all right—for the Disney studio *is* a defense plant, and one of our most important.

The Disney studio has gone to war, one hundred per cent, even more than any other Hollywood studio, which are all giving a high percentage of their time, facilities, film, and stars to the war effort.

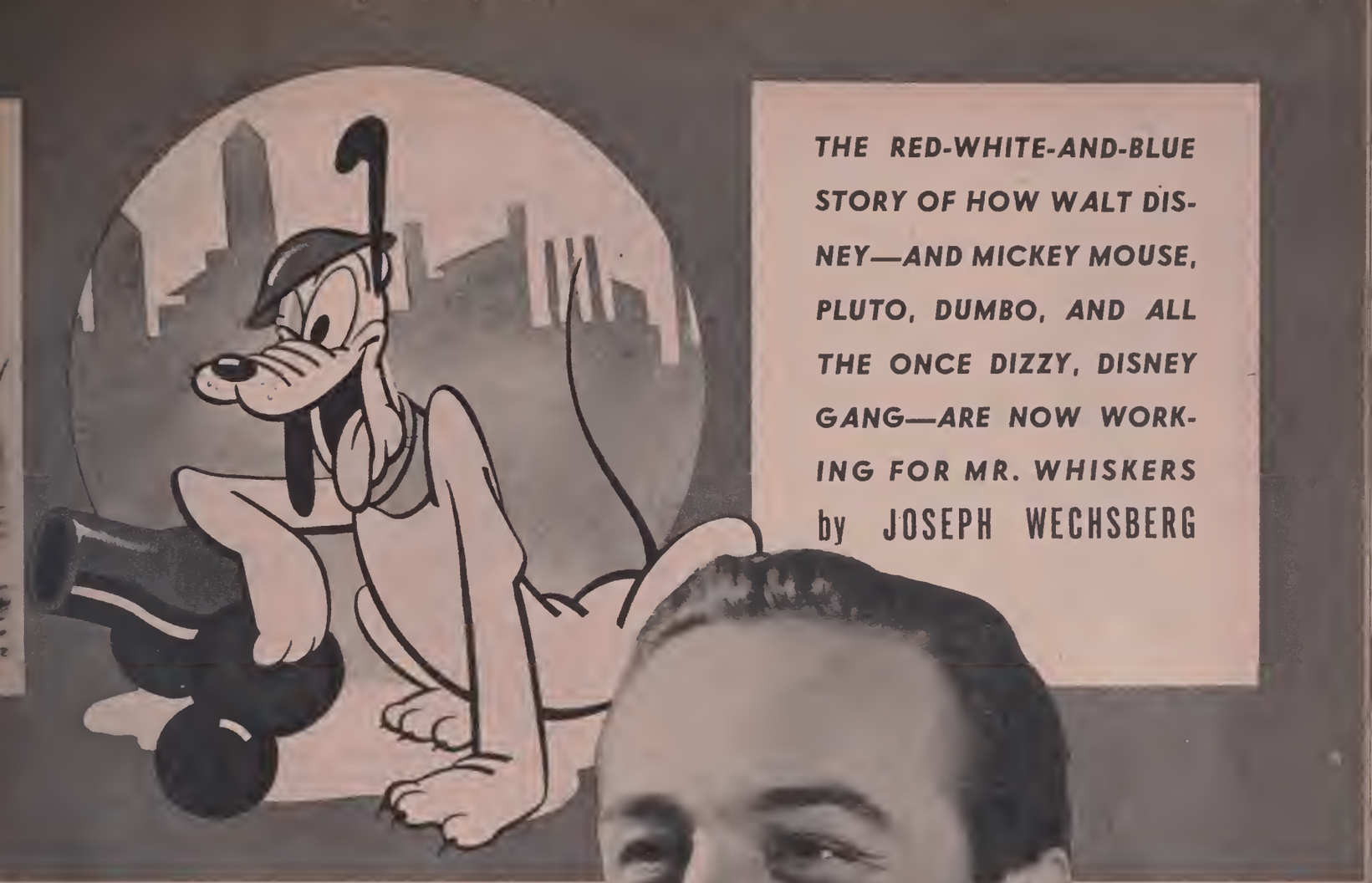
It's the strangest thing that could happen to the Disney people, for in case you don't know, the Disney people are as insubordinate, revolutionary, and easy-going as only artists can be. They're conspicuous even in that broadminded community of Hollywood where ladies go out in mink coats over slacks and gents wear their shirts outside their trousers. The Disneyites are the most talented bunch of guys west of Montparnasse and Greenwich Village, fond of sudden inspirations and practical jokes. During the days of peace, they told one of their new co-workers he could become a fire-warden and get some five bucks a week extra if he would pass the examination at the Burbank fire station. So the poor fellow went down, and the firemen (forwarned and instructed by the Disney gag men) made him slide down the brass pole, put a gas mask on his face, took his cigarettes, doused him, and sent him back to the studio where he was, gradually, told the awful truth.

Now the grim business of war has come to this carefree bunch. The Navy has taken over a special wing, and even Walt Disney can't go there without a pass. But no one objects. The Disney people had gone to war even before war came to America, and they like this newest work wholeheartedly.

The new, streamlined, air-conditioned three million dollar dream studio was opened the day the Hitler legions marched into Poland. Walt, who is never concerned about such non-essentials as money or budgets, was visibly distracted. This was very bad news for him. The whole foreign market shot just as he was beginning to cash in on "Pinocchio."

In the weeks that followed, the informal story discussions that are the brain cells of the Disney organization were interrupted while Disney leaned back in his chair and stared out of the window in what his pupils call "his inspired attitude." "We could do a lot of work to help knock out Hitler," he would say and sigh. "Training films. Morale building cartoons. Propaganda pictures for South America. If only somebody would realize . . ."

Apparently no one did realize. The Army sent a few men out, but they were mainly interested in some



THE RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE STORY OF HOW WALT DISNEY—AND MICKEY MOUSE, PLUTO, DUMBO, AND ALL THE ONCE DIZZY, DISNEY GANG—ARE NOW WORKING FOR MR. WHISKERS

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

improvements of photographic equipment. Then, one day in April, 1941, Disney called in his neighbors, the Lockheed Aircraft people, to show them a new short film he'd made, an experiment, called "Four Methods of Flush Riveting." It explained in simple terms just how metals were held together—so simple, in fact, that everybody could learn from it.

The Lockheed people, who know a good thing when they see one, were enthusiastic. Somebody said

Only demacracies still knaw and cherish laughter. Imagine any Axis natian permitting its boys to laugh while learning the intricacies of new weapons. But Uncle Sam called on Walt Disney to cambine giggles and laughter for our bays—and Walt came through magnificently.

that the Government officials ought to see it. They did, but not much happened in Washington.

The first man who really became excited was a Canadian, John Grieson, chief of Canada's National Film Board. He ordered four shorts which would boost the sale of war-savings certificates. They turned out excellently.

Just at that moment, our Secrectary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau, was having sleepless nights worrying how to explain to the citizenry that they ought to pay more taxes and like it. Somebody told Mr. Morgenthau of the new Canadian shorts on stamp buying.

"Why don't we call Disney?" Mr. Morgenthau asked. "That man can make even taxes fun."

They called in Walt, and he didn't let them down. If you have seen "The New Spirit," together with some twenty-six million other people, you'll have to admit that it was fun watching Donald Duck fill in his income tax blank.

Shortly thereafter, the Canadians sent another SOS call to Disney. Seems that they had that very good Boys' antitank rifle, an excellent weapon but bewildering to the new recruits. Couldn't Walt explain the Boys gun in his funny way?

"Stop That Tank" became a milestone in Disney's career. "For the first time we fully recognized our unlimited possibilities," he says today. "By way of what we call X-ray animation we can show the inside of a tank, of things no other motion picture camera could penetrate."

That settled it. Came Pearl Harbor and all commercial productions ("Peter Pan" and "Alice in Wonderland") were put on the shelf for the duration. Washington became as excited about Disney as he himself had been all the time about doing war work.

Thus things began to get sizzling at the Disney studios. The artists, directors, layout men, animators, musicians, and gag-men had always had a tendency toward working long, unconventional hours. Whenever the Muse kissed them, they would stay there all evening, ignoring frantic telephone calls from their wives about such unimportant matters as family, food, sleep, dates.

And the results? In 1937, when Walt produced "Snow White" and had twelve hundred people on his payroll, the year's output was thirty thousand feet of film. (If this figure doesn't impress you, don't forget that the average Disney short requires some fifteen thousand separate drawings.) Last year, with only half that number of employees (a good twenty-five per cent have been snapped up by the armed forces), Disney turned out one hundred thousand feet of film. This year it will be three times that, or three hundred thousand feet, ninety percent of which will be done for the Navy and Army, the Treasury Department, Department of Agriculture, the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs. Which gives you an idea of what real enthusiasm can achieve.

Before the war, Walt had to issue a strict "ultimatum" and use stern measures because some artists came late and went off early.

Those times have gone. No one is trying to sneak away. No one objected to wearing a badge with a hardly recognizable picture (some animator suggested each should draw his own likeness but he was overruled). But aside from such external changes, the good old Disney spirit is still the same. Everybody is called by his first name, Disney included. Even gold-braided Navy men are said to have bowed to this tradition.

Story conferences are held every day in Disney's beautiful office in a highly individual style. Storyboards lean against the walls and everybody groups around.

"As I told you, the Department of Agriculture wants us to make a picture around Secretary Wickard's slogan, 'Food Will Win The War,'" Disney will begin the discussion. "It's to stress the work the American farmers are doing, and put emphasis on the troubles which our sailors encounter when they deliver the goods to our Allies. It's hoped that the film will be smuggled into the occupied countries, so let's show those poor starved people how much food this country will be able to produce for them and a better peace."

"Statistics?" one suggests.

"Statistics are no good," says Walt. "Too dull." Everybody shudders. The word "dull" is abhorred by all Disneyites.

"Suppose we show a giant fried egg which covers so and so much of America and Canada?" one says.

"Yes, and let's build another Great Wall of China out of our canned goods," Disney shouts back.

From then on, it's a madhouse. "Let's make a fat lady who could black out Berlin. We have enough fat for that." "Let's knit a sweater of all the spaghetti we produce, big enough to cover the world!"

Suddenly Disney gets very loud-voiced, which means that he is excited and happy, and then everybody gets very loud-voiced and happy. Walt is still the little gamin he was some thirty-five years ago when he sold newspapers in Kansas City, and twenty-two years ago, when he drove an ambulance in the first World War, and painted all its walls with strange animals.

Walt is to the studio what a spark plug is to your car. He is everywhere, knowing of every detail, carrying every drawing in his head, listening to everybody. They have a Swiss gardener out there who sometimes gets a bonus for a good

★

Disney-designed insignia hove flown with the Flying Tigers in China, are flying todoy in Africa, the Solomons, ond every other spot where the Stars ond Stripes ore the loveliest sight in the world. Our Wor Deportment, quite rightly, forbids their publication, but these saucy pictures will give you the ideo of the mood of them. Men coming back from bottle see them ond grin, ond for that blessed moment con forget the horrors they hove experienced.

★

gag; and Pluto was first suggested by two messenger boys. One day, a few years ago, a former Chatauqua ventriloquist and imitator came to see Walt. By pursing his cheek and talking very fast in his throat he was able to imitate a duck. When I stepped into an office, I was shaking hands with a nice young man of a serious appearance, Clarence "Ducky" Nash by name, and found myself addressed in the unmistakable Donald Duck voice.

During lunchtime, they often show pictures at the small theatre on the lot which is much too small for all employees. We came in late and had to stand in the rear. They showed a newsreel and the rough cut of a new Donald Duck defense cartoon, and though this was probably the most discriminating audience, everybody laughed just as you and I would laugh about Donald's newest antics. A man behind me was laughing loudest of all. When the lights went on, I saw it was Disney.

Right now, everybody at Disney's is very airminded. Disney went to South America in the fall of 1941, with fifteen collaborators, at the suggestion of Nelson Rockefeller. Flying over vast stretches of land and sea, across jungles and the Pampas and the snow-covered Andes, Disney's mind became excited with the potentialities of the airplane in a future, better world. When he came back and read Major de Seversky's best-selling "Victory Through Air Power," he decided at once to make this his next great picture, the story of flying and what it means to us. Recently, he has also decided to make a picture on the Gremlins that will be dedicated to the boys of the Royal Air Force, but that's still in the hush-hush stage, when everybody at Disney's is thinking, eating, sleeping, dreaming Gremlins and now and then a Disneyite will break into the Master's office, shouting at the top of his voice that he's unearthed another treasure.

Walt was a terrific success in South America. When Oswaldo Aranha, Brazil's Foreign Minister, presented Walt with Order of the Southern Cross, he said, "You were doing good will between the Americas, Walt, before the phrase was coined."

For South America Disney made a number of health features, "Water Supply," "Defense Against Invasion," and the dramatic picture "The Winged Scourge," an appalling document against malaria and how to prevent it. You'll find in it the Seven Dwarfs cleaning up swamps, fighting the dreadful malaria mosquito. There is plenty of humor in that picture. And plenty of humor also in the Donald Duck shorts, "Fall In, Fall Out," "Der Fuehrer's Face," "The Old Army Game." The Disney people know that humor and ridicule may become a weapon of propaganda, and they make the most of it.

His first South American long feature, "Saludos Amigos," is breaking all records in the Latin republics. "They're simply eating it up," Disney says proudly. "They like Jose Carioca, that pompous little parrot who gets along so famously with Donald, and they like Pedro, the little baby plane down in Chile."

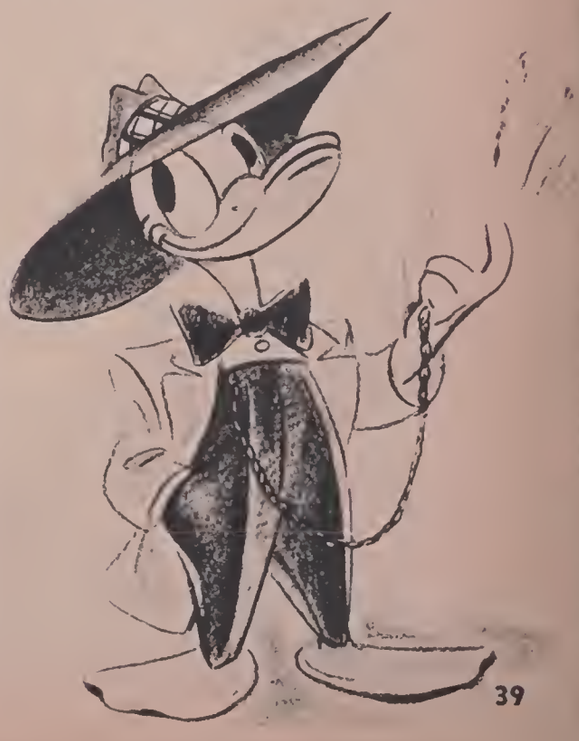
Well, who wouldn't like Pedro, who flies the mail across the Andes when papa plane is laid down with a "cold in his cylinder head" and mama plane is suffering with "high altitude pressure?" And wait until you see what they are preparing in their second Latin American picture, which they are doing on Mexico. They told me something about it, but I must not mention it. It's to be called, "Surprise Package," and a surprise it will be. When I left them, I saw a group of men in a room standing around two grown-up gents who made the strangest convulsions with their bellies while three other men uttered positively shocking sounds. But the weirdest thing was that no one in the group laughed. They were all staring as though listening to a lecture by Professor Einstein, trying to figure out a difficult mathematical problem.

"What's that?" I gasped.

"Oh, they're trying out a new trick for 'Surprise Package'," my guide said casually. "You never know. Or maybe they're just trying to ridicule Hitler and Goering. Those sounds indicate Nazi speech. Anyway, you'll like it when you see it on the screen."

THE END

Mr. D. Duck, os o zoot suiter, shows how o spendthrift is just an Axis pol (ond thot thought reforms even the hitherto unreformed Donold).



FATAL LOVE OF THIS

YOUNG LOVE

THE love of Susan Peters and Richard Quine. Very genuine. Very dewy-eyed. The first big love for Susan, tragically set to the rhythm of wartime. Dick leaves soon for service. Susie says she'll wait. No marriage for the duration, they promise. Don't be too sure. War rushes emotions so.

MONTH DEPARTMENT

WORLDLY LOVE

HEDY LAMARR and John Loder, replacing Hedy Lamarr and Jean Pierre Aumont, replacing Hedy Lamarr and George Montgomery, replacing . . . but you know the list. Business of hands being held in public. Business of working together Friday nights at the Canteen. Business of perfect little dinners. Don't count too much on Cupid's conquering. Mr. Loder will not be finally divorced until September. Watch for further bulletins.

HAVE FUN WITH YOUR JEWELRY!

You won't be buying many dresses for a while; so dress up what you have with gew-gaws. The jewels shown here are most decidedly not gew-gaws. But we can't all be lucky; if yours is costume jewelry, figure out how to be chic with it. These Powers models, appearing in "The Powers Girl," show you how.

● It's only a little thing, but a shining clip can add pounds of glamour to your old bonnet. Powers Girl Eloise Hart here wears a topaz beer mug, with diamonds for the foam; pretzels, too. (Jewelry by Gershgorn)

● It's only a bird in a girlish coiffure. Patricia Mace has done things for her hair-do by perching in it this platinum and diamond birdie. As for the watch enclosed in a jeweled bracelet—well, there'll always be a Christmas.

● Who would've thunk it—use a clip to anchor your veil, and what's more wear tiny pins on your gloves, for all the world like cuff links. Jayne Hazard models diamond, gold, and pearl pins; gold, sapphire, and diamond clip.

● If you should be the possessor of a pair of identical clips, how's about pinning one on your dress and the other on your bag? It's just a touch, but a dashing one. Linda Sterling does it with gold, diamond, and ruby clips.

This isn't "just another Hollywood marriage," this union of Phil and Alice Harris. Both victims of unhappy first marriages, they have found absolute joy and devotion in this one. Alice says Junior is only the first of her babies. She wants a house full.

SO THEY NAMED THE BABY "JUNIOR"

by

MARCIA DAUGHTREY

THE SHORT BUT LIVELY HISTORY OF ALICE FAYE HARRIS, JR.—AND ALSO THAT OF HER PARENTS

IF you would like to know what it is like to be a two-star movie baby (or what it is like to have one) listen, dear readers, to the glittering story of the semi-private life of Alice Faye Harris, Jr.

As you are reading this, this very young Miss Harris will be approaching her ninth month on this somewhat dreary earth, but already she is a bit of a legend around Hollywood. Behold, below, some of the reasons why.

The first thing Phil Harris said when he knew definitely that he was going to become a father was, "We'll name her Alice, won't we, honey?" Apparently it never dawned on him that the stork might bring a gentleman instead of a lady. But Alice Faye, Mrs. Phil Harris, thought it might be a good idea to consider two names—just in case. After a good deal of discussion, they hit on the neat arrangement of referring to the heir-force-to-be as "Jill." "Jack" was to be their second venture into parenthood.

One of the delights of prospective motherhood is the collecting of little shirts, bonnets, coats, bands . . . and all of the incredibly tiny equipment designed for ex-angels. But Alice Faye didn't make or buy one single item until a week before she was to enter the hospital. "All my life," she told friends at Twentieth Century, "I've planned to have a baby some day. And when I knew it was going to happen—well, it seemed so wonderful I was afraid to tempt fate by preparing a nursery or any single thing."

So not until the last week did she pack the famous little black bag and order a series of luscious bed jackets, each embroidered with her name, and with hair ribbons to match. Little did Alice realize that hospital routine was going to equip her with one of those comic vests boasting an airy north exposure. During her stay, in the maternity ward she had no opportunity to wear a single one of her glamour-mama wardrobes. But Alice Faye

Jean Cooney Studios

Here is Alice, Jr. taking to that old camera like the alluring scene stealer she is. Said Papa Phil about her, "Why, honey, she looks just like you." Said Mama Alice, "Why Phil, she's the image of you." Look across the page. Papa wins—she looks like Alice.

Harris, Junior fared much better.

In fact, Alice Junior had received her first Christmas gift from her father in December, 1941, when she wasn't yet. Her father-to-be had been doing some shopping in Saks of Beverly Hills and wandered, entirely by chance, into the infant section. Result: two days before Christmas he bought a gorgeous bassinet fluffy with chiffon, ruffled with lace, and regaled with miles of ribbon, it was delivered to Alice.

When little Miss Junior actually put in appearance on May 19, 1942, the doctor gave her proposed new home a sterile glance. "Get rid of that bassinet," he ordered. "Not big enough. Not airy enough. Collects germs." He ordered a simple white, latticed baby bed, without a single ribbon. Reluctantly, Phil agreed, but he still thinks that doctors should see more movies so they would know how a little princess should live.

His paternal pride somewhat hurt, Phil went out and bought a series of presents that seemed therapeutically solid. A locket, for one thing, in which he placed tiny pictures of Alice, Sr. And a miniscule gold ring, no larger than an angel's earbob. And an anklet for the gam girl of 1960.

In addition, Alice, Jr. received hand-knitted coats from Australia, and hand crocheted bootees from England. Alice, opening some of the packages, looked at the boys in the mail room at Twentieth and blinked back tears. "But those people," she sighed, "are at war! They need everything they can get. They are

suffering all kinds of privations and they live in daily danger—yet the women find time to make presents for my baby. It's almost unbelievable." With a tiny hand-embroidered dress under one arm, Alice Faye went swiftly into the other room for fear her gratitude would overflow.

Don't think that Phil's friends and fans were idle all this time. The maid received a parcel one afternoon and brought it to Alice. "Sounds broken to me," was the dismal report.

Alice opened the package and lifted a card away from the fragments of disc. "I've written and recorded a lullaby for the Harris heiress," it read. "If you don't like it, you can always turn it in to the scrap drive." The postman had already acted as amateur music critic, but his taste in music must have changed because dozens of lullabies arrived safely thereafter. Everything from neo-Brahms to boogie-woogie with a sandman beat.

The Harris parents are saving them for young Alice's mature ear.

Oh yes—another of Junior's gifts was a set of tiny false teeth. Seems that, once the makeup department gets started, there is no stopping its determination to improve on nature.

20th Century-Fox Photo by Ray Nolan

As this is written, Miss Harris is slightly over seven months of age. And doing lustily, if you please. Whom does she resemble? There's a story about that.

Phil saw his rollicking daughter some time before Alice was able to view the infant. He came tiptoeing to the high white hospital bed and confided eagerly, "She's the image of you, honey. Gosh, she looks exactly like you. You should see her little hands—just covered with dimples. And her little fat feet! Oh honey, imagine the luck of a baby having Alice Faye for her mother! And she looks just like you!"

But when the nurse was allowed to introduce mother and daughter, Alice feasted her eyes on the gurgling bundle and breathed, "Why, she doesn't look like me. She's her daddy's girl. She looks like you."

Less prejudiced bystanders insist that Miss Harris has her mother's beauty, her father's charm and sense of humor, and the family appreciation of music. As soon as Junior was able to sit up, she began to bob in time to music. She loves the radio and cocks her little head toward any lilting sound. Loud and strident noises make her jump like a frightened rabbit, and the sudden banging of a door is the only thing that will make her cry (excepting a certain dampness of climate or the pangs of hunger.)

A studio official, arriving one Thursday afternoon when he knew the maid would be away, simply soft-shoed in. He sneaked, he reconnoitered. He didn't want to wake the baby.

So it happened that he heard Alice, singing softly in that inimitable voice of hers. Not just one song, and then silence, but a series of songs. Love songs and lullabies; popular songs that suddenly had meaning, their love phrases translated into heart language by the magic of Alice's lilt.

He found Alice rocking her baby to sleep, and singing. He is not particularly a man to go to pieces at sight of motherhood—at least that is what he says with vigor. Yet he backed out of the room and went away without interrupting the pretty scene. Afterward he told a friend, chuckling, "Alice was wearing a blue ribbon around her head, and will you believe it—Junior had a tiny blue ribbon tied on her forelock, too."

Little Miss Alice gets sung to sleep by her father, also. Local gentlemen who have been known to delight in a wager are making book on the chances that Phil's daughter, by the time she is three, will be able to sing the complete lyrics, with exotic variations, of "That's What I Like About The South," the Bruin Hymn (official song of U.C.L.A.), "You Made Me Love You," and the alleged melody

of "Humoresque" as played by Senor Jack Benny on the Heifitz special.

While he is pouring it on, Phil runs the tip of his index finger around his daughter's diminutive ear. She loves this and blinks up at him with an expression that reads, "I wish I were a kitten so I could purr."

As for the love into which this junior miss was born: there is one incident that needs to be clarified. When Alice, Jr. was six weeks old, Alice, Sr. left her in charge of a trained nurse and went to join Phil who had been on tour with his band since his daughter was two weeks old.

To Alice's astonishment, her action evoked a storm of protest. Several women, having no children of their own, apparently, or they wouldn't have had time to take so much interest in the affairs of another, wrote indignant letters to the studio asking what sort of a girl would leave her infant daughter and go traveling about the country. The fact that Alice wanted to be with her husband seemed, strangely enough, to be faintly criminal in the eyes of these critics.

Alice had two reasons—both profound—for her plan. In the first place, she had employed a trained nurse who knew far more about the baby's needs and care than Alice did; any new mother, recently from a hospital, will be glad to recite at length on the efficiency of the ladies under the white caps. A good many novice mothers are scared into a state of nerves by their mysterious young offspring, and view a nurse's masterful handling of the situation with nothing but speechless awe. So the truth was, that the baby was fine; she didn't need Alice.

But Phil was lonely and worried about his wife. In a world full of strife and confusion, war, hatred and death, it is a heartlifting thing to find such love as the Harrises have for one another. In common with all protective men, Phil felt that he could watch over Alice and guard her well being much better if she were with him than if she were a thousand or so miles away from him.

Alice told friends at the studio, "I'm going to travel with Phil until this tour is over. After all, he is just as crazy about our little girl as I am, and it isn't fair for me to stay here and have all the fun of getting acquainted with her first. I want us to be together and get to know her at the same time. I want to be able to look at Phil and say, 'Isn't she darling?' instead of just writing it."

Philosophers who insist that children should be joyous incidents in the love of a man and woman must agree with Alice's decision and admire her wisdom. Also, there are thousands of men in the world, whose prime place of importance has been usurped by their children, who must envy Phil Harris. It takes a great lady to realize that the height of womanliness is reached by being wife first, mother second.

That is one of the things Alice plans to teach her tiny carbon copy: to live her life to the best of her ability, and to hold herself deaf to frivolous criticism.

Another lesson Alice hopes that Alice, Jr. will learn, is to conquer shyness. Miss Faye's great professional bugaboo has been a reticence so deep that she is actually terrified of interviewers. She has hot and cold chills, complicated by crawling heebie-jeebies, at the sight of many press representatives—but she works valiantly at being gracious.

She says honestly that she hopes her baby will grow up to become an actress. "Hollywood has been good to me," Mrs. Harris affirms sincerely. "I couldn't ask for a better life for my daughter."

THE little one gives every evidence of acting on this excellent prophecy. She was brought down to the set of "Hello, Frisco, Hello," to visit recently. Her mother was positively a confection in a yellow velvet dress strictly out of this world. "Frisco" is being shot in technicolor, and it gives promise of being a tonic to the eyes.

Alice, her hair lovelier than ever, her skin as fresh as roses after rain, and her figure an hourglass of perfection, hurried over to greet her small visitor. The baby uttered cries of glee and tried to dabble plump fingers on her mother's lipstick. The dark pancake makeup also delighted her, and she patted Alice, Sr.'s face with approving hands.

Junior has already had two portrait sittings. She posed for her first studies when she was three months old, and her second pictures were made when she was a solid citizen of half a year's residence. So, when a flash bulb snapped here and there, while she was admiring her mother, Miss Harris was nonchalant about the whole thing. She didn't cry.

Neither would she laugh. Alice had told everyone from John Payne, who plays opposite her in "Frisco," to the electrician on the highest catwalk, about young Alice's laughing ability. She mentioned gurgles, chuckles and cries of outright glee.

Well, you know how adults behave in the presence of an infant. Several of the men imitated locomotives. There was a jack-rabbit comedian with thumbs in his ears, and a versatile performer who could wiggle his nose. The baby took it all in, very dead pan.

Finally the nurse decided that she was going to have a case of apoplexy on her hands if some of the higher blood pressure cases weren't restrained, so she took Kid Harris home. All the way, Miss Glamour of 1960 giggled her head off. She clapped her hands, tried to take a bite out of one foot, and behaved—in general—just as Alice had hoped she would on the set.

This change of pace is known as temperament.

So it looks as if the pin-up girl, sixteen years from now, is already set by Fate. Her name, boys, and you may put it in your future book, is Junior.

THE END

★ ★ ★

We're printing this picture because (a) it's the cutest shot we ever saw of Ann Sothern and (b) it's typical of today's Holiywood. Annie's dancing with her good pai, Cesar Romero, because her most particular beau, Bob Sterling, is in service and because when Hollywood giris want to go dancing and still not make absent beaux jealous, they always choose Cesar, the nicest of guys around town.

★ ★ ★

CLOSE-UP of BETTY GRABLE

by BARBARA BERCH

Movieland's COVER GIRL

BETTY GRABLE was discussing herself—out loud—in mixed company. "Look — I'm no singer," she was saying, so everyone could hear, "no dancer, either. As for acting—brother! Which brings me down to a shape the boys seem to like—some real talent—"

All the men in the company nodded their heads, a few whistled properly, and everybody was good and convinced that Betty Grable—this self-declaimed no-singer, no-dancer, no-actress—was the smoothest job in pictures.

She's solid stuff, this blonde lass who keeps the Twentieth Century-Fox output swinging with more zip and bounce and energy than any high-priced languor lady has a right to radiate. Right now, she is the second most important feminine star at the box-office, topped only by Greer Garson, and putting such highly touted artists as Hepburn, Sheridan, Colbert, Arthur, Russell, and even the great Davis far in the

George Raft, Betty's steady date for two years, is twice her age, but they are very happy in one another's company. Neither drinks nor smokes, both of them love to dance. Even after some fifteen years of separation, George is still unable to secure his divorce, will undoubtedly wed Grable if he ever does get free.

shade. But this hasn't affected her head size—as yet—nor even faintly corroded her vast store of that rarest of stellar qualities, good horse sense.

She doesn't make with the eyes half open, either—on or off screen—nor with a peekaboo bang. She doesn't have to. All Grable has to do is to sashay on to a stage or a strip of film, in her own peculiar manner, and the bars are down with the healthy, outdoorsy, rah-rah kind of sex she sells.

Betty doesn't work up to this character just for the screen. She's really that way. She has a great appetite for a figure star—for one thing—and eats right along with the boys, whether its pork chops and potatoes, or corned beef and cabbage. None of this breast-of-guinea-hen, under glass, for the pride of St. Louis. She's as genuine as home-made bread.

She plays hard, too. She can stay up all night dancing with two or three hundred soldiers, then fall into the nearest chair, kick off her shoes, fan her face furiously with both her hands, and mutter breathlessly that she "had a wonderful time—best time ever."

She makes a lot of money, has a lot of pictures taken, gets a lot of compliments, and charms a lot of men. But she can still get in there and exchange dialogue with the boys, when a party gets going. It's something like the quality Carole Lombard had—a quality to fit her into royal drawing rooms and to keep the electricians happy; to greet visiting generals or to jitterbug with the buck privates. She hangs on to the money, too. She's no tightwad, but she's no dope with her cash, either.

She shows up at the Hollywood Canteen every Monday and Tuesday night and Sunday afternoons—the quiet, off times when most of the other big stars stay home. "How can I stay away," she asks, "when the boys tell me that they'll never forget dancing with me—that they can go to Africa or to the Solomon Islands and be happy now, no matter what happens. I'm the lucky one to get the chance to dance with them." She grins and adds, "I lose five pounds every time I go, which is swell, because it means I never have to diet."

When she went on a camp show tour a few weeks ago, she noticed ten rows of empty seats in front of the auditorium where she was scheduled to sing. Jammed in, standing at the back, were about two hundred enlisted men. "What's all this?" she asked. "Do I have to play to a pack of empty rows with all those boys standing on their feet back there?"

A sergeant told her the first ten rows were reserved for officers and their wives—and Betty blew up. "Boys," she called to the soldiers in the back, "fill up these seats. I came here to sing for you." Then

she made a quick exit to the waiting lines outside, smiled until the whistling had subsided a bit, and started to sing for them, out there, before the first show had even started!

Betty gets seven thousand letters a month . . . and doesn't employ a secretary. She manages her own business accounts, writes her own checks, buys her own War Bonds, and has never had a personal maid. She answers her own phone at all times, and when MOVIELAND called up to get her to pose for its cover, she drove down in her own car, ran a comb through her golden hair, popped in front of the camera asking, "What do you want— the good, clean kid pose?" and went smoothly into it.

Her favorite perfume is Shalimar, a moderately-priced fragrance that goes well with stenographers and Lockheed workers—as well as with this same Betty Grable of Hollywood, Missouri, and the U. S. Army.

She lives with her mother in a big house in Bel Air, and they keep out of the way of a couple of prize dogs, one a French poodle, the other a twelve-year-old bull dog. She has a steady boy friend, George Raft, and worries if a columnist says she goes out with other men.

When an item leaked out about Betty being seen with another man (and woman) Betty took time out to chastise the writer about it. "Watch it, fella," she winked, "unless you want Raft down your back." She's been going steady with George for two years now. She'd just as soon you didn't remember her kid marriage to Jackie Coogan. The failure of that hurt her rather a lot, but it also made her grow up fast. Raft is obviously deeply in love with her.

She's everybody's favorite girl friend around the studio. Some of the boys even insist they'd rather watch Betty Grable rehearse than any other actress act. She came to Twentieth Century-Fox in 1940 with nothing more behind her than ten years of movie experience, a hit show on Broadway, a gorgeous face and figure, those legs, and a full-blown memory of being booted out of town not too long ago because no studio wanted her.

Instead of making her re-entrance with a dozen chips on both shoulders, she turned up grinning, whispered something to an understanding press agent about hoping she "didn't wind up in a Charlie Chan or Jones Family epic," and marched right into the star spot in "Down Argentine Way." She's never slipped a foot since then, and she comes out in four musicals a year, bounces merrily around in them, strips to shorts and bra five or six times a film—and makes plenty for her studio, and herself, too.

Which may or may not be art—but who's kicking!

THE END

When for the first time in two years Betty appeared out with somebody other than George Raft, nobody got in a tizzy. Everybody around Hollywood knew the Grable girl was no flirt, quickly realized that George must be away. (He was—in New York.) The lucky lad was Van Johnson.

Here's Betty with Movieland's distinguished cover artist, Tom Kelley. Tom tried to move so he'd get the best lighting. "Hey, what is this?" cried Betty. "I can swipe a camera from anyone." Notice that she did, too.

JOURNEY INTO FEAR

Movieland, for once, lines up its reviews in the order of originality of the films, stating firmly that all these films are excellent entertainment.

"Journey Into Fear" is a nerve-tingler right up to the end. Joseph Cotten is an American munitions expert trying to escape the Nazi agents in Turkey.

FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM

This is the story of Tonie Carter, a girl flyer who has to pioneer her way against male prejudice. She meets and falls for Randy Britton, lady killer.

To Randy the flirtation is charming episode; to Tonie, deathless love. Randy flies away. Tonie becomes flyer, breaks records to hide broken heart.

THEY GOT ME COVERED

Bob Hope is a dim-witted foreign correspondent in Moscow, lets scoop story of German invasion of Russia get away from him. He's called home to be fired.

He goes to Washington to see his girl (yes, Lamour) and there is tipped off by a mysterious man concerning Axis spy plot against the United States.

MOVIELAND'S MOVIE REVIEWS

STRANGER IN TOWN

Frank Morgan, U. S. Supreme Court Judge, goes under an assumed name on a duck hunting vacation. First day, he's arrested because he hasn't a license.

Because he knows important secrets, they want to murder him. The chief of the Turkish Police, Orson Welles (playing a small role magnificently) warns a professional assassin is after him, smuggles him aboard a ship.

The assassin is on the boat. The Turkish agent sent to protect him is killed. A beautiful dancer becomes involved. So, too, does the American's wife. The suspense of the scenes is at times almost unendurable.

On a round-the-world hop, our Navy sends for her, says war is threatened, asks her to lose her way deliberately so that search can be made supposedly for her, actually to photograph Jap-mandated islands.

Flying to a prearranged rendezvous, Tonie finds that Randy has been assigned her navigator. Go see how this comes out. It's very stirring. Fred MacMurray is excellent; Rosalind Russell, superlative.

Nazi gunmen have followed the tipster and now set their hooks for Mr. Hope. Complications arise, including a framed-up elopement with a strange girl, to separate Bob from Dottie.

Bob suspects that the spy ring is operating from a beauty salon and poses as a dummy to listen in. All ends well for America, Bob, and Dottie. Don't miss this for laughs.

He gets upset about local court proceedings. Meets Richard Carlson, who's running for Mayor. Morgan's secretary, Jean Rogers, comes up to see him. The three get to work, cleaning up the town politics.

YOU CAN TELL AT A GLANCE WHICH ONES YOU WANT TO SEE

MOVIELAND'S MOVIE REVIEWS

AIR FORCE

"Air Force" may be an Academy Award winner, and it may be the best picture of all time. Its principal character is Mary Ann, a U. S. bomber. Her crew of nine flies Mary Ann on a routine flight to Hawaii. They near Pearl Harbor just as the December 7th attack starts. They all turn into heroes.

SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT

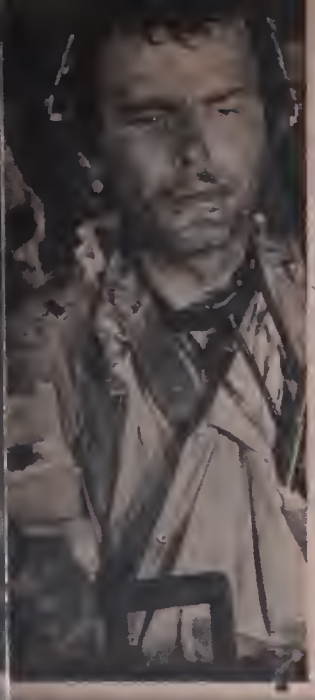
Janet Blair comes to the big city, meets Don Ameche, and tells him of her struggle to sell her songs. Don's a press agent, so . . . He rushes Janet over to producer, William Gaxton for an audition. Gaxton likes songs and how she sings. But he has a problem.

THE AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY

Deanna Durbin, niece of a Chinese missionary, takes over eight refugee children when her uncle is killed in an air raid, manages to smuggle them aboard a ship bound for America, determined to protect them.

TARZAN TRIUMPHS

Tarzan and adopted son live peacefully in jungle home. Jane writes from England, saying Nazi invasions prevent her coming home. Nazis invade village near Tarzan.



From then on, you follow the adventures of the ship and its crew, up until the time when the men sight the Jap fleet and inform headquarters, which results in the battle of the Coral Sea.

The entire cast, headed by John Garfield and Gig Young, give magnificent performances. The quiet heroism, the pounding action, the poignant tragedy, make this a film that no American can afford to miss.

Cobina Wright, Jr. is backing the show on the condition that she be the feminine lead. And she can't carry a tune in a bucket. How to get her out, Janet in, is the problem.

The usual warfare ensues. Jack Oakie is the owner of a boarding house full of theatrical talent. Janet Blair really can sing and dance. And Cole Porter songs are . . . swell.

The ship is bombed, its commodore supposedly lost. Deanna makes friends with sailor, goes to commodore's San Francisco house for aid. Refused it, she pretends to be commodore's widow. Enter commodore's grandson. Comes love and complications. Fairly amusing. Sluggish plot.

Nazis enslave villagers, but Tarzan won't help because it's none of his business. Then his son is captured by the Nazis. Tarzan changes his mind, goes to aid son, is captured himself. We won't tell how it ends. It's terrific.

YOU CAN TELL AT A GLANCE WHICH ONES YOU WANT TO SEE

SECRET PRODUCTION

ALL over Hollywood they are talking about "This Land Is Mine," the picture the whole town's interested in and concerning which almost no one knows anything, except that it is great. In the face of the usual ballyhoo that attends all productions, RKO has deliberately held back all facts about this one. Dudley Nichols, the distinguished writer whose many superior films included that greatest one, "The Informer," wrote the story—but only Nichols knows the whole plot. Jean Renoir, the famous French director, put Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara plus the quite new Kent Smith and Nancy Gates through their paces. Here are three highlights from the film: at right, the love scene between Kent and Nancy; at left, the schoolroom scene where Maureen, as a teacher in an occupied country, protects one of her pupils; and above, Charles Laughton in a courtroom scene, wherein he tells the meaning of liberty. Laughton's speech in this scene runs for a solid eight minutes, and already they are talking about a possible Academy Award for 1943 for it.

HOW TO RAISE A GLAMOUR GIRL

IN A Hollywood store shortly before Christmas, two small figures (each clad in diminutive slacks and sweater, each wearing her hair in a tumble over the shoulders) were peering into a perfume case when Santa Claus came down the aisle. In a rich, jocular voice he asked of one junior miss, "And what would you like for Christmas, dear?"

The smaller of the pair turned an impish face, under blue hair ribbons, toward Santa. "An ounce of Chanel No. 5, please," she said. And the other little blonde added, "Personally, I'd rather have Tabu."

"You'll take dolls and like it," said Santa severely and went on about his business, shaking his head and muttering something about the younger generation. He had no idea that his pint-sized clients were Veronica Lake (five feet two) and her mother, Veronica Keane (four feet eleven).

Veronica, the first, has been even more responsible than most mothers for the glittering development of Veronica, the daughter. Veronica the second, as you are doubtless aware, is an applecart upsetter de luxe. She is referred to by various factors in the same studio, as hell on wheels and as a misunderstood angel. Slithering into prominence by way of "Wings," she has steadily climbed in less than two years to such importance that today she is co-star with no less than Claudette Colbert and Paulette Goddard in "So Proudly We Hail."

Yet, as an actress, she is inconsistent. She never does what is expected of her. As a personality, she is even more erratic and provocatively delightful. When you know more about her childhood, you understand why. For instance, the fact that Veronica and her mother on that Christmas shopping tour were dressed almost exactly alike and appeared to be contemporaries was . no one-time coincidence. Mama isn't sure, but she believes that she and the famous daughter whom she calls "Connie" (Veronica's christened name is Constance) were the first mother-child team to wear identical dresses. As soon as Veronica was graduated from triangular sarongs, she began to wear reduced versions of her mother's wardrobe.

Don't think that this habit made her look like a child masquerading in adult clothes. Mrs. Keane as a matter of practicality has always had to select her dresses from the stock in the children's section of some large store. But, from a matter of choice, she loves junior gadgets. She wore bobby socks long before they became the rage . . . or there was a stocking shortage. And she was probably the unintentional re-

Straight from the cradle up to now, Ronni Lake and her mama have not only thought and acted alike, but dressed alike. Here, at Atlantic City, at the age of six, Ronni not only dresses just like her mother, but, by gosh, has that lock of hair over that eye.

When she was seven, Veronica cantered into New York's Central Park with her vivid mentor.

When you read this story of Veronica Lake's amazing upbringing, you'll understand why this very young star is a happy wife and mother—and why she'll keep on being one.

by FREDDA DUDLEY

viver of the hair ribbon style for women of all ages.

Mrs. Keane was only a girl grown not-so-tall; she had just as much fun learning didos on roller skates as Veronica did. It was no unusual sight around Lake Placid, New York, for two small, blonde tykes to race down the main street toward some shop where there was a good sale in progress. Mrs. Keane still remembers with acute amusement the expression on the faces of salespeople when she started to buy clothes for her "sister."

At the age of five, Veronica was taught to swim by her mother. Mrs. Keane loved water like a dolphin, and Veronica took to the waves with all the zest of a tadpole.

When Veronica was eight, she was trigged out in a horsey suit and taught to ride—again by Mommy, likewise dressed to enchant the hay burners. In no time at all, Veronica was taking moderate jumps.

That winter, when it got too cold for riding, the two Veronicas divided their time equally between ice skating and skiing . . . without casualty. That is one of the most remarkable facts about their dual athletic prowess; the absence of spills or accident. Not that Veronica, Jr., didn't think long and lovingly about the bliss of applying a tourniquet.

When other children were indulging in great dramas before imaginary footlights, Veronica saw herself only as a great female doctor. Her dolls were always ill, stricken by a variety of horrible diseases.

During one particularly unrelenting day, Mrs. Keane observed Veronica taking her doll's temperature. "So you want to go outdoors and play in the snow?" the youngster was asking as she inserted a miniature clinical thermometer between the doll's teeth. "Well, we'll see how well you are." After the proper lapse of time, the thermometer was extracted and consulted with furrowed brow. "Good heavens, I should say you can't go outside. You've got the lowest barometer I've ever seen."

Thus Veronica's most valued Christmas gift was the nurse's uniform Mrs. Keane made for her when she was five. On Christmas morning, when the Keane parents ventured into the room in which the tree was set, they found Veronica, opening a variety of packages, while clad in

Ronni could swim. Ronni could dance. Ronni could ride. But all that wasn't enough. At twelve, Mama made her a skier.

Miss Lake, the full-fledged actress in "So Proudly We Hail" wherein without frills or dangling golden locks she plays—and superbly—a nurse on Bataan.

Veronica with Mama and Papa (Mr. and Mrs. H. Anthony Keane) as she recovered from her recent appendectomy.

this outfit. She had it on over her nightie, while on top—for warmth—she had added her bathrobe. "This is the loveliest present I've ever had," she sighed.

Mrs. Keane has that small, now-faded and wear-bedraggled dress stored away with other keepsakes. Another of the hoarded mementos is a very inadequate brown tie. It was the first gift Veronica, personally, ever selected for her father . . . in honor of his birthday. Doubtless influenced by her mother's purchasing habits, Veronica went secretly to the boy's section of a store and selected a junior cravat. Her father wore it, what's more. A vest hid the inadequacy, but nothing could hide his pleasure over his daughter's quaint thoughtfulness.

Another activity of Veronica's, entirely on the impulsive side, consisted in a succession of school picnics. One afternoon, eyes a-dance and hair tossing, she rushed into the house and said, "Mother, quick! Make twenty-four sandwiches."

Mrs. Keane rose automatically and moved toward the kitchen. "What for?" she demanded.

"Because all the neighborhood children are going on a picnic."

"But what makes you think the neighborhood children can go on a picnic?" Mrs. Keane asked, just to keep the record straight.

"Oh, I've spent all week going to the mothers and explaining that we were going to have a picnic today. I told them that you were going along to look after us."

Amazement began to twitch at the mother's mouth. "How on earth did you know I'd fix food and go picnicking?"

Veronica permitted herself an indulgent smile. "Why, honey, I always know how I can count on you to do the things I like to do," she said.

The major fault of Veronica Lake, as a growing girl, was over-generosity. Theré was the evening when Mrs. Keane, dressing for a .dinner party, missed a pair of new shoes. She looked high and low before a grave suspicion impelled her toward her daughter's room. "Connie, dear," she said, "have you seen my new shoes?"

With virtue shining from her face, Veronica nodded. "There was a poor little girl at school," she explained, "whose shoes were all worn out. She didn't have any money to buy new ones, so I gave her yours. I knew that if you saw the awful shoes she was wearing, you couldn't bear it any more than I could. You would have given her the shoes yourself, because you're so kind!"

Money was another item that the peek-a-boo bang girl couldn't control. Veronica's mother would supply her with a dollar, out of which she was told she might spend twenty cents for a malted milk. Junior Miss always returned, sans change. "I met some neighborhood children," was her unfailing alibi, "and I treated them because I knew you wouldn't want me to be selfish."

Because Veronica was always a precocious youngster, Mrs. Keane decided that her worldly knowledge should be gained rapidly, and in the presence of her mother and father. So she started accompanying them night-clubbing when she was fifteen. She danced with her father, and she watched a careless customer here and there cash in his dignity for too much giggle syrup. She learned that doormen aren't all exiled archdukes, and that headwaiters aren't all born with a broomstick down their backs. She saw floor shows and listened to bands both corny and on the beam. At sixteen, she knew chinchilla from nutria, and sable-dyed muskrat from mink-dyed squirrel. She was, in short, hep.

Which brings us to another indicative tableau. Visualize the swank Roney Plaza Hotel in Miami. Think of Harry Richman, the flamboyant Broadway nightclub performer who had more attendants at one of his weddings than his bride did. Now, imagine Harry Richman seated beside Veronica Lake on a pair of high stools before one of the most beautiful bars in the world. Listen while Mr. Richman tells the lady with the silk-curtain hair, "Little girl, you're going to be famous some day, because you've got exactly what it takes." And now, note the beverage each is sipping, a chocolate malted milk!

If Harry Richman was astonished to find himself sipping a malt, imagine the amazement of a lad who took Veronica night-clubbing in Los Angeles shortly after she had arrived in town. They started the evening by having dinner at one of the plushiest restaurants, then they moved on to Ciro's—the gentleman confidently expecting to progress along the Sunset Strip, tarrying here and there and really making an evening of it.

At ten-thirty p. m. Veronica stifled a yawn. At ten-thirty-five her eyelids began to look waxy with fatigue. At ten-forty she said, "I've had such a pleasant evening—and now, if you don't mind, I'd like to be taken home. I'm tired."

This thoroughgoing sophistication probably explains the fact that Veronica, at an age when other stars are going their giddiest, married John Detlie because she was in love and wanted to settle down. It doubtless makes clear her reasons for wanting and having her baby daughter Elaine Detlie at a time when most girls would have considered a baby a frightening danger to a smooth career.

Mrs. Keane insists that Veronica's worst fault, nowadays, is her utter lack of sense of time. The bright star of Paramount's "So Proudly We Hail" spends a lot of her life up on Cloud Number Seven. She forgets luncheon dates; she is late for portrait sittings. She holds up the dinner hour at home, and she forgets to telephone if she is going to be away later in the evening than she originally anticipated.

At Paramount, when she is missing, they now have a theory for finding her that always works; they figure out where there is probably some amusing conversation in progress. Then they locate Miss Lake in the midst of it.

Basically she is still the bemused small girl who loved sports (currently she plays baseball with the grips, electricians, or other amateur fielders on the set); she is still the little girl who gave away everything in sight (to this day she never reaches home with a penny left in her pocket); she is still the precocious youngster whose mind never relaxed a minute (at present she reads every salient book published, and spends hours discussing topical problems with anyone who has a fresh slant).

And she burns if anyone refers to her as "Miss Glamour." Personally, she would like to be called "Ronni, the Rugged."

MARRIAGE OF THE MONTH

WHEN Donna Reed, a real farmer's daughter, came to Hollywood for her first screen test, the man who made her up was named William J. Tuttle. It's a good quick way to a girl's heart when you make her natural beauty become vivid, professional beauty, and Bill Tuttle succeeded so well with Donna that she won the part of Andy Hardy's Secretary, in the movie of that name, plus a contract with MGM and a nice piece of fame and moola.

Being absolutely one of the nicest youngsters who ever hit movieland, Donna went to live at the polite Studio Club, where many an ambitious girl does live when new in glitter town. They are all nice girls, but few of them succeed in the big way that Donna did. In fact, most of them get only extra bits, and lots of them have their hearts broken.

Donna would see those girls at night, so often disillusioned, so frequently home-sick, so generally lonesome. During the day at the studio, Donna would also see Bill Tuttle. He wasn't any devastating charmer. He wasn't to be compared in handsomeness to Bob Taylor or Clark Gable or any of the actors on the lot. But he was something much more. He was a gentleman and hard-working and devoted and intelligent.

Donna and Bill began to date. It was a long courtship, as Hollywood courtships go. It went on for a year. Even when they became officially engaged, they still waited two months. When they finally decided to wed, they did it without fuss or fanfare, did it in the quiet dignified manner that so perfectly suited both of them. They had their apartment all picked out, every piece of furniture all set before the late afternoon that they slipped into the Community Methodist Church of Beverly Hills for the ceremony.

They'd hoped to have a honeymoon, but the very next day Donna was cast in "The Man From Down Under" in a fine role opposite Charles Laughton. Bill made her up for the part and told her she was never lovelier, which was quite true.

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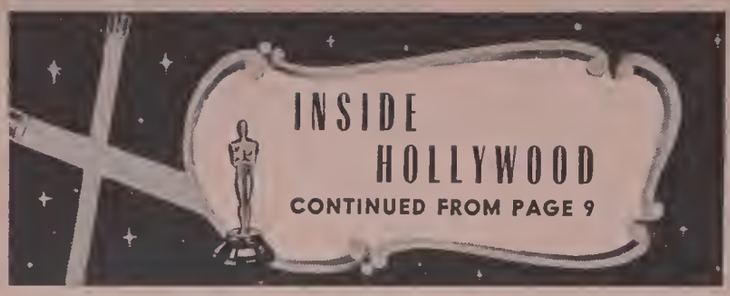

FRIENDSHIP IS A WONDERFUL THING

★

Arthur Hornblow, Jr., the M-G-M producer, will look you straight in the face and tell you that there is no romance between him and Bubbles Schinasi. For the sake of the records, you will remember that Hornblow was formerly married to Myrna Loy, while Bubbles was married to Wayne Morris.

★

"We're good friends," Hornblow is quoted as having told his pals, "but we're not serious."

Well, let's examine the facts. I hear on good authority that Hornblow has turned over his best car for the exclusive use of Bubbles. And how does he explain the fact that Bubbles and her mother are now occupying one of his beautiful homes?

If that doesn't sound like wedding bells, just what would?

BENCHLEY PROVES THAT HE'S BENCHLEY

★

The other evening at the Players, Robert Benchley was sitting with Charles Butterworth and some other people. The place was invaded by two nice soldier boys who were having fun ogling the movie stars dining there.

★

Finally they got to the Benchley table and stopped to argue with each other as to whether it was Benchley or not. They ignored Benchley entirely but kept up their conversation about him.

★

Benchley began doing all the tricks for which he is famous, the easing of his collar and tie when he is preoccupied, the mussing of his hair, and many of the gestures that are typically his.

★

When he had finished his act and everyone was in stitches, the boys stopped talking about him, both stuck out their hands, and said, "Thanks for the show. We knew it was you all the time. Have a drink with us." The usual exchange of, "No, have one with us, etc.," carried on and finally the boys sat down and had a drink.

When the check came, they insisted on shelling out

Lieutenant Van Heflin and his wife, Frances Neal, pictured at the Mocambo. They are infanticipating.

Pat O'Brien entertains Joan Blondell and Dick Powell at the Mocambo. It must have been a wow of a story!

the money, but asked Benchley and Butterworth to please autograph the bill so they could prove to their buddies that it had really happened.

★

HOW TO DANCE WITH A SERVICEMAN

Sheila Ryan, after many nights of dancing with the service men at the Hollywood Canteen, gives out with rules for Canteen and USO Center workers who want to rank A-1 with Uncle Sam's boys.

Sheila says:

"Don't embarrass a soldier by asking him to try rhumbas, tangos and such. Let him teach you some of the steps he enjoyed back home.

★

"Don't stretch up if you're too short—or slump, if you're tall. If the fellow picked an unbalanced partner, let that be his problem.

"Don't rest the full weight of your arm, plus handbag, on his forearm—or hang onto his neck with a death grip.

★

"Don't try serious conversation while dancing. It doesn't mix with music.

"Don't ask a buck private why he hasn't qualified for officer's training.

"Don't ask why that particular music gives him that far-away look in his eyes.

★

"And don't forget that for some fellows, watching others dance may be even more fun than dancing."

YOU'VE HEARD OF BAD NIGHT AIR?

On night location on the back lot at Universal, Eddie Cline was directing a picture. Just as he gave orders to start the action, the perfume of skunk was wafted into the night air.

"Cut," yelled Eddie. "Can that be this picture?"

THE PUBLIC KNOWS ITS PICTURES

"Sleepers" is the word used in Hollywood for pictures made at low cost, with unimportant players, expected to make very little money, but which turn out to be unexpected hits. The best example of a sleeper in years is "The Cat People," now scaring the daylights out of half the population of America.

Behind the production of "The Cat People" there lies a story, and on its success a new career for Simone Simon is indicated.

★

"The Cat People" was the first production effort of Val Lewton, fairly recently of the M-G-M publicity department, an experienced novelist, and most recently story-head for David Selznick.

Lewton, a big, shy man, who is incidentally the nephew of Alla Nazimova, one of the first great movie stars, has long wanted to produce but couldn't get anybody to give him a chance till RKO gave him a production budget of one hundred thousand dollars to produce what they expected to be just another "B." Val would have liked some important stars for his first movie, but knew better than to ask for them, being sure of refusal. Instead he picked up an unknown actor called Kent Smith, wracked his memory to think what actress would look the perfect cat type, and still be available to him, came up with Simone Simon, and went quietly to work.

★

In a little while it was whispered around the lot that in "The Cat People" there was a guy who would make a hit. That was Kent Smith. Nobody paid any attention to Simone or to the film itself.

Things came to such a lively pass that Hunt Stromberg, late of Metro, and now going it alone as an independent producer, came to RKO, asked Lewton to see his film, saw it, and signed Smith for one of his pictures. Stromberg gave Val the impression that his movie could maybe have been worse, but with some effort.

★

So out came "The Cat People." To date it has made more than six hundred thousand dollars, is expected to make a million before it is finished. Simone is currently starring at Republic in "Tahiti Honey" and is expected to re-sign at her old stamping grounds, Twentieth Century-Fox. Smith's career is zooming, and as for Lewton, he is RKO's pet and as quietly and shyly as ever working away on a new shocker, eerily titled, "I Walked With a Zombie."

★

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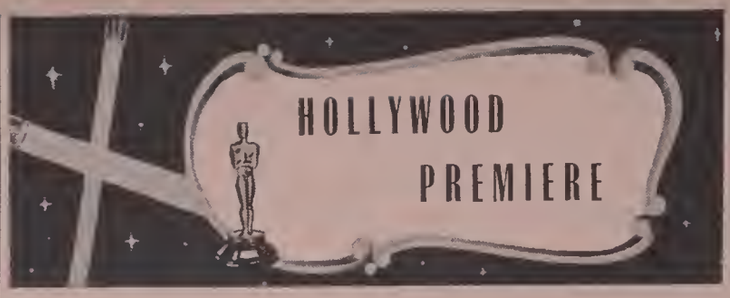

The "California dew" was knee high from the gutters the night of the premiere of "This Is the Army." But the Hollywood folk who had saved up gas for the occasion turned out en masse. Honest, we didn't do it a-purpose, but our photographer snapped these couples, all of whose happy marriages are a boon to this unsettled town.

Mr. and Mrs. George Murphy really bundled up for the weather. Mrs. Murphy took care of her curls . . . and flowers . . . with a practical do-funny.

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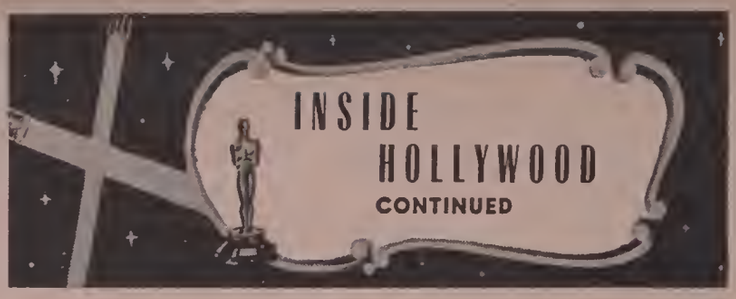

LOOK OUT, BROADWAY! HERE'S MARY

Mary Martin is about to invade Broadway again, and temporarily shake the dust of Hollywood from her pretty heels.

It has been well known in Hollywood that Mary hasn't been happy with her picture career, and all the people who know Mary agree with her. Her initial success came to her through a Broadway show, and she is now to return as the star of the Vinton Freedey show "Dancing in the Streets."

Accompanying Mary on the trek eastward was her husband Richard Halliday, successful story editor, who will transfer his business interests there, Mary's young daughter, flower-faced Mary Heller Halliday, and Mary's older son, Larry.

Few Hollywood stars can face true fact. It would have been easy for Mary to sit here and fulfill her picture contract with Paramount, but she felt that to get the studio to recognize her real talent she must go and do a smash show. The show will be a smash, for Mary is a terrific personality, with that rare quality that comes right over the footlights. She can sing and dance like sixty, and as she says, "Broadway hasn't had a big dancing star since Marilyn Miller, so look out Broadway, here comes Marilyn Martin."

We are all sure that within a year Mary will return to Hollywood and get the acclaim she deserves and also have had the fun of a wonderful show in New York, and the opportunity of living there for a spell. She loves Gotham.

Before the trek started, Mary, who is notorious for her hair fixing, always cutting and snipping at everyone's head with the happy thought that she can make everyone beautiful, started in on her husband. There is or was nothing wrong with the nice Richard, but Mary says he is twice as successful since she made him grow a mustache. Mary says he looks twice as dignified, twice as successful, and forty times handsomer. Richard says whatever Mary thinks is all right, and cheerfully wears the cookie duster.

AND LOOK AGAIN! MAUREEN'S COMING

Maureen O'Hara is another star who also will return to the stage. Maureen is trying to get a leave of absence from both Twentieth Century-Fox and RKO, who jointly hold her valuable contract. The reason is that Maureen's husband, Will Price, is now a private in the Marine Corps. He will soon be transferred to Quantico, Virginia, to the Officers' Training School, and Maureen doesn't believe in a separate existence for husbands and wives.

However, she wants to keep working on her career and won't have it any other way. So Maureen is casting eyes toward the New York stage, with the thought of getting a production for six months. She hopes it will be a fine dramatic part and perhaps show the producers in Hollywood that besides being one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood, she is also a finished actress.

Maureen is a graduate of the Abbey Theater in Dublin, Ireland, and holds many diplomas and medals from Irish and English theatrical schools. However, Maureen does not mean to drop her movie career. She is one star who believes in celluloid greatness and has none of that false chi-chi so many players have when they talk of the "theatah."

MORE THAN A MAN SHOULD EARN

And speaking of people returning to pictures, Warner Baxter, near on fifty, is playing the romantic lead in

Doesn't it make you feel creaky in the joints to know that "little" Jane Withers is now eighteen? What's more, her steady dating with Corp. Bill Shirley is looking serious these days. This, incidentally, is Jane's first "only one man."

Notice that happy gleam in Annie Sothern's eye as she dances at Ciro's with her favorite soldier back home on his first leave. You recognize him as Bob Sterling, don't you, even behind that G.I. haircut he's wearing.

"Lady in the Dark" and if you think it's for sentiment's sake, just listen to this. Baxter will get five thousand dollars a week for the picture. Total salary around thirty thousand dollars. He goes to Columbia next and there will make twelve thousand, five hundred dollars a week with a three-week guarantee. Total, thirty-seven thousand, five hundred. And that just makes five hundred more than the government may allow anyone to get this year.

★

WHAT GIVES WITH THE SKELTONS?

It seems rather strange that the Red Skeltons have filed their divorce action, since Mr. Skelton is courting Mrs. Skelton with much gusto. Looks can't deny the love still burning in Mr. S., especially when he escorts his wife into a smart restaurant for dinner and then, when they are seated, looks neither to the right nor left, but at his dinner companion. If it ain't love, then he is a wonderful actor and should cut the comedy. The return glances from the blonde Edna are filled with fire, too.

★

AND IN THE BABY DEPARTMENT . . .

Word hasn't gotten round town yet, but Binnie Barnes and Mike Frankovich have adopted two little children. The babies are very young and born close enough together so that Binnie is going to raise them as twins.

Another joy in the Barnes-Frankovich household hasn't been announced to the press as yet, but by the time this is in print Binnie will tell the world that she is to become a mother.

Congratulations, Private and Mrs. Frankovich.

★

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Almost a thing of the past are the beautiful screen clothes that designer Orry-Kelly used to do for Bette Davis and other luscious Warner Brothers' stars, including the curvaceous Ann "Oomph" Sheridan. Mr. Kelly enlisted in the army and has been spending his time drilling and learning to fire a gun.

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★ ★ ★ ★

Bend down, sister. It's all for beauty's sake, you remember.

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June Lang—Glamorous movie star praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave. Why not give yourself a LOVELY CHARM-KURL PERMANENT WAVE AT HOME?

Ann Gillis—Hollywood's cute "teen-aged" starlet shown with her stunning CHARM-KURL permanent. Mothers why not beautify your daughters' hair with a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

Tina Thayer—Mickey Rooney's new screen star sweetheart in M.G.M.'s "A Yank at Eton" pictured above with her CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave.

Lillian Elliott—One of the screen's loveliest mothers is thrilled with her CHARM-KURL. Monogram features her in "Road to Happiness." A Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave enhances the attractiveness of older women.

Fay McKenzie—The star of Republic's "Remember Pearl Harbor" is delighted with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave as shown in the above photograph.

So Easy Even a Child Can Do It!

Charm-Kurl is easy and safe to use; no experience required; contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia; requires no machines or dryers, heat or electricity. Desirable for women and children.

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Shampoo and Wave Set also included

There is nothing else to buy. Shampoo and the wave set are included in each Charm-Kurl Kit. With Charm-Kurl it is easy to give yourself a thrilling, machineless permanent wave in the privacy of your own home that should last as long as any professional permanent wave. You do not have to have any experience in waving hair. Just follow the simple instructions.

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Here are excerpts from a few of many letters of praise received from Charm-Kurl users:

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Makes Hair Look Natural Curly
"I would ten times rather have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curly, and soft."
Carolyn Fleet, Penn.

Charm-Kurl Is Wonderful
"I am sending for my Charm-Kurl kit. I have already bought one and I think it's wonderful."
Miss Betty Johnson, Ohio.

Permanent Far Above Expectations
"The permanent which I gave my little girl was far above expectations and her hair which is soft and fine was not harmed in the least but looked like a natural wave."
Mrs. W. E. Williams, Maryland.

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"I have tried the Charm-Kurl and was greatly thrilled with results." Phyllis Schwensen, Neb.

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"I am more than delighted with the results of my Charm-Kurl. It's soft and fluffy, and it was the most "painless" permanent I ever had." Mrs. W. J. Stites, Utah.

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THE HEARTBREAK BEHIND THE BETTY GRABLE-GEORGE RAFT PARTING

PERMANENT WAVE Complete Home Kit 59¢

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They have only one idea — to kill, and kill, and kill, until they conquer the world.
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Only our dead will be free. Only the host who will fall before the enemy will know peace.
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Make no mistake about it — you cannot think of this as other wars.
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Surely that is worth the best fight of your life
— worth anything that you can give or do.

Throughout the country there is increasing need for civilian war service. To enlist the help of every citizen, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. If there is no Defense Council in your community, or if it has not set up a Service Corps, help to organize one. If one exists, cooperate with it in every possible way. Write this magazine for a free booklet telling you what to do and how to do it. Join the fight for Freedom — now!

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Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America.

OUR WRITERS

Joseph Wechsberg, who on page 50 of this issue starts the first of two articles about the workings of the Hollywood Victory Committee, says about himself:

"I've spent most of my thirty-six years covering wars (in Ethiopia, China, Spain), making documentary films (of the first siege of Shanghai, Javanese dancers, the Suez Canal, the underprivileged Indians), and generally roaming on and off the five continents, having a wonderful time. I'm a native of Czechoslovakia. I have a couple of degrees from Prague University and the Paris Sorbonne, have worked for Czech, Swiss, Dutch papers, have written books, run into trouble with the Secret Police of all Axis countries, have been jailed twice in Japan, and at one time or another worked as ship's musician, interpreter, plantation manager, editor. I came to America in 1938—much too late, unfortunately—and am now free-lancing for American and Canadian magazines, such as Esquire, The New Yorker, This Week, Liberty, Harper's Magazine."

MOVIELAND

EDITED FROM HOLLYWOOD BY RUTH WATERBURY

VOL. 1, NO. 5 JUNE, 1943

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THE HOLLYWOOD HEART TICKER

INTENSEST LOVES OF THIS MONTH:

At the left—Dorothy Lamaur and Captain Howard of the Baltimore Howards and the U. S. Air Force. This is really sizzling.

Lynn Bari and Sid Luft. Lynn is not yet divorced from Walter Kane, the agent, but will be free like anything in a few months. Her heart utterly belongs to handsome test pilot, Luft. His heart utterly belongs to Lynn. 'Swanderful. They're the couple on the right, you knaw.

LOVES THAT ARE LASTING BEAUTIFULLY:

Virginia Gilmore and Directar Fritz Lang. May be married by the time this is in print.

Rita Hayworth and Victar Mature. If Rita isn't working in a picture when her divorce becomes final in May, yau will find her waiting an the East Coast for her ship to come in bearing the Hunk of Man. Either that, or if the Coast Guard will permit, Vic will fly here, and they will be wed.

Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith. Canstant and steady.

Anne Shirley and Eddie Albert. Belang together and probably will now that Anne's divorce from John Payne is final. Pat Nierney is carrying a torch bigger than six elephants over this.

BELOW ZERO DEPARTMENT:

Lana Turner and Steve Crane. There was a fair chance of a reconciliation until Steve took those sleeping tablets and landed in a hospital. Not a flicker left now, says Lana. She's on a desert ranch until after the baby's birth in July.

Elyse Knax and Paul Hesse, the photagrapher. Caurts have written finis. Both are badly burned.

Constance Moore and Johnny Machio, the agent. Everybody's sorry, including the twa principals. No reconciliation, though.

FIRST CALL!

YES! . . . America's soldiers, sailors and marines are getting "first call" on delicious Beech-Nut Gum.

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BOB NOLAN AND THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS
and PEGGY MORAN • GERALD MOHR
DOROTHEA KENT
LLOYD CORRIGAN

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SONGS
"Deep In The Heart Of Texas"
"They Cut Down The Old Pine Tree"
"I'm An Old Cowhand"
"Ride, Ranger, Ride"
—and many more

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

by Ruth Waterbury

HERE WE GO ON THE MERRY GO ROUND AGAIN

☆

Now it is Alan Curtis, recently divorced from Ilona Massey. He has joined the Ciro's merry go round, and one night he escorts Belita, the tiny skater who is so sensational and has the wolves howling at her door. The next night it is Frances Gifford, one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood and Tarzan's new leading lady in his pictures. The following night tall, aristocratic and Universal's hopeful Louise Albritton graces his arm. He seems to live in Ciro's and soon could get the name given to Maria Montez when she first came to Hollywood, "The girl who lives upstairs." Alan can have the crown now and become the boy who lives there.

SPEAKING OF THE FIERY MONTEZ

☆

She returned from her personal appearance tour with a new beau. This time it is Pierre Aumont, Metro's great new white hope. He is quite something, and all the girls go for him.

Maria met him in New York, and they returned to Hollywood on the same train. The romance has continued, but Montez is in for a surprise. She is telling

☆

More popular than ever, Errol Flynn started flash-bulbs popping when he showed up at the Mocambo with attractive Mary Ann Hyde. At right is June Millard, trying to get a word in.

Waiting for the rain to cease so that they can alight from their car at the Mocambo, newlyweds Ann Rutherford and David May are seen behind a rain-spattered windshield.

rather confidentially around town that she and Pierre are going to be married.

Maria doesn't know that the Frenchman is just as fickle as she, and besides he has another love. That is the French army. He is to do one more picture and then report to the Free French Fighting Forces, and he won't be leaving a wife behind him. We are sure that Maria can find some man to help her mend the broken heart that she is walking right into. Perhaps Louis Borel, her ex.

☆

BETTER WATCH IT THERE, FOLKS

Somebody should tell Ginger Rogers and her husband, Jack Briggs, that dancing in public is a public affair. While the Mocambo night club isn't exactly the same as an Elks dance, it still is a place where people watch each other, and it just ain't cricket to dance that close.

☆

Here's a typical Ritz brother (Harry Ritz) answer to food shortages—just eat the crockery. His pretty wife seeing Harry started on one butter plate hands him another—equally empty!

☆

REDUCE FAT

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Science now shows that most fat people don't have to remain overweight any longer. Except a comparatively few cases, every one of these thousands of persons can now reduce **quickly and safely**—without unwarranted exercise, discomfort or diets.

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THE HEARTBREAK BEHIND THE

THE happiest, gayest, most intense romance in Hollywood has broken up. Betty Grable has said good-bye to George Raft.

It was Betty who said good-bye to George. It means heartbreak for George. Today he says, "I can't . . . I can't talk about it. I'm too cut up. Maybe some day I can explain and face it. Right now I can't. But it's all over."

Betty is saying very little. To her eternal credit, she is living as quietly and sanely as she always has, and not doing what most Hollywood glamour girls do when romance dies. She has not been appearing at the Mocambo, or Ciro's, or the Players, with this man or that. (The ideal date is usually Cesar Romero for moments like this.) Betty could gain a lot of publicity right now. She could say a lot of things . . . but she is behaving finely, this amazing girl who seems to be made of equal parts of fire and passion and good healthy character.

All Betty will say now is, "I loved George very much. A month after we met I would have married him if he had been free. A month ago I would still have married him, but we couldn't be married, and what is a girl to do in a case like that? I had to face it, and I did. This is being a terrible wrench for me to part from George. I'm a one-man woman. I've never been able to flirt. I'll take a long time getting over this, but I know I must get over it, for the good of both of us."

There is, however, a story to be told, a story that couldn't well be told until now, a story of a May-December love and of wartime and of another woman.

HOLLYWOOD is one of the few places left on this globe where the wife is "the other woman." It happens in Hollywood time and again, not that some girl gets in a wife's way, but that a wife gets in some girl's way.

Such wives were the first Mrs. Ronald Colman, the first Mrs. Clark Gable. Currently there are in Hollywood two wives in particular who constantly play this role. Their husbands are involved again and again in light-of-loves. The bedazzled girls involved always believe that they will be wed or could be wed, if it were not for "that woman" who is the wife. Then when the romance is over, husband goes hurrying home again.

Flirtations like this, however, were never true of Colman, Gable, or George Raft. Unlike as are these three men in other ways, their reactions to involved love situation are the same.

Josephine Dillon Gable, Clark's first wife, was an extremely intelligent person of courage and charm. The moment Clark told her he wanted his freedom, she gave it to him. She still lives in Hollywood, and while they seldom see one another, she and Clark are friends to this day.

No one in Hollywood ever knew the first Mrs. Colman. Ronnie was a recluse. It was only after years of separation that he finally got his divorce, and it wasn't until after the divorce was duly final that he was seen publicly with Benita Hume, whom he shortly thereafter married, and with whom he has been ideally happy ever afterward.

But George Raft! There was a situation.

IT was nearly twenty years ago that George Raft met and married Grace Mulrooney. He was merely a hoofer then, trying to do a bit of anything to get along. He wasn't from the East Side of New York but from the spot that is tougher—the gas house district on the lower West Side where everything goes, including a stiletto in the ribs and a sniff of dream smoke on occasion. He had dragged himself up from that environment by sheer brass.

Nobody in Hollywood ever knew Grace Mulrooney except perhaps Mack Grey, the so-called "killer" who knows all about George and never spills a word. It's fifteen years since George and Grace Mulrooney Raft have shared the same house or a thought or any of their life together, but she is still his wife.

During those fifteen years as George evolved . . . evolved from merely a hoofer into a persuasive actor, evolved from merely a persuasive actor into a star, evolved from a guy who wasn't too sure where his next meal was coming from to a guy who got one hundred thousand dollars a picture three times a year and five thousand dollars per radio broadcast . . . during those fifteen years George has tried time and again to get his freedom.

But when he went East right after the beginning of 1943 to try once more, his pals knew—and his pals are legion, as he is very much a man's man—those pals knew that this was it. He had to be free to marry Betty, or he had to say good-bye to her. He had to say good-bye, if he couldn't make her his forever, because he loved her too greatly to keep her any longer in the shadow of unhappiness.

That was one reason, the greatest one. The other was the steadily increasing importance of Betty Grable.

Betty Grable looks dizzy . . . deliberately. She looks inconsequential . . . deliberately. She isn't. She's still a kid, in years. She is not a kid in any other respect. She has come up the hard way, too.

You probably remember how they kicked her around at Paramount, when she was only sixteen. They decided then she was a college type with only her legs to offer the customers. They let her go, and no studio would hire her until she went, all on her own, to Broadway, and scored in the biggest hit of years on the stage there. Then every studio wanted her back, and Twentieth Century-Fox got her.

TWENTIETH Century-Fox had Alice Faye, too, and later they got Carole Landis. Both girls were the same type as Betty. Alice was the queen, the big star. Twentieth was ready to give Alice the big musicals, and Carole the big dramatic hits, and Betty that same old leg routine. But Betty was too smart. She'd been married to Jackie Coogan and divorced from him, and badly hurt in the bargain, so, immediately, love didn't concern her. She was ready to climb up that fame ladder. She didn't kid herself. She knew she had a great figure, a fair singing voice, a so-so acting talent. She said nothing to anyone about the other qualities she knew she possessed—ambition, determination, the ability to work like the very devil, and a very clear-eyed sense of reality.

She was only in her teens, but you didn't see her like Lana Turner, knocking around night clubs, or like Judy Garland, out with the jitterbugs. Betty lived at home with her father and mother. The boys phoned, and the boys wrote, and the flowers came, but Betty said she was staying home because she was studying, because of her figure, her voice, her dramatic lessons. That wasn't true. She was staying home for the other reasons, for the ambition and determination and reality.

Then she met George Raft.

In the eleven years in Hollywood

BETTY GRABLE-GEORGE RAFT PARTING

BY JOHN ALDERSON

above—Betty Grable plays one of her most colorful roles in "Coney Island." For the first time you'll see her—in one number—in a dark wig, and even in blackface.

above—You won't be seeing scenes like this again—Betty and George out together—Betty indulging her love of sweets, or even, as lately, pouting.

during which he has been, technically, a "bachelor," George Raft had gone with just two women. The first was Virginia Peine, who is now married to Quentin Reynolds, the war correspondent. The other was Norma Shearer, the widow of Irving Thalberg. The first was a serious attachment that went on for several years. The second was just one of those things. George and Norma were miles apart in every way, both interesting personalities totally unsuited to one another. Theirs was the attraction of opposites, and their fundamental incompatibility soon separated them.

But, strangely enough, Betty and George, she half his age, with the riches of life still ahead of her, and he with most of his life behind him, were fundamentally similar. If she could bring youth to George, he could bring Betty all his salty wisdom, all the shrewd tricks life had taught him as he fought his way up from the sidewalks of New York to the luxurious gardens of Beverly Hills.

SO they fell in love, not only with their hearts, but with their minds, which is more important. They were friends as well as sweethearts. They were good companions . . . and they were in many a way, father and daughter, too.

Betty was lyric in those days. Never one given to much talk, she bubbled over to everyone she met. "Oh, George is so wonderful," she'd say. "He's not like these lazy boys around town. He thinks of a girl constantly. If it's cold, he calls you up to be sure you're dressed warm. He notices everything you wear, appreciates every little thing you do. There's not one of those little courtesies women love that he doesn't observe and remember. Oh, he is such a wonderful guy!"

George advised Betty on all subjects. He neither drinks nor smokes, and he advised Betty against both habits. Thus Betty took only a very occasional cocktail, only a very occasional cigarette.

Despite his gangster characterizations, George is a gentle human being. He visibly adored Betty, constantly told her so, and eternally showered her with gifts. Diamond bracelets and fur coats—just this past Christmas he gave a coat worth three thousand dollars to Betty—were his ideas of the kind of presents his kind of girl deserved.

They were always alone together, Betty and George. They seemed to need no other friends save one another, and they never double dated. Loving nightclubs and dancing, you would see them evening after evening lost in happiness on a nightclub floor, and when the music stopped, back at their table, alone, George with his eternal glass of milk, Betty usually drinking milk too, but sometimes that very rare cocktail.

Sometimes other couples would drift over to join them. At such times, George bade them welcome, played the lavish host, and Betty would sparkle and keep the whole table laughing with her witty observations of the scene about them. Yet never did George or Betty start a party, have cocktail brawls, give big dinners. When these nightclub visitors would go back to their own tables, Betty and George would relax into contentment, visibly happy at being themselves again, just by themselves.

IT went on like that for Betty and George for nearly three years. There were only two things the trouble—it wasn't going anywhere . . . and Betty was growing up. Betty was out of her teens now, advancing into her twenties. What's more, she advanced from being just another Hollywood kid with glorious gams and a good singing voice, and became—hold everything—a box office rival not to Alice Faye or Lana Turner or Judy Garland or any other gay young thing like herself—but way beyond them. She became a money rival to Bette Davis, the box-office queen herself.

Off screen, it stopped being George Raft with Betty Grable. It began to be Betty Grable with George Raft. Just as he had once fought with Paramount over casting, George began fighting with Warners' over casting. This meant he was on lay-off most of the time, off salary, and with taxes what they are, it wasn't so hot. No longer did George need to tell Betty what to do when she got at the top and into the big money. She was at the top, and she had the big money. She had learned her lessons well.

And there was her unconquerable sense of realism.

Miss Betty Grable, second box-office queen of all movieland for the year 1942 was no grateful child seeking male kindness. Miss Betty Grable of the late winter of 1942 was a star of the first magnitude, a beauty, a personality, and a good sturdy brain.

And here's another parting shot for you —as they were. This time to keep from ruining her newly-done hairdress. Betty outsmarted the rain with a newspaper.

Just before Christmas of 1942 the quarrels started between Betty and George.

If they could have married, it undoubtedly would have been all right between them. But they couldn't be married; at least it didn't look that way. George said he would go back East, see his wife, and make another try for his freedom.

Betty went out three times while George was away, once with Van Johnson, twice with Harry James, the band leader.

George returned. He said his wife wouldn't grant him his freedom from her.

Did that echo in Betty's mind? Did she hear him saying that very same thing, just as sincerely, to Virginia Peine, to Norma Shearer?

BETTY had bought a beautiful home for her parents, was living with them. Her parents had no quarrel with George. They were deeply fond of him, but naturally, loving their glittering daughter devotedly they couldn't with equanimity see her giving up her life to a love that couldn't be crowned with matrimony. Thus when Betty's intelligence began conquering her heart, they backed her up.

Betty tried to talk it over with George dispassionately. She didn't succeed. There was too much between them for them to part on a cool friendly note. They quarreled and bitterly. George wanted everything to go on just as it had been. Betty wanted out. George demanded that he know if there was some other man involved. Betty said there was not, though she admitted she liked Harry James best of any man she had met recently.

Betty wanted to return all George's gifts to him. That really broke him up. He said, "I can't take those presents back. Don't ask me to. I gave them to you because I loved you. It would break my heart completely if I couldn't think of you still having them."

They parted unhappily.

They are too honest, and they have cared for one another too sincerely to give out any camouflage about being "good friends." The chances of their reconciling are very slight indeed.

You may be sure that this will hurt George most terribly. As in the Brent-Sheridan case, it is the man who is carrying the torch. Autumn loves are always the hardest from which to recover.

But for Betty Grable this is merely the closing of another chapter, one through which she lived with honesty, integrity, and sensitiveness.

It will be well worth seeing what kind of new chapter this clear-eyed, intelligent young woman creates.

THE END

BERGMAN, THE MAGICAL

THERE is a kind of magic about some movies, and "Casablanca" is one of them. Most of the magic is due to Ingrid Bergman. Not since the young Garbo has any star appeared whom all women longed to be and whom all men longed to possess. What's more, Bergman (and you no more think of calling her Ingrid than you think of tagging Garbo "Greta") has worked her enchantment by the most forgotten of Hollywood arts, complete naturalness. She uses almost no makeup. Her eyebrows are her own, her figure is her own, her screen mouth is the same size as her real mouth. She feels awkward in high heels, so she wears flat heels. She is married and a mother, and says so, though at first this honesty gave David Selznick, to whom she is under contract, screaming jitters.

Five years ago when Bergman came to Hollywood for "Intermezzo" Selznick gave a cocktail party for his new find. The then leading glamour girl of the screen attended, gave Bergman a look, snubbed her properly, announcing to all and sundry that Hollywood would never go for such "an open-faced chambermaid type." The glamour girl appears rarely these days. But Miss Bergman will shortly be seen, in the most sought-after role of years, as Maria in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" in which the love scene (shown at the left with Gary Cooper) is one of the highlights.

ALL THAT

Above—This is Carole's favorite picture of her love-at-first-sight husband, Capt. Tom Wallace.

Above right—Closeup of a happy bride. She had only a two-day honeymoon before duty separated her and her husband . . . but she managed to get back again with the wonderful gift of six eggs.

Right—Captain Wallace is what flyers call a "double-breasted pilot," wearing both American and British flying wings, meaning he has flown with both air forces.

A WOMAN LOVES

This is Carole Landis' description of her flyer-husband in this her wartime romance.

by FREDDA DUDLEY

THIS particular Yank camp in England was located not far from an erstwhile boys' school. The dormitories had been converted into barracks, and one cubicle was prepared for the comfort of the four girls who were to entertain.

The hilarious word went the round of the officers and men: American girls had arrived—beauties! From Hollywood! There were Kay Francis, Mitzi Mayfair, Martha Raye, and Carole Landis. Zowie and zoot. Silk stockings and clinging sweaters. What a war!

After the entertainment, the four girls were served tea in their cubicle. Neal Lang, Martha Raye's former husband, brought two officers over to introduce them to Miss Landis. "Captain Tom Wallace, of Pasadena . . ." he said.

Carole looked up at well over six feet of slim Californian. Captain Wallace smiled down into one of the most beautiful pairs of blue-gray eyes on earth. There was a fractional pause.

Let's discuss spontaneous combustion. When the static electricity of earth and sky meet, stoodents, we get lightning. When a man and a woman exchange a psychic summons of an ancient table in a war-aware room, it's love.

But who is going to admit? Certainly not the girl, who quickly lifts her cup of tea with shaking hand and takes a long, steadying draught.

Certainly not the man, on the instant, who—when the girl sets down her cup—offers a cigarette which she takes. He extends his lighter.

Carole had, by this time, given Cupid a firm spank and sent him off to the corner while she summoned the Dowager Good Sense to her side. She noticed the wings on the lighter Captain Wallace had used and exclaimed over it.

On one of her previous camp tours, she explained, she had been presented with a silver lighter adorned by her engraved name and a pair of silver wings. Unfortunately she had lost the wings, and she was eager to replace them. "Do you have any idea where I could get some?" she asked. After all, she had to talk about something!

Captain Wallace grinned. "Tell you what. You give me your lighter, and you keep mine."

"I couldn't do that," Carole protested. "After all, you have your squadron insignia on this—it must mean a great deal to you."

"But if you'll trade with me, Miss Landis, I'll have something to show to my grandchildren that will prove to them that the old man once had tea with a famous actress."

It was a deal. Abruptly he added, "Would you have cocktails with me before dinner?"

Carole said yes . . . as soon as she was washed up. And that was that.

When cocktail time arrived, Miss Landis looked about for Captain Wallace. That is, she peered around a major's leaves, a colonel's eagles, and a general's stars. Entirely surrounding the femininity was a military maneuver promptly adopted by the wily American forces.

Carole asked now and then, "Has anyone seen Captain Wallace? I promised to have cocktails with him."

Finally, one comrade-in-arms volunteered to have the gentleman paged over the address system, but returned shortly to explain that the captain had gone to London where he was to visit an English girl, in accordance with a Wallace custom.

Carole, lifting her mental eyebrows, thought: My luck!

After dinner, the captain mysteriously reappeared, and in order not to seem upstage, Carole asked if there had been some misunderstanding. She learned that A) he had not been paged on the address system, B) she had been so surrounded that he had lost heart, and C) that there was positively no London entanglement.

"If you still want to talk about California in general and Pasadena in particular, I'll be glad to have cocktails with you in London tomorrow afternoon," Carole offered.

"And dinner?" added the Captain.

"And dinner," said Carole.

Statistics thus far in this love story: Captain Thomas C. Wallace attended Pasadena Junior College for two years, then took a job which would enable him to learn to fly. By the time the war broke out in 1939, he had plenty of solo hours in the air, so rushed to England and became one of the American Eagle Squadron attached to the R.A.F. Now, of course, he is in the American Air Forces.

More statistics: They met at four-thirty p.m. on Friday, November 13th.

The following day, Saturday, November 14, Captain Wallace arrived early enough for his date to flatter any girl. He had telephoned three times during the morning to verify the engagement.

. . . Dialogue at the Savoy: "And do you remember that little chop suey joint with the red pillars on Colorado Street?"

"Yes, it's still there."

"What about that hamburger joint out on North Broadway—Ptomaine Tommie's?"

"Still there . . . and doing terrific business despite the meat shortage."

The Rose Bowl game, the Palladium, the re-opening of Ciro's. The sweetness of home words in the mouth; the song of home words in the ear; the look of a home girl to hungry American eyes. And so is enchantment born.

They had cocktails and talked. They had dinner and talked. They decided to venture into the blacked-out streets of London (a taxi is a golden item seldom attained) and walk to the tube which would take them near a pub that had been a favorite of Captain Wallace's.

As they moved cautiously through the India-ink streets, the captain not only held Carole's arm, but he extended his other arm in front of Carole to spare her from being party to a collision. "There's a curb here," he said. "Step down." He had become so accustomed to the opaque night that he could see things that a newcomer could not.

They remained in the pub only long enough to talk more home, home, home. Then they decided to return to a club to dance. They walked to a bus stop and waited, two shadows casting no shadow in the endless gloom. But the night was a friend. Captain Wallace became Tommy. He suggested that it would be nice if Landis became Wallace.

But Carole is one of the world's gallant women. She said she wanted him to be fair to himself and wait; perhaps he had been lonely, and he was misinterpreting his delight in home talk and the sense of being no longer alien, as love. Time was the test.

Roses in England are almost as princely as orchids in America. They speak a language of flattering splendor. On Sunday morning, Carole received two dozen beauties.

The four girls were leaving for an unannounced destination and knew they would be gone until the following Friday night, so Carole bundled up her gift in moist wax paper and took it along. For three weeks, she carried those flowers wherever she went, putting them in water when it was possible, carrying them around with her when it wasn't.

Although Carole had had no idea where she was going when she left London, upon arriving at her first

Above—Carole, Kay Francis, and Martha Raye, together with Mitzi Mayfair, will be in "Four Jills in a Jeep" which will record their experiences. The girls took a tough physical beating, were constantly ill. Mitzi had bronchitis when this picture was shot.

Below—This is the way the girls worked entertaining the Yanks in England. The "theaters" were old shades, the "stages" were boards. Carole wore a sweater and skirt . . . by request. "You look like an American girl then."

camp of call, she was told by a messenger, "Captain Wallace telephoned and asked me to tell you that he misses you very much."

Before Carole met Tommy, she had promised to have dinner the next week-end, with a group of fliers who were to meet in London. She tried to beg out of it, but elaborate plans had been made, and she couldn't conscientiously make excuses.

It was late when Carole finally met her patient pilot. They started to walk to a club, but Tommy suggested, "Why don't we go back to my suite at the Savoy and talk?"

Carole liked that. Dancing and night clubbing serve very well for entertainment when there is no conversational response between two people. But they had such Websters of words to exchange. Tommy told her about his work. During one of his routine flights over France, he had spied a cottage in a coastal village. Something about it caught his imagination. After passing over it once, he returned and circled to better acquaint himself with the locality and the charm of the house. "When the war is over . . . if you decide to marry me . . . we'll go to France and spend some time in that house," he said.

Are you surprised, knowing these things, that when Captain Wallace's astoundingly accurate telephone calls reached Carole during the third week, and he asked "Have you decided about us yet?" she said, "I think so. We'll talk about it when I return Saturday. And say, I have a present for you!" She refused to go into details.

The present was something regarded with almost holy awe in England: eggs. She had been able to obtain eighteen while she was in Northern Ireland, and she brought them back by plane, cuddling them as one would a fragile child. She gave one here, one there, so that when she hid the final offering behind her back and ordered Tommy, "Tell me which hand you'll take," she had six beautiful shelled fruit left.

"I would," quoth Captain Wallace, "be glad to marry you for this alone." But his eyes added about forty other reasons.

They talked until ten-thirty, and suddenly realized three things: they were hungry, the dining room was closed, and their only available food under the circumstances was spam sandwiches and bottled beer. So that was their engagement feast on the evening of December 6, 1942.

During the night, Carole awakened with That Hideous Feeling. She wasn't sure whether it was spam, beer, excitement, or a combination of all three. She awakened the other girls with the news that the Landis will was drawn up, but please to get a doctor anyway.

"Acute appendicitis," said the doctor. "Off you go to the hospital."

Carole inhabited the Land of Counterpane for three weeks. Tommy came down each week-end on Saturday, and with the connivance of the chief surgeon, was alloted sleeping quarters in the hospital. "This is by far the best way," observed the captain, "for a man to put in his hospital hours—as a visitor. I'm getting this off my slate for all time to come."

In addition to her fiance, Carole had another visitor: a fitter from one of England's fine couturiers. Carole's measurements for her wedding gown had to be taken while she was still amid the sheets convalescing. And such a wedding gown as it turned out to be: white satin with a draped bodice and long sleeves. With it she wore a white satin skull cap from which cascaded Niagaras of tulle in a long train.

The ceremony started at two o'clock on January 5, and the "I do's" were said at two-twenty in the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption in London. Not until Carole returned to Hollywood did she learn that an American sailor made a complete record with kodachrome and a sixteen millimeter camera of the arrival of the guests, and the wedding party at the church, and of their departure. It seems that the sailor finally put into

Above—Kay Francis was Carole's matron of honor. The girls had a hard time looking glamorous in wanting England.

port in San Pedro and managed to deliver the film to Jimmie Fidler with a request that Mr. Fidler forward it to Carole, which he did.

Carole's ring is a plain "Austerity" band, which means that because of British wartime restrictions, it is eight carat gold. She shopped the length and breadth of London in search of a ring for Tommy as she had hoped they could use the double ring service, but none was to be had. The moment she returned to the States, however, she bought him a wedding ring, a new identification bracelet, and a good wristwatch. A friend, flying to England, is going to take them.

Captain and Mrs. Wallace had two glorious days of honeymoon at the Savoy in London, knowing full well that each passing moment brought them nearer to parting. Carole was to go on to North Africa; Tommy was to go back to his base and his job as gunnery instructor.

On the morning of his third day of marriage, Captain Wallace kissed his wife good-bye and closed the door of their suite firmly. Carole rushed to the bedroom window and looked down in the street. She hadn't cried, and she wasn't going to cry—not while Tommy could see her.

From the bedroom window she couldn't see him, so she rushed to the living room window. There he stood, straight and slim and tall, his head tipped back. There had been no prearranged signal between them, but he had known Carole would come to that window. He stood for long moments, staring at her, imprinting on mind and heart and soul the outlines of her face, the wideness of her eyes, the curve of her mouth. He had no idea when he would see her again—weeks, months, years!

At length he saluted, wheeled, and marched down the street without looking back.

Carole, between sessions of drying her eyes, packed and went with the rest of the troupe to a secret destination. Secret, that is, to herself and practically everyone else except one Captain Sherlock Wallace. When Carole arrived, there was a message for her that he had telephoned. On her way to return the call—through the devious and and interminable channels made necessary in England by wartime communication traffic—she learned that their party was to be delayed because of bad weather. That was the joyous news she had for Tommy. "That's what I figured," he jubilated. "I'll be down on the evening train."

Carole was making no use at all of the floor of her room; she was treading on compressed clouds, and very comfortable it was, too. She combed her hair five or six times; she brushed her weary black wool dress; she dusted her boots. Then she went to the station, knowing that there was only one way to recognize her husband in the inky dark: he always wore the inescapable aviator's white scarf about his neck.

What happened next is almost too painful to relate. The weather cleared enough to make flying possible JUST FOUR HOURS LATER. But by that time, Carole had made up her mind that she was going to return from North Africa to England if she had to go all the way through military channels to General Eisenhower to get permission.

She began to write letters to report on her progress. These letters she turned over to three different birdmen who were, presumably, on their way back to England. Report on the progress of this mail: On her return trip she met the bearer of her last group of letters on the selfsame plane on which she was traveling. She caught up with the second group en route. She beat the first group into London by a day. But Captain Wallace finally received the entire bundle, sorted them in chronological order and put them aside to be rationed to himself one a day during his wife's absence.

And as you have probably already guessed, Carole managed to get back to London for a belated honeymoon. She and Tommy stayed at the Savoy for several days, then she moved out to his billet. That didn't work out so well, because he was eating in the officers' mess and was buying her food in the Post Exchange, a routine that made her life one spam sandwich after another. Finally they took a room in a quaint English country cottage. They had their meals in the community dining room—much to the delight of the other guests. In the evenings, they took long walks throughout the countryside.

Carole's passport didn't expire until March 28, so she was planning on weeks with Tommy when she received word from the studio that they wanted to start "Winter Time" and later "Four Jills in a Jeep," so she must report for duty.

This was a starting signal for one of the most involved marathons ever staged by newlyweds. After having settled all the passport and visa requirements, the Wallaces reached the station only to find that they had missed the train. While they stood on the platform staring at one another, a good samaritan arrived to explain that there was a second section of the train leaving two hours later.

But when that train arrived, Carole's baggage had not. Tommy was flying in and out of the black cavern of street, station, and platform, and the train was scuffling its wheels with urchin impatience. Just as the doors were closing, a breathless Tommy accompanied by an even more breathless porter arrived, piled the baggage and Carole into the compartment, and that was goodbye.

When Carole got off the train, she was informed that the flight had been postponed another day because of weather conditions so she caught a dawn train for London. She and Tommy had another day together. That night, he accompanied her on the train ride, convinced that the weather in the British Isles had all the glamor and loving kindness of a fairy godmother. Which proves that you can't trust a woman, because the weather promptly cleared, Carole left, and Tommy took the same dawn train back to London that Carole had caught the day before.

Yet this wasn't good-bye—not even after all the false starts. When Carole reached the clipper base, she found that one of the motors had conked out, and she was stranded for FIVE days. Tommy couldn't join her because of passport difficulties and his responsibility to his outfit, but he did talk to her three times a day. For three minutes at each call; in England, one is automatically cut off at the end of three minutes whether one has finished a conversation or not—so the click usually found one of the Wallaces in mid-sentence. But it was, actually, only the sound of the voice that mattered.

As soon as Carole finishes "Four Jills in a Jeep" and "Winter Time" for 20th Century-Fox, she is going to find some way to return to England and that funny little guest house near an air base. She must be near the man she glowingly describes as embodying "everything that a woman loves."

And they lived happily ever after.

THE END

PICTURES FOR THE BOYS . . .

THESE two beautiful creatures aspire to being fine actresses, but acting ability is not what makes them queens at the box-office. No, indeedy. It is thot quality they have which makes strong men pale and lads busily engaged with a globol war think thoughts that have nothing to do with war and mud. So here, for you lads, are the newest pictures of Misses Lomour and Sheridan.

Brief notes on the two of them: Sheridan's next is "Edge of Darkness," a Norway-set, anti-Nazi film in which she plays opposite Errol Flynn. Ann insists those romonce rumors about her and Errol are not true.

Dottie's next is "Riding High," which is described as a technicolor musical Western, which should really be a dish. In contrast to Ann, Lamour is no career girl. Next time she falls in love, says she, she plans to morry and retire.

THE PRIVATE OPINIONS OF CARY GRANT

Cary loves gadgets of all sorts. That accounts for what he's doing here . . . monkeying with the sound "playback" on the set of "Mr. Lucky."

IT was Vince Barnett, the world's best ribber and worst punster, who quipped, "You never can take Cary for Grant-ed!"

The fact is . . . you can't. Amazing man, this Grant. Like quicksilver. And as hard to put on paper.

Imagine a guy, who for a year has been assiduously refusing to give interviews on any personal subject, being presented with the Golden Apple by the Hollywood Women's Press Club for being the most co-operative actor of 1942. Furthermore, the Press Club girls elected him their only honorary male member.

No one was more surprised than Mr. Grant. And no one could have been more grateful for the tribute. "But," he admitted, "I don't see how it happened."

The answer is simple. Cary's unwillingness to give "private life" interviews has been the natural result of his determination not to inflict his career . . . or any consequent publicity . . . upon his wife, Barbara Hutton. But he was willing at all times to talk to the press on any subject pertaining to his screen life.

Cary brushes off personal questions like snowflakes. But he'll go into long and sincere mental process to answer this type of question: "Whom do you consider the six most outstanding women in history, the six who have done the most good?"

Take my own case! I tossed it in the air just to see what would happen when it came down. I had been told by the publicity department at RKO, "You can see Mr. Grant for a half hour at five-thirty." A half hour to catch up with the news on that six-foot-two of perpetual mo-

by JACK HOLLAND

He's all contrasts, this Grant chap, but he adds up to being super on every count

tion! I gave out with this trick question, and eighteen minutes later Mr. Grant was still cogitating. Eighteen of those precious thirty minutes! Finally he said, "To me the six outstanding women in history are Mary Magdelene, Florence Nightingale, Catherine the Great, Mary Baker Eddy, Joan of Arc, and Madame Curie."

During those eighteen minutes, Cary had paced up and down the room, even walked into the hall. It is his way of concentrating. With twelve minutes' interview time left, I felt reckless. "And what," I asked, "are the four books that have most affected your life and philosophy?"

The last second of the half hour was up before he emerged from the deeps with the answer. "The Bible, Alice in Wonderland, David Copperfield, and The Life of Lincoln."

That should give you a good idea of how Grant's mind works. He never utters inanities, and when he is quoted he wants his remarks to sound like him.

I couldn't consider this an interview, but my half hour was up, and I made ready to go.

"What's your hurry?" said Cary.

The quizzical gleam is a characteristic light in the Grant eye. Primarily a comedian on screen, he is actually a moody, thoughtful character—as you will discover in this story.

He shifted his long length. He produced cigarettes . . . and lighted them with the cheap, fifty-cent lighter he bought in Mexico which is his most prized possession. It actually works. Once again he had let time slip past him.

"I still can't understand that award business," said Cary. "Because, actually, the way I live is not conducive to publicity. My wife and I seldom entertain . . . and when we do, it's only at dinner for a few friends such as Frank Vincent, my manager, Randolph Scott, Rosalind Russell, and her husband, Fred Brisson. We hardly ever go out. We simply prefer an evening at home hunched over a backgammon board."

It has never occurred to Cary that everything he does is news. He has an amazing modesty that borders on real humility. The fanfare of stardom has left him blissfully untouched. Don't ask me how; not with all the thousands of fan letters he gets, and the attention focused on him whenever that famous pan of his appears in public. The truth is, Grant is not impressed with Grant in the slightest. For example, after he and Barbara Hutton were married up at Lake Arrowhead and were on their way back to Hollywood, a couple in another car recognized them and became so excited that they ran Cary's car right into the curb.

"Good luck!" they called to the newlyweds. Instead of being annoyed by the incident—as many stars would have been—Cary only said to his wife, "Wasn't that kind of those people?" And he drove on, feeling aglow because two unknown persons had driven him to the curb to wish him good luck.

I looked at my watch again.

"Don't hurry," Cary said. Sometimes he can stretch time as if it were an elastic band. But don't get me wrong. Mr. Grant places plenty of stress on the importance of time. It's indicative of his most impressive trait—that perpetual motion. Leisure and Cary are complete strangers to each other. He is active in every kind of war and relief organization. To name a few: He's on the board of the Victory Committee; on the finance committee of the same organization; on the board of the Screen Actors' Guild; on the Jesterate of the Masquers, a theatrical group; on the British War Relief and United Nations Relief Board. And just for good measure, he's on the subsidiary committees of these committees, in many instances.

This activity takes him away from home sixteen to twenty nights a month. I asked the obvious question—"What does Mrs. Grant think about your being so busy?"

"She has always understood the demands placed on me by my work," he said, "and has never interfered in the least."

To me, that's the greatest compliment a man can pay his wife.

At present, Cary is formulating plans for entertaining the men in the armed services. He is not content with just touring the camps here. His main hope is that the Government will sanction his taking a small troupe to the actual war fronts to entertain the boys who are fighting. Every spare minute he has away from pictures will be devoted to the men in service.

On June 26, 1942, Cary became a citizen of the United States. "I'd been in this country seventeen years when England entered the war," he said. "Like too many others, I had simply procrastinated about getting my final citizenship papers. Then, in 1939, I dd not want to seem to be deserting England in her hour of trial. However, when America entered the conflict, I felt I had to belong here. I owe a great deal to this wonderful country."

He had planned on enlisting immediately after he finished "Once Upon a Honeymoon." (As a matter of fact, immediately after Pearl Harbor, Cary proffered his services to the Government in any capacity they wished, military or propaganda.) But Washington asked him to make "From Here to Victory," subsequently titled "Mr. Lucky," since that was considered a propaganda picture. While the film was in production, the law barring men thirty-eight or over from the armed forces went into effect. Cary is thirty-nine. Consequently . . . his plans for entertaining the boys.

So far he has crammed enough excitement for five lifetimes into those thirty-nine years. "But what," I asked, "do you consider the most important thing that ever happened to you?" He quirked that left eyebrow of his at me quizzically. "Being born," he said. "That, of course, is merely my own opinion and is in no way to be confused with the opinion of others."

He emptied a couple of ash trays, shifted a pillow into position. Cary is painfully tidy. It's his worst trait. That, and keeping so sun-tanned it makes the other guy look anemic. He believes the sun is the greatest of all energizers; lolls around in it until he has a tan on him that is like a mahogany stain. This seems to satisfy his color sense, for he dresses in the most conservative shades, usually in gray or blue. His ties are a perfect blend. Never, by the wildest imagination, will you catch him wearing one of those little numbers which fairly yelp at you. That's why it was almost too much for him when he had to wear ties reminiscent of a flower garden or a Dali painting for the gambler role in his latest picture, "Mr. Lucky."

"Around the lot," he admitted, "I used to wear my coat collar turned up so people wouldn't be blinded. Where the wardrobe department found those excited and bloodshot neck pieces, I'll never know."

Cary will tell you that he is an extremely irritable person. And he really believes it. Recently he gave a magnificent gift to what Hollywood calls "the magazine planter" for having "put up with him." (A "planter," for your information, is the individual who sees that stellar publicity hits the best possible publications.) Actually. he is one of the most considerate people inside or out of the studio. Just to prove my point (this may ruin a beautiful friendship, because Cary hates what he calls "sticky stuff," but anyway . . .)

Once, when he was in Mexico with Walter O'Keefe, his physical trainer, sparring partner, and general factotum, they started to cross a bridge. It was one hundred and five degrees in the shade, and Cary was late for an important appointment. Suddenly, dozens of Mexicans kids swarmed toward him, with that autograph-hunting gleam in their eyes. O'Keefe wanted to rush Cary through, but instead Grant got out of the car, signed autographs, and talked to the kids for over an hour.

Incidents of this kind are legion.

Characteristically, his pet obsession is the telephone. He considers it an "amazing but much abused invention." He dislikes calling anyone and dislikes having anyone call him.

However, it is a well known fact that Cary will give you the shirt off his back . . . but not the tie from his collar or the hat from his head. He saves them until even the moths begin to wonder. They are his cherished "pet economy." He collects 'em and clings to 'em . . . and he'll give you the money for a new hat or tie, but don't take his. Not if you want to be on the safer side of life.

His unfinished ambition at the moment is to find time to study the piano. "It's a cheerful instrument," he said. "It gives the player a lot of relaxation and fun. Once in a while, hurrying off somewhere, I dash past the piano at home, pull up short, amble back, sit down, and steal a few moments of chord striking. My sort of playing is politely referred to as improvisation."

His greatest ambition of today? "To work in my own small way, through the medium of the screen, to create a better understanding among the United Nations of the world." To illustrate further the real Cary Grant reflected in that statement: His idea of the most important thing in life is, "The respect for and of one's fellow man." There are many sides to this chap named Grant, all of them interesting.

He got up, stretched those long legs of his. "The half hour is up, eh? Well, this is Friday night, you know." (Attending the prize fights every Friday night is his weekly diversion, his night off.) "How about going to the fights with me?"

Yep, Vince Barnett was right. You just can't take Cary's half-hours for Grant-ed!

THE END

THE HUNGRIEST ACTOR IN HOLLYWOOD

by S. R. MOOK

THE name Young is not at all a common one. Yet it is scattered all over the movie business. There are Loretta Young and Polly Ann Young, and Sally Blane, who is a young sister, and Georgianna, the baby Young, who has appeared a time or two. There is that very fine actor, Robert Young (see page 26 this issue) who is no relation to any of them.

And now there is, as you very well know if you have seen "Air Force" and "The Gay Sisters," Gig Young, who isn't really a Young at all.

The Young this story is about is Gig, and it will tell why he both is and is not a Young.

As this is written, he is in the Coast Guard, enlisted for the duration under his real name of Byron Barr. But he isn't quite lost to the screen, for "Air Force" is still in the first run theaters, and he got a chance to finish "Old Acquaintance" before he left, and this latter film, which stars Bette Davis, will not be shown for months. Moreover, the night before he left Hollywood, Warner Bros. signed him to a long term contract that will go into effect the moment he can return to civilian life. So you will be seeing him both in the immediate and distant future, which is a pleasant prospect, Gig being both handsome to look upon and talented.

It was the afternoon of that day he was leaving Hollywood that he came beaming into MOVIELAND'S office, frankly delighted over being photographed and interviewed. That tells you much about him. He must have known how highly pleased Bette Davis was with his work in "Old Acquaintance," how Bette had regretted that he was due to go into service immediately, how she had fought for his advantage. He must have known that, following the preview of "Air Force," he was considered one of the most important young actors on the screen. Nevertheless, he was still young and unaffected enough to be delighted . . . and, what's more, co-

Mr. Young loves all games, but golf is his favorite. And . . . he and his wife Sheila are most happily married.

He's Gig Young, Now in the Coast Guard, and Everything About Him Is Charming — Including His Appetite

operative . . . about any publicity break.

He's plenty good-looking on screen, but he's even better-looking off. His hair, his eyes, his skin, and his very white teeth all shine with health. Considering that from the age of seventeen, when he first decided to be an actor, until he was twenty-four (when he was signed by Warners' two years ago), he was continually on the verge of starvation, he knocks the vitamin theory an awful blow. During those seven years he ate anything he could get, which was very little.

He thinks food now, dreams food, talks about it. For instance, he tells stories like this one about himself.

"Once before I was married and long before Warners' signed me, I was appearing in a show at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Bill Hammer, a pal of mine and a fellow actor, shared a pickety little house with me. We did all our own cooking and housework. We both had fellowships at the Playhouse, which meant that we studied acting by day and appeared in plays at night. That took up all our time and gave us no chance to earn a cent, as we got no pay from the Playhouse. But we'd both saved some dough from other jobs in the past, and we lived on almost nothing.

"So anyhow I had some stage business to do with some rolls in one scene. Every night after the performance, I used to sneak these rolls into my pocket and take them home. Next morning, Bill and I'd run them under the faucet and then into the oven to heat them, and that was our breakfast."

There was another time when the boys hadn't had a real meal for days. The father of a friend of Gig's belonged to a duckhunting club. He sent Gig a brace of the birds. The ducks were prepared by kind hearts and loving hands and finally shoved into the oven. After about three quarters of an hour the boys suddenly smelled something burning. They raced to the stove and yanked open the oven door. Black smoke filled the kitchen. Something had gone wrong with the stove, and the fowls were burned to a cinder.

Even after Gig married, his food troubles weren't over. Once he and his wife got nearly penniless. They had nothing in the house to eat but oatmeal. Their spare dimes they spent for milk, and for six solid weeks they lived on oatmeal and nothing else. The result is that now, except for oatmeal, Gig has a prodigious appetite. At luncheon and dinner he orders a cup of coffee before his meal is served. He drinks that because he likes it. With his meal he drinks a glass of milk (which he doesn't like) because he thinks it is good for him and will help him gain weight. But it doesn't. His idea of heaven would be to eat a steak three times a day . . . every day of the year.

Gig's name changes have been as frequent as Peggy Hopkins Joyce's . . . and with less reason. Christened Byron Barr, he entered pictures under that sobriquet. Warners', with their passion for re-titling people, promptly changed it to Bryant Fleming. His family had started reading movie columns when he persisted in what, to them, was his freak calling. But Bryant Fleming meant nothing to them.

It was only when Gig stopped writing home for money they became curious . . . and worried. After he explained he was now Bryant Fleming and working steadily, they heaved a sigh of relief and remembered vaguely they had read somewhere that Bryant Fleming had been placed under contract, making "Navy Blues," "One Foot in Heaven," "Dive Bomber," and others. These were bit roles.

He toiled along as Bryant for a year; then came his break in "The Gay Sisters" in which he played the part of Gig Young. After every preview, cards were handed out to the audience asking their reaction to the picture and whom in it they liked best. When the cards came in, few of the audience remembered his real name, but all of them raved over "Gig Young." So the Warners Freres reasoned that since Bryant Fleming was not his real name, if people remembered him as Gig in his first big role, he could just as well be Gig as Bryant. So Gig he became.

Shortly afterwards a picture of him appeared in a movie magazine. By airmail came a letter from his mother enclosing the picture. *"There is some fellow named Gig Young,"* she wrote resentfully, *"who is using your picture over his name. I think the studio should take steps."*

When her misconception had been cleared up, she wrote, with some acerbity, *"I wish you would keep us posted on your various aliases. I don't see how your wife Sheila knows who she is half the time."*

Gig grinned, telling the story. "My wife knows she's Mrs. Young, and she might remember Mrs. Barr, but I don't think she'd go for Mrs. Fleming."

He grinned again. "Sheila and I met at the Pasadena Community Theater. We were rehearsing in a play called 'Light from Hell.' I fell in love with her almost the first time I saw her. She was playing a tobacco-chewing hill-billy. The opening night, when she appeared in full make-up with a couple of black rubber caps over her front teeth to make her look snaggle-toothed and started squirting tobacco juice right and left—instead of being taken aback I was struck speechless by her artistry. I knew then it must be love. I found out afterwards she was only chewing licorice. It was a sell."

(Editor's note: Mrs. Young is really a beauty.)

Gig is very critical of his work.

You have to chase most stars half around Hollywood to get an interview . . . but Gig came to Movieland to give his story. Arriving at our office, Gig's lively curiosity made him want to see everything. With the editor as guide, he saw how magazine pages are made up. (P.S. That's his new haircut.)

The first time he ever saw himself on the screen was in a short called "Here Comes the Cavalry" in which he had a tiny bit. He and his wife went breathlessly to the theater, waiting for him to come on. Both of them were nervous as cats, and Gig's dissatisfaction with his performance finally communicated itself to her. They left the theater, agreeing he could have done much more with the part.

A few nights later they returned for another look-see. They weren't so nervous the second time. "You see," Gig exclaimed triumphantly at the end, "I'm improving as I become more at home in the part."

One of his favorite stories of himself concerns his first screen test. It was for an independent company, and he had just got out of the hospital after a three weeks' illness. He hadn't had any breakfast, he was dreadfully thin, and he worked from ten in the morning until almost six at night. His nervousness caused his Adam's apple to bob up and down, and his emaciation made it more pronounced. A few days later he called on the producer to find out about the test.

"I've run that test at least a dozen times," the producer confessed. "The performance of your Adam's apple fascinates me . . . but I'm afraid I can't use you."

Gig refuses to discuss "his art," but he has two accomplishments of which he is inordinately proud. He can wriggle his ears, separately and individually, and he can hold a pencil between his toes and sign his name!

Forthright himself, he has no patience with sham. Once when he was working in a filling station, a man drove in in a flashy car, accompanied by two girls. One of his tires was flat. As Gig toiled over the tire, the man kept flipping a fifty-cent piece up in the air and catching it as though he were only waiting for Gig to be finished so he could give it to him. When the tire was mounted, the man walked over to Gig and covertly slipped him a nickel. Gig waited until they were all seated in the car, walked over and, gingerly holding the nickel so the girls couldn't help but see it, smiled, and said, "Thanks, but we're not allowed to take tips."

Neither has he any patience with people who, as soon as they get a contract, lease or buy a big house and staff it with a flock of servants.

"We have a nice place now," he tells you candidly, "a living room, bedroom, den, kitchen, and bath. It's all the room we need. Even if I were making a thousand a week, I don't think I'd want a lot of servants fussing around me. When we can afford it, I would like to have a cook—if we can get one—in order to relieve my wife of that work, but I'll miss her cooking. She's a grand cook and," he adds proudly, "she couldn't even boil water when we were married."

He is modest to a fault. After he finished "The Gay Sisters," he bought a dog—a Schnauzer—by way of celebration and named him "Gig" in memory of the part he had portrayed. "The pup has personality," he explained gravely, "and so had the part. I wanted him to be individual, and I'd never heard of a dog named Gig before. When they decided to call me 'Gig,' I knew I'd have to change his name because it would look conceited if I named him after myself. But he'd already got used to the name. So I finally hit on the idea of not letting him have a name at all, and just call

When Bette Davis and Gig Young made "Old Acquaintance" together, Bette went around Hollywood singing Gig's praises. Queen Bette regards him as one of the screen's best young actors.

Gig, whose real name is Byron Barr, wanted to name his pup "Gig," compromised on "Gig's," so nobody would think him conceited.

him 'Gig's,' meaning he's Gig's dog."

He likes tweeds . . . coats and pants that don't match . . . soft collars and red ties . . . although he seldom wears the latter, and when he does, he's not very happy.

He doesn't care whether women smoke, drink, swear, or gamble as long as they aren't noisy; nor whether their hair is light, dark, long or short, as long as it's their own.

He and his wife are not only lovers but understanding friends. When they got married, Gig couldn't both pay the rent on their apartment and buy Sheila a ring. Sheila said she'd rather pay the rent. Gig took the buck he had left over after this expenditure and bought Sheila a hammered silver bracelet. When he signed his Warner contract—at the usual small sum that first contracts bring—he wanted to go in debt for a wonderful ring for the girl he loves. Sheila would have none of it. She asked Gig to buy her a hammered silver wedding ring to match the little bracelet over which she felt sentimental. So Gig did and they had a wonderful time over it.

During their marriage these two have known a lot of trouble that, shared together, has brought them closer than ever. Both of them have gone through illnesses. They have risen above poverty. When the war came, it touched them closely, since all of Sheila's family were in the Philippines and are still interned there. Gig and Sheila shudder at the thought of what may be their fate.

This was one of the reasons that Gig didn't wait for the draft to get him, that even though he had finally got launched in the work he loved, he turned his back on it in favor of his greater love for America.

You only need one guess to know what Sheila and Gig did on their last night together in Hollywood—they went to the Cock 'n' Bull and ate the biggest dinner they could buy. It cost as much as a week's food allowance for them would have a couple of years ago, but it was their idea of a perfect farewell party.

Hollywood and Sheila think one of the finest things about peace will be that they can have Gig back again.

THE END

GENE TIERNEY

"I WAS A HAM IN MY OWN HOME TOWN"

GENE was publicly shamed for her ridiculous over-emphasizing.

"I've never admitted it before, but I was turned down flat by Warners', too! It was the greatest fiasco of my life. Which is why I've kept quiet about it. On a visit to California I wangled a Warner test. I presented Dorothy Parker's 'The Telephone Call' as a monologue; I figured running the gamut from A to Z would dazzle everybody. I went home to make a society debut in Connecticut, and my family and friends poohpoohed the idea of my having any kind of a career, much less a Hollywood one. So I wired Warners' and requested they send me the test. I arranged with a theater in Westport to run it, and I invited a raft of people to see it with me. The sound track didn't work, went flooey somehow! So I didn't demonstrate I was another Davis. Instead, I wildly over-emphasized everything, was a perfect sap in a ten-minute silent bout with a telephone in the place of a hero! My face looked like the breakup of a hard winter. Such hamming finished me fast with Warners', before I could begin. It's bad enough to flop in Hollywood, but just try my stunt at home yourself!"

FASHION TIP FOR FREE

HAVE you a way with your crochet needle? Have you an old grayed bonnet from last summer, its straw not quite what it was, on account of the summer sun, but its lines still chic and flattering? Take a tip, then, from Loretta, the Young and lovely. All you have to do is to get yourself a piece of net of the size and color that will best drape your hat brim and flatter your complexion, tat yourself an edging, and there you are, smart as anything! Of course, Miss Young who loves new styles like Junior loves lollipops, didn't knit this up for herself. She paid—and plenty—but she won't mind at all if you copy the idea (and put your savings into war stamps, pul-leze). Loretta's newest film is "China" in which Alan Ladd and William Bendix also star.

Bob and Betty, Carol Anne and Barbara Queen were the cycling champs of the Valley when they lived on their ranch.

Robert Young, a quiet guy who is a very fine actor, stands by the old wheel gate of his ranch. His dog still lives there, but Bob and the family have moved into town for the duration.

LOVE MULTIPLIED BY TWO

by

KITTY CALLAHAN

The Youngs are homebodies, and often have fun at home like this—munching apples and working jig saw puzzles.

ILLUSTRATED WITH INFORMAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY MOVIELAND'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, NAT DALLINGER

FAREWELL."

Seventeen - year - old Robert Young (Robin Hood) whispered his exit line at the wings of the stage in a Lincoln High School (Los Angeles) production of the play, "Sherwood." The setting was a forest bower. Across the stage, Betty Henderson (Marian) was supposed to come to him on cue. Marian didn't budge.

"Farewell," he said, and his accents were bolder.

He had to make her move. In his long gaitered costume, his one hundred and thirty-five pounds thinly distributed on his six-foot frame, Robert Young looked like a stork, but he had very set ideas about how the scene should be played. He should have known from the pleading look Marian sent him that she was in trouble, but Bob was too stubborn to see it.

"FAREWELL!"

He shouted it. Marian set her jaw. All right, punk, if that's the way you want it, here I come. She started across the stage, towing her train, and on it, a paper mache prop rock that appeared to weigh six thousand pounds.

The audience guffawed, the curtain fell, and Marian wasn't on speaking terms with Robin Hood for several days.

Even Booth Tarkington couldn't think up a better episode for a story of young love. But that's only a sample of the story-book romance of Robert Young. Betty Henderson is Mrs. Young today, and if you find happiness in stories of love that remains in bloom, you need not look further. Read on, for this is one of them.

This story is a perfect example of such love, as witnessed by Bob and Betty's current happiness over their discovery that the long-legged bird is due to visit them again come next November.

Though Bob is unusually perspicacious, even he can't tell whether his interest in dramatics caused him to fall in love with Betty, or whether Betty inspired his desire to become an actor.

Bob remembers himself as an awful snob in those high school days. Life was grim. Like Garbo at a later date, he wanted to be alone. He wanted to be a forest ranger in a lonely mountain lookout. "I'll always be grateful the kids didn't shun me," he says fervently now.

Betty Henderson sat in front of Robert Young in World History class. She never knew the right answers and was always asking questions. Bob's legs were so long there was no place for them except under Betty's seat, and he never knew when she'd snap the seat down and crack him on the shins. He thought she was the most disagreeable person he'd ever known, so he asked to have his desk changed.

But Betty was popular with the other boys, and that made Bob jealous. He couldn't resist getting on the Betty Henderson bandwagon, too. They had a few dates, and Betty tried to shake him out of his morbid seriousness.

Today, it is hard to believe Bob was ever that serious. He's serious now about his work, his family, his ranch, and world affairs, but his heritage of Irish humor makes him see small incidents with a dramatic and amusing evaluation.

Today his gangling awkwardness has been replaced by well bred, easy mannered reserve, yet he has a streak of naivete that is a diverting paradox. Success has not gone to his head. He is humble about it. He is well read, and has an unusual ability to strip information of its external non-essentials and get to the foundation of fact.

But back in those days when Bob was a member of the Alpha Society in High School, an honorary group open only to those who made all A's, college was out of the question, and he saw life darkly. He had to go to work to help with the family exchequer. Bob was the fourth child in a family of three boys and two girls. His older brother, Joe, was the main support of the family. Bob wanted desperately to go on to college with the rest of his class, and he could have worked his way through and managed to keep himself, but that wouldn't have been fair to Joe.

The Youngs were a sentimental family. They had moved to Los Angeles from Seattle when Bob was ten, and they lived in Boyle Heights, definitely on the wrong side of town. But they didn't expect to remain there always, and if they were to better their standards, Bob must help to do it.

So Bob got a job working on the ledgers in a building and loan company, then was promoted to collector, but his task, collecting back payments from homes where people were living close to the ragged edge of poverty, was too much for his sympathetic nature.

He went to work in a bank, working over files and machines that calculated bank balances, until he was promoted to assistant cashier. He might have worked his way up to the manager's position, had not a former teacher come into the bank one day.

Mrs. Mullen had taken an interest in Robert Young since a day he had come late for school. She was in the registrar's office when he came in and said, "Gimme the blue slip."

Sometimes Bob and Betty do go out for a bit of dining and dancing, as they did this night, at the Players.

"I have to keep this nut dish filled to the brim all the time," Betty confessed. "Otherwise Bob parks his feet in it."

The blue slip meant no adequate excuse for tardiness. Most boys made up some luke warm excuse and asked for the white slip. The teacher scrutinized the lanky, brown-eyed boy.

When he left the office, Mrs. Mullen looked up his record. It was excellent. Then she noticed something else: he had been born on February 22nd — Washington's birthday. She smiled to herself. No wonder the lad was so painfully honest.

When she saw Bob behind the wicket at the bank, she said, "What are you doing about your acting, Robert?"

"Nothing," Bob replied. "I don't know how to go about it."

"You go over to the Pasadena Playhouse," Mrs. Mullen advised. "One of the assistant directors over there used to be at Lincoln High. Tell him I sent you."

Bob went. For four and a half years, he spent his evenings from seven until one, learning to be an actor. Work in the bank was merely a means to an end.

Meantime, Betty Henderson was a student at the University of Southern California, studying singing and dramatic art. Bob saw Betty at infrequent intervals during this time, but he was too absorbed in earning a living by day and histrionics by night to have much interest in social life.

After four and a half years at the Pasadena Playhouse, no one had discovered Robert Young, and he seemed doomed to amateur status. Acting, as a career for him, seemed hopeless and he was about to give up when he heard of a traveling

The Youngs love music—but here they go in for a bit of faking. Bob's singing "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," but Betty is . . . well, read for yourself.

When Bob went to England (and Betty went, too, of course) in 1935 his anxiety to get back to Carol Anne, then his only daughter, was so great he never got to Europe. When he went to Boston for the opening of "H. M. Pulham" the date coincided with Barbara Queen's birthday—so he rushed back to California without even seeing New York.

stock company, the Moroni Olson Players, who needed a juvenile. He tried out with two other young aspirants, and Bob got the part.

The salary, sixty-five dollars a week, looked like a million dollars, Bob admits, but he had to borrow money to get to Ogden, Utah, where the tour began. With his clothes—he didn't own a whole suit—packed in the family's one and only suitcase, and with his mother, father, and younger sister at the bus station to see him off, Bob started on his first adventure. He was twenty-two but had never traveled anywhere alone before.

After sixteen weeks Robert Young was back in Los Angeles, terminus of the road company circuit. He now had the right to write "actor" after his name, but no one in Hollywood was willing to give him a chance to prove it, and the necessity for earning a living still hung over him.

A month later, forced into it by fate, Bob was enroute to Carmel, California, to take a job in a bank there, mainly because Carmel had a splendid little theatre, and Bob hoped to be asked to play in some of its productions, when the car broke down. Brother Joe, who was with him, talked him out of the Carmel post. After all, Joe argued, if Bob really wanted to get into the movies, he could get extra work that would give him as much as the bank job, and besides, he'd be living at home. The Youngs weren't a family who enjoyed having its members scattered to the four winds.

Meanwhile in Hollywood an amateur friend of Bob had signed

Bob is devoted to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Harden. "Be sure to run her picture," he whispered. "She got her hair set for just this occosion."

Here's Bob leering ot a whole pound of butter Betty's secured somewhere. Betty's learning to cook now that all that's left of her kitchen help is on over-sized opron.

a contract with an agent new to the film industry and when asked to suggest other promising unknowns, Bob's friend suggested him. He did such a good job selling Bob's talents, the agent sent frantic wires to Carmel. The wires came back. They scoured the town for him, but no one knew where to find Robert Young until Bob's friend decided to try the Youngs' home. Surely the family would know where to find their young hopeful.

Bob answered the telephone, heard the unbelievable news that an agent wanted to sign him and dashed to the agent's office, trying to appear nonchalant. With the agent to front for him, screen tests were arranged, and on the strength of one, Bob was signed to a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

There was great celebration at the Young house that night. Actually, with Mother Young forming the center, they all joined hands and danced around the table. They are that kind of family, as effusive in their happiness at the success of any one of the group as they are loyal and sympathetic in times of stress.

It would make a poignant bit to say that Bob rushed to Betty with the good news, but he didn't. He hadn't seen her now for months. Betty's family had moved to Hollywood. On the strength of Bob's new contract, the Youngs, too, moved to Hollywood, but Bob's and Betty's paths didn't cross.

MGM lost no time in putting their newest contract player through his paces. Three days after signing his contract, Bob was enroute to Hawaii for location in "The Black Camel." A romance with Virginia Bruce bloomed under the facile pens of the publicity department. It bloomed, a bit, in Bob's heart.

Then Betty Henderson called Bob one night and asked him to come over. His status had now become that of big brother, and Betty had a problem; she wanted his advice on whether or not she should marry the man-of-the-moment, since it meant going to live in the little town of Oceanside.

Midst mingled feelings of being flattered that Betty should call upon him, Bob felt disturbed that she considered marrying anyone. He was the important one, under contract to a big studio, "being seen with" a very beautiful starlet. But still Betty had always been in the background—a prop. "My mind whirled around on that thought," Bob admits, "while I tried to be fair in giving her my opinion. Suddenly, I realized I was trying to keep her for myself, and unless I wanted to be called in again and again to solve Betty's man-problems, I'd better marry the gal."

Bob proposed in a movie-like setting as they sat in his car overlooking the ocean. Soft music from the car radio cast a romantic spell, and silver moonlight shone on the breaking waves. It was an idyllic spot, Bob thought, until as they drove away, he saw that his moonlight was synthetic, created by the bright light of a hamburger sign.

Bob rushed home with his big news. "Mom, I'm engaged."

"That's fine," his mother said, calmly. "It will do you good to settle down."

"But don't you want to know who the girl is—who I'm going to marry?"

"I know. It's Betty. I always knew you'd marry her if someone didn't beat you to it."

Bob and Betty had known each other for ten years, but now the three-day delay required by law between filing for the marriage license and being wed in Los Angeles, seemed too long to endure. Bob was on location making "Today We Live" at Santa Ana where no delay was required. They planned that Betty would go to Santa Ana where they would be married the first moment Bob could squeeze out of the picture. Besides, San Juan Capistrano Mission was not far from location, and Bob had always had a desire to be married under its historic arches.

They got their license and waited, not three days but six weeks before Bob squeezed a day out of the picture. Half way to Capistrano he got a twinge of conscience. Perhaps he was rushing Betty into something. "Are you sure you want to go through with this?" he asked her.

Betty still holds that up to him. "It took me ten years to land him, and he wanted to back out on the way to the altar," she accuses.

There were further delays. Their license wasn't good at Capistrano; so they settled for a judge in Santa Ana. Then they discovered that due to a bank holiday, the courthouse was closed, and there weren't any judges on hand to marry them.

A woman working in an office, sensing their frustration, took pity and directed them to a Justice of the Peace, who lived on the outskirts of town, and a young man loitering near-by offered to show them the way and act as witness.

The Justice was working in his orange grove when they burst in upon him. In overalls and straw hat, he 'lowed he wasn't properly apparelled to perform a marriage. "If you'll excuse me," he said, "I'll get into some suitable raiment." Bob and Betty sat down to another delay.

Then, standing before the Justice, Bob said, "With this wing I thee red," and immediately proved it by assuming the color of the error. Betty's wedding ring is a link affair, and in his confusion, Bob couldn't get it on her finger. "Lick your knuckle," he whispered, nudging her. "Lick your knuckle." Betty licked, and the ceremony was over.

The obliging witness, non-committal until now, drew a pencil and

paper from his pocket and began to ask questions. "How long have you known Mr. Young, Mrs. Young? Are you in pictures, Mrs. Young?"

"Who are you," Betty asked, "and why the inquisition?"

"No offense," the young man said. "I'm an A.P. reporter. I'm going to put the story of your marriage on the wire."

Bob had not intended to evade publicity; he just hadn't thought anyone would be interested in his getting married. But the story was out in Hollywood before Bob and Betty got back to their hotel in Santa Ana.

It was another six weeks before "Today We Live" was finished, and Bob and Betty were able to do a little living on their own. The place they chose for their honeymoon is typical of them. Wolf Creek, Oregon, is another idyllic spot with one general store and a quaint inn with nothing of the glamorized resort about it.

There have been other traveling jaunts since; to Hawaii, to New York, and Boston; to England and Paris, but always in the interest of Bob's picture-making. They've never taken a trip on their own, for in twelve years Bob has not had a real vacation.

Betty adopted the maxim, "Where Bob goes, I go," when they were first married, but it has not always been easy to live up to it since Carol Anne, now eight and Barbara Queen, four, put in their appearance. The Robert Youngs live for their children, unlike the average Hollywood couple, but quite like millions of couples everywhere in the world.

In England where Bob was sent to make "Secret Agent" in 1935, their anxiety to get home to Carol Anne, then twenty-two months old, who had been left in the care of Betty's mother, made them forego a six weeks' tour of the Continent.

"As things turned out, I never got over kicking myself that we didn't go," Bob says. "We could have gone anywhere then, but we got so homesick to see the baby, and we felt so far from home. There weren't any Clippers to hop then, and London was seven days away."

In four and a half months in England, Bob had only one week off for sight-seeing. "We spent a weekend in the country and took a quick trip to Paris. About all I saw was Piccadilly in London as I went back and forth to the studio, the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. On the day we left England I worked from nine until two and was on the boat at six that evening."

On another occasion, when the studio sent Bob to Boston for the preview of "H. M. Pulham, Esquire," in which he was starred, the studio gave him time to stop over in New York for a few days' rest and relaxation. But the preview coincided too closely with the date of Barbara Queen's birthday. She was hardly old enough to be unhappy by her parents' absence, but Bob and Betty felt it their duty to be on hand for the birthday celebration. When the preview was over. they entrained for home and didn't stop, even overnight, in New York.

Bob and Betty Young are refutation that a lasting marriage cannot exist in Hollywood. Theirs, based on ten years' friendship before they launched into matrimony, has lasted ten years.

Their home in Beverly Hills, to which they have moved from their beloved ranch in Tarzana as an expedient of gas rationing, is not pretentious. It is beautifully furnished in Georgian antiques, but they were chosen not so much for their beauty and value as for comfort. It is far more important to Bob and Betty that Carol Anne and Barbara Queen are privileged to park their dolls and doll carriages in the living room, than that the room should be a show place. In other words, they are among the realest people you'll find anywhere.

In Hollywood this makes them unique . . . and endearing.

THE END

Try to think of a more drastic, truly revealing picture of yourself as you really are than a screen test. Nothing can top it for suddenly showing up what your best friends can't tell you, even though they try. You don't need any more personality pointers until you can deliberately change the handicaps which have been your unconscious habits.

"I WAS the world's worst actress!" That's what Betty Grable said after her first screen test.

Betty can't be baited with false flattery. She's too great a realist.

"I never saw my first screen test for Eddie Cantor's 'Whoopee,' because stock actresses for Goldwyn weren't important enough to see their own tests. All I remember is that Paulette Goddard and I were among those girls who each successively sat on a tall revolving stool, smiled blandly, turned our heads this way and that, and were shooed off. The first screen test I made, that I got to see, was the one with George Brent, at Warners', when neither of us was anybody. We did a hand-me-down scene from the film Marion Davies was making then, 'Peg O' My Heart.' Although George was Irish and helped me attempt a brogue, I was terrified at tackling a characterization a reigning star was so good in. Miss Davies' luxury and fine sense of comedy made me so aware of all I lacked. I was merely a kid dancer, had never been an actress. When I got a peek at myself I could see why Warners' passed me up in a hurry. I was as terrified looking as I'd felt. I was the worst actress in the world. So I painstakingly acquired the rudiments of acting. My face was a blank until I learned to think. Until you start in to think, you can't express the emotions a director wants . . . or interest those you wish to intrigue."

MRS. FARNSWORTH FLINGS IT

Ta yau, af caurse, she is Bette Davis. Perhaps yau even think af her as the Queen af Screen Tragedy, the Perfect Partrayer af Perverse Females. But in "Thank Yaur Lucky Stars," alang with all the ather Warner players, yau will see Miss Davis (ar Mrs. Arthur Farnsworth as she is formally) as a jitterbug.

Reason all the peaple wha knaw Bette bath lave and respect her was demanstrated when they shat this scene. Na Lady Macbeth far this very real human being. To the excited extra bay chasen ta dance with her, tap ranking Miss Davis said, "I can't jitterbug a step. I'm sure I cauld never learn. Yau ga inta it. Sling me around as you would yaur favorite partner."

Sa the kid really cut a few tauches—and here's the giddy result.

MOVIELAND'S MOVIE REVIEWS

THE HUMAN COMEDY

This is one of the industry's greatest creations, the first picture to give a true impression of the American people today . . . courage, laughter, and fears. It's about the people in a small American town . . . chiefly a widow and her three sons, one in the arm one a messenger boy, and one little tyke you'll lov

THE YOUNGEST PROFESSION

Hilariously funny and heart-warming story of the Lyons family—Father, Mother, and daughter (Virginia Weidler), a movie fan. Virginia, president of fan club, learns Greer Garson's coming to New York, and she and chum actually meet her and Walter Pidgeon.

THE MOON IS DOWN

This is beautifully produced, beautifully written, beautifully acted . . . and utterly depressing. The story of a Norwegian town under Nazi protection, it shows the usual German cruelties, subtle sabotage of villagers.

HANGMEN ALSO DIE

Another film devoted to the reaction of conquered people under Nazi domination. Less well done than "The Moon Is Down." Underground versus the Nazis.

The characters are brought to the screen with warm tenderness. Individual scene after scene merits applause. Mickey Rooney as Homer, the messenger, gives a not-to-be-equalled performance.

The entire cast is superlative—Fay Bainter as Ma, Jack Jenkins as the little shaver, James Craig and Marsha Hunt as the young lovers, Frank Morgan as the telegraph operator. This is truly one of the finest pictures ever made.

Meanwhile Papa (Edward Arnold) has to go away on business. He talks to secretary about getting wife's anniversary present while he's away; he's overheard, and secretary-scandal ensues.

When scandal spreads, the kids, aided by Robert Taylor and John Carroll, try to straighten things out, get everything in a mess. See this. You'll have your best laugh in months.

Chief of the Nazis is Col. Lencer (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), who wants the village mayor (Henry Travors) to collaborate with him. Mayor refuses to convict a local boy of murder. Nazis kill boy for attacking Nazi officer. Then sabotage and reprisal begin. Honest and factual. Tragic.

Laid in Czechoslovakia, it tells the story of Brian Donlevy, assassin of Heydrich, and of Anna Lee, who gets involved with him, and how they escape the death sentences. Gloomy, slow, unworthy of its good actors.

YOU CAN TELL AT A GLANCE WHICH ONES YOU WANT TO SEE

MOVIELAND'S MOVIE REVIEWS

FOREVER AND A DAY

Everyone involved in this production gave his services gratis. Profits go to United Nations charities. Beautifully acted story with great charm. It's the history of an old house in the heart of London. Opening scene—German bombs drop on city; inside house, American owner discusses sale of house.

SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS

Most of this picture is romantically funny. Lana Turner, a soda jerker, is goaded by Bob Young into making a soda blindfolded. Bob's stunt misfires so that Lana flees job, goes to New York, determines to be a "missing heir," adopts name of a "long lost child."

CHINA

The story of the eternal courage of the Chinese against the Japs . . . and the love story of two Americans. Before our entrance into the war, Alan Ladd is unconcernedly neutral, profiting from oil sales to the Japs.

CABIN IN THE SKY

Rochester, a shiftless negro too fond of poker, is devotedly loved by wife Ethel Waters. He falls ill and dreams of the devil and angels fighting for him.

The house comes alive as American and English girl talk, going back to its founder and the first marriage consummated within it, carrying on through its subsequent loves and generations as it comes down the world.

It is a cheap hotel in the First World War. But there's always love around it. In this war it's an air-raid shelter. End—inspiring. Of the hundreds of excellent performances, Robert Cummings' stands out.

Her "father" turns out to be the richest man in town (Walter Brennan). He's overjoyed to get her back, showers wealth on her. Lana loves this. All is dandy until Bob turns up again.

Bob recognizes her for the fake she is, loves her despite all. Lana tries to escape him. Then the plot escapes everybody and becomes wacky farce. Fun for real Turner fans. Lana's smooth.

He and his man Friday (William Bendix) encounter Loretta Young evacuating a group of Chinese girls from a bombed city. Alan to the rescue. The three go on together. Ladd is converted and does some heroic work besides. Exciting, sometimes shocking. If you like war pictures, this is for you.

He's sorely tempted. He wants to be good, but he also wants to be bad because of beautiful Lena Horne. The devil helps him by letting him win a sweepstake. Finally wakes up . . . both ways. "Different." The score is great, singing super.

YOU CAN TELL AT A GLANCE WHICH ONES YOU WANT TO SEE

FAIRY STEPMOTHER

1. Like something out of a dream, Joan Crawford is providing, under the management of AWVS, a day nursery for the children of women war workers, as a very fine contribution to the war effort. Joan finances the whole project out of her own income, and here you see her in a typical day's visit to the enchanted children.

2. It was pouring in Southern California, but that couldn't stop Joan from her regular Saturday afternoon visit to her small charges. The back of the car loaded with toys, Joan and her charming husband, Philip Terry, who loves kids, too, prepare to play Mr. and Mrs. Santa.

3. The big moment. The boxes are open. There's a gift for every kid. Incidentally, mothers pay fifteen cents a day per child cared for. This makes them feel they aren't taking charity. Joan makes up the terrific deficit.

4. Joan thought a little girl would go for this yellow duck. Nope. Young Mr. Four-Eyes craved it.

5. Some day this handsome youth will tell the girl he wants to marry, "My first love was Joan Crawford, when she acted as chauffeur to my wheelbarrow."

6. You know how it is, Ma. If the boys do a thing, the girls have to do it, too.

7. Toys boring, the nursery goes in for a little warm rhythm, undoubtedly still singing about that same old mulberry bush.

PHOTOS BY NAT DALLINGER, MOVIELAND'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

8. Next they tear into a hot session of London Bridge, not knowing their Mamas are making a real contribution to its not falling down.

9. Comes gloom, that hand-washing stuff.

10. But cheer up. It means lunch is near.

11. The food department satisfied, they all become sleepy-time pals. Joan pauses to measure Butch, who cheats like crazy, with that tip-toe act.

12. They settle down to some shut-eye in the big, airy upstairs room. Joan and Phil go home to young Christina. If in other war factory communities all the women who can afford the time and money would follow Joan's example, one of the "home front's" biggest problems would be solved.

LADY FAKE

THAT'S ROSALIND RUSSELL, THE GIRL ON MOVIELAND'S COVER, WHO IS NOT, IN PRIVATE LIFE, THE STACCATO, BOUNDING PERSON SHE APPEARS ON SCREEN

by VIVIAN COSBY

THE excellent chances are, as you are reading this, there will be news in the press concerning a very small duplicate of Rosalind Russell. Her child (and whether it's a son or daughter, Rosalind, Mrs. Freddie Brisson, doesn't care as this is written) is expected to debut into this world in late April or early May.

There will be dancing in Hollywood when this mite appears, and laughter and joy in the hearts of Rosalind and her soldier husband. For a little while—a very little while—Rosalind, the first, may even be overshadowed.

So, therefore, let's examine the manner of person this Russell woman, this girl on Movieland's cover really is.

She isn't at all what she appears.

As for example, sleek and sophisticated Rosalind recently entered Lucey's, a restaurant frequented by movie people. With perfect poise she crossed the room and joined a lady already seated at a table.

If anyone had observed Roz closely, he would have noticed that she twisted her napkin and showed other signs of nervousness. For Rosalind was not only very nervous but afraid. Afraid that she a mere movie star would not make the grade, at her first meeting with the great lady sitting opposite her.

The lady was none other than Sister Kenny who is now honored by the world for her discovery of a method to cure infantile paralysis. Her life story was to be made into a motion picture, and she had chosen Rosalind to portray her, chosen her because she believed her to be a good actress and a fine woman with a warm heart.

Sister Kenny's insight was very keen for this is the way Roz's friends know her. Before the camera and in public Roz wise cracks, glitters, wears odd hats, is a good fellow, in fact she does everything an utterly modern young lady would do. But underneath she is sentimental, shy, and thoughtful. At the drop of a hat she will go to bat for the under dog, if she believes that he is right. And she will fight for his cause whole heartedly without any thought of the consequences to herself.

When war was declared, Roz immediately began to figure out what she could do to help. Someone suggested that she entertain the soldiers in the camps, and two days later she was headed East.

Once on the train, however, she began to think what the heck could

When Russell was under contract to MGM, some executive decided she "has no sex appeal." They talked about letting her contract lapse at option time, but long before that, Rosalind, who HAS sex appeal, plus brains and breeding, was all set for free-lancing. Now MGM and every other studio begs to get her for even one picture at a time.

she do to entertain the soldiers. There would not be any Cary Grant or Bob Benchley to exchange wise cracks with her. Just good old Roz on her own!

Her confidence began to leave her. She was plain scared. Then she thought of a rule she had learned when she was in dramatic school. Jehlinger, her teacher, had claimed there is no such thing as stage fright. If you really do your work well and thoroughly know your job . . . when it comes time to perform it you have nothing to worry about.

It was a great rule, and it had helped her a lot in her career. But you had to have something to work with before you could work. Right now all she had was her looks. After the soldiers had a look at Rosalind Russell the picture star—then what?

She was in the depths of despair when George Murphy and his pal, Eddie Ruben, happened along. Seeing Roz wrapped in gloom, they stopped and told her a few gags.

Immediately Roz brightened. She whipped out a pencil and began writing the gags down. Then she conceived the idea of telling the jokes as if they had happened to her brother who was in the service. Next she got the idea for a song, "Baby, that's a Wolf."

Thus when Roz stepped off the train in New York, she was thoroughly prepared for her camp appearances.

Now she has a file of gags any radio comedian would envy. And she can hold her own with any of the comics with a rapid fire delivery. The latter comes naturally to Roz as she loves to talk. She is also, however, a good listener and seldom forgets what she hears.

Her ability to listen and her deep desire to help the underdog led her into a situation which proved to be the turning point in her life.

Right after she was graduated from dramatic school, she was sitting in a theatrical manager's office, waiting to be interviewed. A little old lady came in and asked a man behind a desk, whether there was a job for her today.

The man said, "No, lady there isn't, and there wasn't one yesterday, and there won't be one tomorrow."

The old lady looked at him startled for a moment then with great dignity left the office. Furious Rosalind went over to the man and bawled him out for being so rude.

The man looked Roz over and said, "You're new at this game aren't you, sister? Let me tell you something about that old lady. She's been around Broadway for sixteen years. We've given her some parts, and she's never made good. The only person who thinks she's a good actress is herself, and she'll probably go on kidding herself the rest of her life."

That night Roz thought over the man's statement. Maybe she was kidding herself. In college she had gone in for dramatics and debates because she enjoyed them and it enabled her to cut some of the drier classes. She had decided to become an actress because she thought she could make more money doing this than anything else she knew. She was definitely interested in making money. But maybe like the old lady she was kidding herself.

She decided to give herself four years to prove she was right in selecting an acting career. When she had been graduated from dramatic school, Edward G. Robinson had given out the diplomas and made a little speech. "Acting is a great art —let us serve it," he had said.

Roz agreed with him and made a resolution to take any job that came along to gain experience. Only in this way could she become a fine actress. And by becoming a fine actress she could demand money.

Her first experience in demanding what she thought her services were worth happened while she was playing with E. E. Clive's Repertory of English players in Boston, Massachusetts. Roz was the leading lady of the company and had received good press notices for her performances.

Thus everything was fine until one afternoon at tea, one of the cast inquired what part of England she was from. When Roz replied that she was from Waterbury, Connecticut, there was a great furor. The entire cast had been advertised as all English. Roz was on the well known spot.

It had never occurred to her to tell Mr. Clive she was an American. She was sure she was going to be fired. She decided to beat Mr. Clive to the punch and sent him a note tendering her resignation.

Three days went by. Three nerve-wracking days for Roz. She worked with Mr. Clive on the stage, but he never mentioned receiving her note. The suspense began to get her down, and her performances suffered. Finally she could not stand it any longer, so she asked him about the note.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Clive. "What's this about your resigning?"

At a loss, Roz blurted, "Well, I don't think I'm getting enough money."

"Oh, I guess we could stand another fifty dollars," said Mr. Clive. Perhaps this experience was what started Roz in the belief that she could talk her way in or out of anything.

Roz and our author, Vivian Cosby, have been friends since their first meeting in a hospital.

One secret of the Russell screen appeal is her ability to be a clown and a lady simultaneously. She waited to make sure she had found just the right man before she married, and now she's married Lt. Brisson, has started her family, and hopes for a large one.

Lt. Brisson got a leave to attend the Academy Dinner with his stellar wife. Roz's veil got caught on his buttons . . . and we caught this amusing shot of them!

For instance, a little over three years ago Rosalind's whirlwind life caught up with her. She suddenly got very tired, and a much needed rest was plainly indicated.

Without any fuss, Roz packed a small bag and drove to a hospital. Here she asked for a room. To her amazement the attendant told her she would have to have a doctor admit her.

Roz rattled off the names of three doctors and told the nurse to take her pick. The woman refused to make the choice, and Roz was forced to locate one of the doctors on the phone herself. Anyhow after a lot of red tape she was finally admitted into the hospital.

But rest was still a long way off. News that Rosalind Russell was in the hospital swept the place like wild fire. Student nurses anxious to have a glimpse of the picture star, invented excuses to go to her room. Roz with her rare understanding was very good natured about it. Instead of complaining, she merely hired a special nurse to stand guard while she slept.

It was in this hospital that Rosalind and I first became friends.

Her sister had just had a baby girl. Roz was excited about it because it had been named Rosalind after her. With shining eyes she remarked that all the women friends she knew who had children seemed so happy. There really must be something wonderful in being a mother, Rosalind argued. It was an experience which enriched and uplifted a woman's life, she claimed, and no matter how successful a woman was in her chosen profession, her life could never be well rounded without marriage and children. A little wistfully she said if she ever married, she wanted a large family—at least four.

So her happy marriage to Freddie Brisson and her motherhood are the realization of a long cherished dream.

She's sentimental as all get out about friends. Upon learning she was going to make "Flight for Freedom" at RKO, Rosalind's first thought was, now I'll be able to visit with Ben often. Ben is Ben Pizza, the talent scout at RKO and the man responsible for her being in pictures. She has always been very grateful to him, but the heavy demands on her time make visiting a luxury she can rarely give herself.

For this reason she is always a little sad when she finishes a picture. During the making of it, she and her fellow players are usually together daily for three or four months. They are like one big family, taking an interest in each other's little personal affairs and sharing joys and heartaches. Then when the picture is made, they may not see each other for a year.

Roz, however, does try to keep in touch with her friends by phone. And some of these phone visits have been known to last two hours.

The phoning is usually done in bed, after which she reads for an hour before going to sleep. Her reading is mostly along scientific lines, and one evening she read an article about Sister Kenny. Her admiration for the fight this woman had made to give her discovery of a cure for infantile paralysis to humanity knew no bounds. Sick and crippled children have always been very close to Rosalind's heart. Her efforts on the behalf of The Crippled Children's League are untiring. Several times she has had some of the children brought to the studio for a visit. They always had a wonderful time, the high light being having their casts autographed by various stars.

So when Mary McCarthy, who is writing the screen play on Sister Kenny's life, phoned her and said she would like to talk to her about the picture, Roz eagerly made an appointment.

"I'd give my eye teeth to play that part," she said.

When the writer told her she was Sister Kenny's choice, Rosalind said, "You're kidding. Sister Kenny has never met me. And if she's seen me on the screen—why in the last few years I've only played comedy . . . nothing dramatic."

"But Sister Kenny says there is laughter in her life, too," Miss McCarthy replied. "And she has chosen you because you have a combination of a sense of humor and what she terms spiritual guts."

Russell has the latter and plenty. For example, she misses her husband very deeply, particularly when she went through this time when all women like to be closest to the men they love. But don't think she even once whimpered. She can't stand wives who moan about war loneliness, and she refuses to be one of them.

She worked up until two months before her baby was born, and even when she wasn't actively before the camera, she never had an idle moment.

Even after her doctor sternly ordered her to bed to relax, she kept on reading scripts, writing letters, and eternally telephoning.

She is a magnificent business woman. She's all heart and all brain . . . but there is one subject on which she is an idiot child.

This is her love of speed. Next to her husband, motherhood, and acting in a great role, she loves driving a car at a hundred miles an hour. Before the war calmed her down, she regarded anything less than fifty as a snail's pace.

She's given up butter and steak without a murmur, but she goes out and looks at the quiet speedometer of her car these days with almost tears in her eyes. But she never drives over thirty-five now. She's a good patriot.

She's a good guy all around.

In fact, I think she's a great one.

THE END

THOSE ACADEMY AWARD BLUES

The big four, against the movies service flag, Heflin, Garson, Cagney, and Wright.

THE Academy Award Dinner for 1943—the fifteenth anniversary of the Academy's founding (its full title is the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences)—turned out to be a badly organized, overcrowded function.

Nevertheless, the event assayed glamour. Greer Garson and Jimmy Cagney were the big winners for the best performances, Van Heflin and Theresa Wright were honored for giving the best supporting performances. Sidney Franklin was called the outstanding producer, Major William Wyler the best director. (The Garson, Franklin, and Wyler awards were all for "Mrs. Miniver," the best picture of the year.)

It was a war-time atmosphere, most of the glamour girls "not dressed," the men either in uniform or business suits. Here are the pictorial highlights.

Gary Cooper, last year's winner, hands the Oscar to Jimmy Cagney, this year's winner. Said Gary, listening to Bob Hope as master of ceremonies, "Must be wonderful to be like that."

Greer Garson hastily gulps water as she hears her name called. Ronnie Colman, who was up for an award but lost to Jimmy Cagney, beams on her paternally, whlie Walter Pidgeon, bearded for Papa Curie in his next picture, waits to help her from her chair. Producer Joe Pasternak watches the scene.

Young Theresa Wright couldn't restrain her very real tears. That long-legged bird is hovering over Theresa these days.

Lt. Van Heflin couldn't resist the broad grin at his own success.

Jeanette MacDonald sat next to Director Mervyn LeRoy.

David Selznick, the producer, sat between his two glam- our girls, Joan Fontaine and Ingrid Bergman.

Rita Hayworth turned up with a mere two star general, Maj. General Ralph P. Cousin.

Everybody looked at Private Power in his G. I. haircut. Ty sat between his adored Annabella and Mrs. Gary Cooper.

Those honeymooners, Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs, toasted each other with very cold water.

Little Gene Tierney held the attention of Irving Berlin, whose "White Christmas" was voted the year's best tune.

A Hollywood Wife's Love Letter to Her Service Husband

Maureen O'Hara gives Movieland the great privilege of publishing the letter she wrote to her Marine-husband, Will Price, on the day of their first wedding anniversary.

"WILL, darling—

I woke up at six in the morning. I thought, 'Will and I were married one year ago today. This is our first anniversary.' Perhaps I only half awoke. I must have been in that suspended state of being where the stream of consciousness goes on, clear as a freshet, but as though running through mists.

For I thought, 'We shall be spending it alone, of course, the first anniversary of our wedding, doing all the things we want to do. We'll drive, Will and I, up to Arrowhead, in the snow, on the Rim-of-the-World-Road, as we have done so many times since we first met. We'll drive, later, to the crest above the low-flying San Fernando Valley, down there in the mist, too, where we first got to know each other, really.

We'll go to the little Chinese restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard where we used to go and eat, and we'll talk with the family, and they will give us a bag of cookies they've made, such as they made at home in China in the happy times. Then we'll run into the parking space back of the Chateau Elysee in Hollywood where Will proposed to me. We'll come back, after that to this house Will bought for me, to our home. I'll go over the garden, flower by flower, tree by tree. We'll play a game of badminton. Twilight will come, and we'll go indoors, and Will will cook me one of his special dinners. Shrimp Arnaud, barbecued chickens as only he can barbecue them, home made sherry ice cream or Baba au Rhum. Then we'll light the fire, and I'll sit on his lap as we watch it live and die its bright life. And then we'll go to bed, and that will be the end of a perfect day at the end of a year which no one and nothing can take from out our hearts.'

I awoke, then, darling, for I realized that none of these things would happen. I thought, 'Will is in the Service, and I am alone.'

Then, like a wave of pain, the kind of pain that is curiously like pleasure because it has its roots in

something so unbearably sweet, I thought, 'Last year at this time I was on my honeymoon, on my way to New Orleans.'

Then my thoughts began to run, black and bad. I began to damn the whole war. 'Why did it have to happen right now?' I asked myself.

That was not a good thought for me to have, I well know. But the war becomes very personal to a woman when her heart is out of her body. The thing that goes through one's mind is, actually, that you hate all wars; you wish you could stop all wars; you feel that if women ran the world, there would be no wars. The thing that tries to defeat you is the thinking that women have all the sorrows of the war, the wounds that do not show; the sorrows called 'Sit' and 'Wait' and that they are unjust sorrows.

But then I thought, 'If I could change it, the only thing I would change is that there would be no war, no Hitler, no Japs, none of this thing that must be fought, to fight. Therefore, you, my husband, would not be away. Therefore, I would not be sitting here, a composite of all the women who would like to drown in their own tears but do not shed one because they would be ashamed.'

I thought, 'Being a war, a war that must be fought, I would not change it; I would not have you back.'

Being a woman, I thought, 'I would change it; I would have you back.'

Being a soldier's wife, having to measure up, I thought, 'I would not, I would NOT have you back.'

Back and forth I went, back and forth between the racquets of these two reactions.

Do you know how it was with me, darling? Do you know how I was thinking that women must establish in their hearts the difference between being a woman in love . . . in war time?

I cast about me for odds and ends of comfort on this, our first anniversary, when we are separated, one from the other. I thought how you had said to me, 'We are so lucky to have had a year together behind us,' (eleven and a half months, we had) 'some service men and their wives have only one week to remember, or one night . . .'

I thought, 'Yes, that is so. Yes, they might leave each other, strangers, who have had only one week or one night. They might forget.'

I thought, then, of how much better a wife I would be because of this wrenching apart, this separation; how much more appreciative of you I would be.

I thought, with the startled, bone-bright feeling we have when icy water or icy air needles our skin, of how we do take them for granted, the little linsey-woolsey, homespun familiar things.

I thought, now, 'They are the Eternal Verities, the everyday things.'

The fact that you, dear, came home to dinner every night after work. Now, that's a very ordinary thing. That's what men do everywhere, isn't it, good men, up and down the earth? But now I see it as something very beautiful . . . and strange.

We went to the movies a couple of times a week. I took it for granted that, on Saturday nights, you'd bring me home a box of candy.

Did I say, 'Thank you, darling?' Indeed, and I did. But did I feel 'thank you?' Indeed I know, now, I did not. Not as deeply as I should have felt it. Now I realize I should have made a lot more of it.

Ah, Will, there were a lot of things I accepted as part of our married life. Now that you're gone, I know they are not just matter-of-course. Now I know they made up a wife's whole existence.

There were things that sometimes I thought were irritating about you. The hot water, for example.

I thought how you'd take every drop of it; of how I'd say, 'Well, Will, you might have left just *one* drop for me!'

I thought of how you'd play boogie-woogie records and how I *hate* boogie-woogie. I thought of how you did not come when I called you for dinner. I used to get so sore at you I'd mutter to myself, 'Him messing up the bathroom with his garden clothes, his messy boots. Me, yelling up at him as he was fixing his cabbage patch that someone wants him on the phone and him taking his own good, sweet time about it.'

How I miss you now, darling, not coming when you're called to dinner! How I miss the bathroom not being a shambles with the disorder you made! I miss the sound of me yelling at you up there among the cabbages with their stupid, thick purple heads. Oh, Will, what absence has taught me!

Now I know they were all part of our fun together; the little things that were important, the little things that were not important.

That is why I am writing you now, darling. It is the next best thing to our being together, and there is so much I must tell you. For now I know that I was seeing you as, even in the first days of our love and our love of being together, I did not see you. The good points, I did not know you had, seem to stab at me like the prongs of

Just a minute, please! Yes, that's Mr. and Mrs. Will Price. (Incidentally, have you seen her in "Immortal Sergeant?")

stars. Yes, it hurts, Will.

I know now it can be good for us to be hurt like this. It can be a blessing to us. It is the same feeling one has when someone one loves has died, and we think, our hearts moaning, 'If only I had him back again, how I would cherish him, how I would be tender and understanding.' We who are service wives have that same moan in our hearts, but with a different overtone—for we have the hope and the belief that we will have you back again.

One year is over for us now, Will. I am not a bride any more, now I am a wife.

I have just looked at the clock. It says ten o'clock. What kind of an hour is that for a wife to be writing letters to her husband, her mind in the mists? I must get to work. I'll finish this later.

* * *

IT'S almost bedtime again, darling. I've lived through this anniversary day. I wouldn't let myself be idle. It isn't right in war time. Right after I put this letter down, I made my own breakfast, having no maid. I looked with some sadness at the piles of pans and dishes, some of them from last night.

'I was a bride still, last night,' I thought, smiling to myself. 'I could leave dishes then, be in-the-clouds-careless, as brides are. Now, today, I am a wife and must look to my duties.' I thought, 'How better can I spend my first anniversary than by doing wifely tasks?' So then I tied my hair back, tied an apron over my slacks and started in.

I finished the kitchen. I went to the back bedroom and began to work through. I scrubbed bathroom floors, the tubs, I polished the nickel, I even scoured the toilet bowls. I made the beds, puffed the pillows up to fat, bloomy balloons. I took mops on long poles and did the walls and ceilings. I Hoovered. I lifted the rugs and went under them. I took all the cushions out of chairs and divans and stood them in the sun and air. I polished silver. I even dusted the frames of pictures and back of the pictures. I washed the screens on all the doors. I polished and waxed tables.

When the phone would ring, I'd run to it, tripping over brooms and mops, thinking it was you, thinking it might be you, hoping you would call me on this day. But you did not call. You did not get a chance to call. You were out on the rifle range all day. I thought, 'He will not have a chance to call, and he will not think of calling me.' I waited for that to sink in and hurt. It did not. I thought, 'Why should my husband be thinking of calling me, with what he is doing now?'

The mail came. I rushed out. Oh, darling, there was an anniversary present and a letter from you. I sat down among the dust-pans and brushes and read my letter. It did not give me, I was surprised to find, that lonely, tearing feeling. I thought, 'It is a precious piece of paper for any woman to have.' I thought, 'A woman lives on paper sometimes.'

Then I picked up the vacuum cleaner again.

I cleaned the bird cage. I scrubbed the bird cage. I washed the patio and cleaned out the dog house. I even puffed up the cushions in the dog's kennel. I put out old bottles and rubbish in a box for the man to take away, I burned in the incinerator all the stuff which had accumulated for weeks. I even cleaned the maid's room. I got all the clothes ready to iron. I had made up my mind to do everything, and everything is what I did. I tell you, I moved every piece of furniture in that house, and I went down underneath every inch of every rug.

Then I took a bath, long and lazy. I got all dressed up. I put on my fancy white satin housecoat and my gold slippers with bells on the toes I hadn't worn more than three times in four years. I put a green bow in my hair. I lit the fire I had laid in the clean-swept hearth. I poured a glass of wine and sat before the fire. I thought, 'So here I am. This is the way I, a service wife, have lived my first anniversary. It has been—how could it be, but it has been—a happy day."

I thought, 'Will, my husband, is fighting to protect the things I want. So are the other men, all the others, they are fighting to protect the things we want, we women. They are fighting for the way of life in which men come home to their dinners after work and go to the movies and clutter up the bathrooms and bring boxes of candy home on Saturday nights.'

I thought, 'This house, Will bought it for me, for our home, and it shall be kept intact. It shall be kept exactly as he left it.'

I thought, 'That is why I am happy—because this is what Will is fighting for, this house. Will and all the others, and I have been fighting for it, too. With my hands, yes, but with my heart, too and with my spirit.'

Darling, we will have many and many an anniversary together, God willing, but we will never be more together than we have been today.

Your
Maureen."

1

2

From top to bottom—Her husband wrote Maureen, "We are so lucky to have had a year. Some service men and their wives have only one week to remember . . . or one night." Maureen replied, "A year marries you three hundred and sixty-five times." And then, "We who are service wives have the hope and belief that we will have our lovers back again."

Orson and Margaret

Around Mr. Welles, here giving out with lure, and Margaret O'Brien, here effortlessly tugging at your heart strings just as she did in "Journey for Margaret," the plot of "Jane Eyre" revolves (with the beauty across the page as the center of it, of course). If the studio can just endure the Welles' temperament, his "Mr. Rochester" should be a compelling performance. At the moment, Orson, the former headline hunter, is going through a "no publicity" phase. No photographs, no items, no magazine stories, he thunders . . . and then drives up to the studio in a completely motorized town in a horse and buggy!

BEAUTIFUL *Storm* CENTER

THERE is no more exquisite study in contrasts than Joan Fontaine of the beautiful face and figure, the delicate voice, and the inspired acting abillty. Keenly intelligent, blessed with gay humor, cultured, somehow or other wherever she goes, trouble arises. For instance in "Jane Eyre," her newest picture for Twentieth Century-Fox, a battle arose over whether or not she would get top billing over Orson Welles, who plays Mr. Rochester in the Bronte classic. The Hollywood-wise money was on Joan to win, but Orson succeeded in getting the credit titles to read "Orson Welles and Joan Fontaine in 'Jane Eyre,'"—and not the other way around as Joan wished. What's more Joan gets only five costume changes throughout, while Orson gets eighteen! We give you our own small prophecy that the race for the acting honors in this will be red hot while the atmosphere on the set will make zero feel like the tropics.

THE CAMP SHOWS

AND HOW THEY REACH OUR SERVICE MEN

THE FIRST OF TWO ARTICLES DESCRIBING THE HOLLYWOOD VICTORY COMMITTEE

FAR up north, "somewhere in Newfoundland," five American soldiers are guarding an anti-aircraft gun—five men alone against snow and darkness and the eternal silence of the frozen waste. They have been there for twenty-two endless months, without interruption. The nearest post is miles away; they can't get a station on their radio; they haven't heard a song for decades; it must have been centuries ago, the last time they spoke to a girl. Then, one day, a girl comes to their post, a beautiful girl . . .

Yes, it sounds corny, like the beginning of a very bad movie story. Actually, it's the simple, unvarnished truth, as Joan Blondell will tell you. She speaks from experience. She's been up there, not so long ago, entertaining our troops.

Edward G. Robinson, besides tours and free broadcasts, also gave a check for $100,000 to the USO for entertainment.

Joan Blondell went to that desolate outpost—one of many outposts—because of the workings of the Hollywood Victory Committee. Since Pearl Harbor the Committee has been sending out players to entertain our troops in the United States, overseas, and off-shore.

Its work has been frequently misunderstood, sometimes maligned, as for instance when Mrs. Richhouse calls and says she would like to have Hedy Lamarr appear at her house for a tea for thirty women and thus sell bonds. Mrs. Richhouse is quite annoyed when the Victory Committee says "No" firmly. Mrs. Richhouse's idea is worthy . . . but the Victory Committee has to see to it that it sends its players first to our armed services, and next where they will do the greatest good for the war effort with the largest number of people.

THE MOVIES GO TO WAR

Have you heard of the "Short Snorters?" It's a game you play at bars. You have an autographed dollar bill. You offer to match it against other autographed bills. If you have the least autographs, you are stuck with the check. (Both President Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie are "short snorters.") Here Fay McKenzie autographs a sergeant's buck.

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

Never would Hollywood release a picture like this of Jaan Blondell, romping with our boys somewhere in Newfoundland. This is an official Army photograph—that's why maybe it lacks that snappy professional Hollywood finish.

"Spats shows," they call them in Hollywood, these visits of lesser stars to the lesser camp. Here are Chic Chandler and Sheila Ryan being "spotted." Big stars go to big camps—the idea being to send the most entertainment to the most boys.

Last year, in deepest secrecy, Hollywood players were flown to England, Ireland, the Panama Canal Zone, Alaska, the Aleutians, the Caribbean area. No previous mention was to be made in the press. More than six hundred players were giving three hundred and fifty-two U.S.O. "spot" camp shows—so called because they were "spotted" in small, isolated camps in the desert areas of California, Arizona, New Mexico.

For obvious reasons, actors and actresses are getting most of the spotlight, but the Victory Committee isn't just actors and actresses; its list of members reads like a complete Hollywood Who's Who, with no writer, producer, bit player, director, publicist, radio man, or agent missing. To the entertainers, it means extra work and crowding working schedules. After a hard day's work at the studio they get into Red Cross station wagons and drive some hundreds of miles to an isolated camp along the California coastline for a spot show. Afterwards, they drive back and arrive home at dawn. They grab a few hours of sleep and early in the morning are back at work before the cameras.

All services are given free, part of their war activities, besides blood donations, air raid warden duty, first aid courses. It was Wendell Willkie who said, and truly, that in no other industry have the people as a whole done as much for the war effort, besides all their regular work and

the common civilian activities—and all of it at their own expense.

You need only go through the letters from the boys—grateful, enthusiastic letters—to see what a splendid job the Victory Committee has done in breaking down the mortal monotony of small camps and fortified posts. Or listen to Joan Blondell.

"I thought those boys would scream when I came there. They didn't speak; they kept staring at me as though I were a ghost. They told me later they'd been afraid I would evaporate into thin air, like a Fata Morgana. I couldn't think of anything to say. I kept smiling and there was a lump in my throat . . .

"We sat down," she goes on to tell you, "and they brought coffee and opened some cans. We were giving shows in the larger camps with our U.S.O. entertaining unit. The soldiers weren't interested in shows. They were sitting next to me, staring at me, happy to hear a woman's voice. One boy asked me what Broadway was looking like with all the lights turned off, and a Texas boy asked me if I had been at Dallas. His mother was living there.

" 'Suppose I call up your mother when I go back and tell her that you're swell?' I suggested.

"Suddenly, they were all talking fast. Would I mind calling up Bill's sweetheart, and Sam's father, and a certain blonde down in Atlanta . . . 'Tell them everything's swell, and we have gained weight, and the only things we need are more letters from home.' "

Joan thinks the strangest request came from a soldier up there at an isolated outpost. He'd always wondered how a movie star makes up before she steps under the lights. Would Joan mind going through a whole make-up routine? So Joan sat down before a small, blind, broken down mirror, under a dangling oil lamp, and began working on her face, lips, putting on false eyelashes.

"The eyelashes were a sensation. The boys were holding their breath. The silence around me was deep and compact. My hands trembled a little. Stage fright, I guess."

Joan somewhat changed the routine of coming, giving a performance and leaving the same evening. Whenever her crowded schedule permitted it, she lived at the camp for one or two days. She slept in a small room evacuated by a noncom, got up at six, took her turn at the makeshift shower, had breakfast with the soldiers at the mess hall, went out with them to the rifle range. She caused a mild shock among Newfoundland's Upper Fifty when she declined the Governor's invitation to a luncheon given in her honor, on the grounds that she had already promised to lunch with a group of soldiers. The glacial chill could be felt far above the Arctic Circle, and it took Joan's whole charm and persuasion to settle the matter. After all, she had come to Newfoundland to entertain the enlisted soldiers, not to assist at social functions.

When she went aboard the Caribou with her U.S.O. group, there was a man standing near the gangway. It was a dark, foggy night, and the wind was howling, and the man was making small notes on a sheet of paper by the dim light of a tiny lamp. He had a somber, cadaverous face and a black overcoat, a ready-made character out of a Hitchcock picture, and he wanted to know whom to notify in case of death . . . They were put into a small stateroom, forbidden to smoke or make light, wearing their life belts. They could feel the boat zigzagging, and once there was a detonation, like depth charges exploding. They had been told the passage would take two hours—actually they spent nine hours aboard.

Some of the artists took to grumbling about what they called "overdramatizing the measures of precaution." "I hope I'll never see that darned boat again," a man said as they landed.

He never did. A few days later word came that the Caribou had been torpedoed by a Nazi U-Boat. Everybody shivered, remembering the dark man in the overcoat.

On a recent trip to the desert, a group of entertainers were driving through an area where war games were under way. Their portable loud-speaker system and other equipment was loaded on an Army truck, driven by an apathetic soldier from down South. No one had the slightest idea that the truck was belonging to the "Red" army—that is, not until they were stopped by a "Blue" patrol and declared prisoners of war. The leader of the patrol, a husky corporal with a sense of humor, sternly refused the players' request to let them go through. This is war, boys and girls, and you've been captured. Besides, the "Red" soldiers have been having enough entertainment.

Then another "Blue" soldier had a brainstorm. What if they would take the whole outfit to their own "Blue" camp? Okay, the corporal said, but the truck had to remain on the spot. And so the players were escorted to the "Blue" camp—the first case in modern warfare, as far as we know, where the booty consisted not of guns, food, ammunition, but of long legged chorines and high class Hollywood talent.

The show at the "Blue" camp had a thoroughly improvised character, what without recorded music, loudspeaker, costumes, but it was a terrific hit. A buck private supplied the musical background by way of a harmonica, and throughout the show there were assorted whistles. At eleven, just when the show closed, the "Red" army truck appeared, protected by a white flag. An irate

umpire had ordered its release. We suspect what must have happened to the "Blue" patrol was pretty lively.

After all, you can't blame those boys. Life gets monotonous in the isolated areas, with no face to look at but another soldier's. Military men are enthusiastic about the morale-building value of these spot shows which are given in large camps before two thousand soldiers —or before ten men on a forgotten spot. When a Hollywood group came down to the Caribbean, military censors at San Juan, Porto Rico, noted an eighty-five per cent increase of outgoing soldier mail. After weeks and months of solitude, the boys had something to write about.

The Caribbean group (Billy Gilbert and his wife, Fay McKenzie, Billy's sister-in-law, and Desi Arnaz) stayed five weeks there, giving countless performances. Unfortunately, Billy had taken only two white suits, having somewhat underestimated heat and humidity in those latitudes. One suit (the one he wore) was always wet; the other was not yet dry. The Army solved the delicate problem by equipping Billy with a set of G.I. overalls.

Fay McKenzie was having the time of her life. "I was being applauded before I actually said anything. An Army camp is a performer's heaven. To many of us younger players, an Army appearance is a terrific thrill. Often, after

This shows the informal character of many of the shows—and also the tough setup for actors to work against. Nevertheless, all hands concerned have fun. Bands go big . . . look at Nat Young and his Universal Orchestra at Camp Hunter Liggett.

a show, the boys came to thank me. Actually, I wanted to thank them!"

Somewhere around the Tropic of Cancer the artists found a sergeant who was an excellent piano player. "Just what we needed," Billy says. "But his Commanding Officer wasn't of our opinion. Well, he hadn't counted on Fay. She went from him to the Major and from the Major to the Colonel, who sent her to a one-star general. From then on, I lost track of the ranking . . . but she got the piano player, and he accompanied us during the rest of the tour."

Down to the jungles of the Panama Canal Zone went the Ritz brothers, taking along Jinx Falkenburg and a radio singer. In nineteen days they played thirty-eight shows at twenty-five different camps—in large auditoriums as well as on tiny jungle airfields where the "dressing rooms" were conveniently supplied by Nature, in the form of mangrove tree roots. They rode in jeeps over newly cut roads through the hot, steaming jungle.

"When we came back, our friends said we had changed," Harry Ritz says. "Maybe we have. You begin to think differently of war and our boys out there after you've seen them sleep around guns and pursuit planes, covered with mud and grass and nets, cut off from the world. They would gather around us and stare at us, silently . . . Boy, I wanted to scream. I didn't feel like telling them jokes. They didn't want to hear jokes, though. They were happy that somebody had come down to see them."

And then Harry Ritz said something simple that sounds important. "If every person in this country could go down there for five minutes and see our boys, there wouldn't be any need for bond-selling drives."

Without exception, the players all want to go back to camps outside the United States, where they have been before. Although the Army would like to get as many performers as possible to all battlefronts, the sober fact is that supplies, food, ammunition, medicine still must be sent over first. But there will be Hollywood headliners on all fronts before the year is over. Many are overseas.

They give their lives, these performers, in the same terms of patriotism as do our boys on the battlefields. Carole Lombard died serving her country, as everyone knows. But there are "little stars" who die, too. When recently a Pan-American clipper crashed at Lisbon, Portugal, there was on board an overseas U.S.O. unit that the Victory Committee had organized. Jane Froman and two other New York entertainers, Gypsy Markoff and Grace Drysdale and a comedy dance team from Hollywood, Lorraine and Rogman, made up the group.

Jean Lorraine and Roy Rognan were newlyweds. They were under contract to Paramount (you may remember them in "The Fleet's In") and they refused to be separated ever. Death separated them when that Clipper crashed, for Roy Rognan's body was lost at sea. Now Jean Lorraine is fighting for her life.

What do the boys prefer by way of entertainment? In the big camps they want shows, with the requests running for 1- gags, 2- gals, 3- variety, 4- bands. Ability is more important than a big name. The boys would rather see a cute little dancer with plenty of pep than a great prima donna with a dull, noble routine. Take Dale Evans, for instance. A year ago she was a little dancer and singer; no one knew of her in Hollywood. Then she became a success in the camps. Now she has a radio contract. And this is not the only case where new talent got a break in the camps. Already Hollywood agents are said to have their military scouts in every major camp to report on new discoveries. There will be a number of "camp talents" who will wind up at a major studio. Ever heard of the Pickard Family, a complete six people show, the soldiers are raving about? Or Adele Mara, the dancer? Or the negro group (organized by Hattie McDaniel) which is having a terrific success among white soldier audiences? White performers are often joining the colored entertainers. Bette Davis was wildly cheered by the colored troops in San Diego where she had gone with an all-negro U.S.O. group. It's a fine example of "democracy at work," among other things.

Fifty vaudeville shows are traveling throughout the country. At headquarters of U.S.O. Camp Shows, Inc., the preparations outrank anything that has been done before, including Barnum and Bailey.

Recently, the Hollywood Victory Committee got a letter from a woman in Ohio. Enclosed were ten dollars. *"It isn't much,"* she wrote. *"but it's all I can spare. You see, I lost one son in the Pacific. Now my younger boy is at camp. He didn't feel so happy until last week when one of your groups came there to entertain the boys. They stay at the camp and give a performance every night. The boys are happy. They feel that we civilians haven't forgotten them. I am so grateful. I want you to take the money . . ."*

The Victory Committee of course can't keep the money, so they sent it to the Army and Navy Relief. But they are keeping the letter as one of their treasured possessions.

THE END

Cheryl Walker was merely a stand-in (more recently for Veronica Lake) when she was cast for the lead in "Stage Door Canteen."

ALL BROADWAY FOR 50¢

by ANN DAGGETT

TWO soldiers, just ordinary privates, started it all, and Sol Lesser, a Hollywood motion picture producer who finished it, can't even remember their names.

The idea these two privates gave Lesser has brought two people out of obscurity to stardom, set a precedent in Hollywood for a new type of war picture, and what's most important of all will net entertainment organizations for our nation's fighters approximately two million dollars during the coming year.

How the idea was born and blossomed into a full-fledged production called "Stage Door Canteen" is one of those things that makes Hollywood the fabulous place that it is. A fascinating chain of circumstances has made it possible for the soldiers of all the United Nations to share in the profits from this motion picture. Here's how it all came about.

A year ago, Sol Lesser (he discovered Jackie Coogan and produces "Tarzan" pictures for his small change) was taking a vacation in the East. In Philadelphia, visiting some friends, a casual evening was planned. Mutual friends of host and guest dropped in, bringing with them their friends. Among the guests were two privates, and they were bubbling over with excitement when they met the producer.

Lesser found himself sharing their enthusiasm as the youngsters talked

left—Bill Terry had been around Hollywood for a long time, couldn't get a break. If the draft doesn't get him (he's a father), he should be a star after this.

above—Tallulah Bankhead, far right, next to Director Borzage, was nervous, remembering her early movie failures

'way above—Cornelia Otis Skinner, center, is another star making a movie debut. That's Jean Hersholt next to her. There is a big cast of Hollywood stars involved in all this, too.

above—Katharine Cornell, here making her movie debut, has been the most sought-after of Broadway personalities by Hollywood.

right—Cornell, closest to the camera with Aline MacMahon at her left, plays Juliet to a young soldier's Romeo. The young actor's name is Lon McAllister, hitherto an extra.

about a new place that had just opened up in New York, called the "Stage Door Canteen." They had seen everyone of any prominence from Broadway, and with naive wide-eyed wonder they described the place.

It seemed that on 44th Street just off New York's dimmed-out Broadway there was a place which had been called the "Little Club." The old battered blue door, which contained the peep-hole of prohibition days, was now opened, free, to soldiers, sailors, and marines. Inside, was the world of show business—magic, glamorous, beautiful.

To these boys from the wheatfields of Kansas it was thrilling to be served by Katharine Cornell and to dance with Katharine Hepburn. The show they saw there couldn't have been put on with a million dollars by any private producer . . . and to these boys it was all free.

In Lesser's mind an idea was born right then and there. He could visualize the background this Canteen would make for a soldier's love story. If everything turned out right, it could be the biggest production ever to come out of Hollywood.

Lesser couldn't wait to get started—he excused himself from the party, found out what time the next plane left—and was in New York within four hours. Since it was still night and he couldn't see anyone until the next morning, Lesser sat up outlining a plan which was forming in his mind. Reading over the publicity which the Canteen was getting, he noticed seats were being sold at an "Angel's Table" and only those civilians who paid a hundred dollars for the table would be admitted to the Canteen. Why not, he thought, turn over the proceeds from this picture to the entertainment organizations and let Mr. and Mrs. Average America buy a seat at the "Angel's Table" for the price of a theater ticket?

It was this idea that gave Lesser the jump on more than a half dozen producers who had thought of using the "Stage Door Canteen" in a mo-

Like Cornell, that scintillating pair, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, are rabid movie fans. Unlike Hollywood stars of equal rank, they displayed not an iota of temperament.

Helen Hayes still owes MGM a picture, has long refused to make it. But she is so fine in "Stage Door Canteen" that it's now expected she will relent.

"Gosh," says funny man Ed Wynn, "a male Waac!"

tion picture. Lesser didn't know it, but without this idea, he would have been butting his head against a stone wall, for the American Theater Wing which runs the Stage Door Canteen had steadfastly refused to allow the Canteen to be used in a screen plot. Endless conferences were held, ironing out details of the plan, and then a week later Lesser emerged with American Theater Wing permission, and all he had to do was produce the picture.

If he breathed a sigh of relief when that was over, he should have saved his breath. For, although permission to use the Canteen was given, there was no guarantee that anyone from the Canteen would accept roles in his picture. Lesser was faced with the almost impossible task of getting Katharine Cornell (who has refused a half million dollars for one picture), Katharine Hepburn whose temperamental actions are famous, Gertrude Lawrence, Helen Hays who despises Hollywood—all these great stars of the stage—to play in his picture.

Headaches followed, but once the solution to the problem was found, the rest was comparatively simple. By a twist of fate it was the screenplay that was responsible for various personalities accepting roles (there will be more than forty stars in the picture).

At the beginning the idea was to get two people like Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant to play the "Canteen girl" and her "soldier lover." Their love story would be told against the background of stage and screen personalities playing real life parts at the Canteen. Of course, when that idea was told, every star wanted to play the girl or the man, and none wanted to play themselves as Lesser had planned.

So that is how it came about that Cheryl Walker, who had only been a stand-in for Veronica Lake, and William Terry, bit actor, came to be the stars of the production. When Lesser let it be known that two unknowns would play the leads, the stage personalities and mad motion picture people who had hitherto refused, jumped at the chance of showing the American public their work for the war effort.

And for the two youngsters it was the chance of a lifetime. They were two chosen among six hundred tested for the role. Thirty-year old Bill Terry is a boy who came up the hard way—dishwasher, soda jerker,

Even the ordinarily temperamental Kate Hepburn behoved like an angel in this scene with Cheryl—tells the younger girl what losing your man in wartime means.

Xavier Cugat (left) and Guy Lombardo (above) with their bands are merely two of the six big musical outfits involved in this one super picture. Kay Kyser, Benny Goodman, Freddie Martin, and Count Basie also gave their services. The song department is ably taken care of by Ethel Merman (above right) and Lanny Ross of the radio. At the right—that's Frank Borzage, director of the whole affair, with Lanny.

cook and bottle-washer when he couldn't get a break either in motion pictures or on the stage. His first chance came two years ago when he got the lead in New York's stage production, "Out of the Frying Pan," and when the play folded, he spent eighteen months playing to USO camp shows. This, in turn, led to his being picked up by RKO and given the role of "Private Smith, USA" in a short by the same name. It was here that Lesser saw him and signed him, for Terry has a down-to-earth face and blue eyes that crinkle when he laughs. Just the sort of boy Lesser had in mind to play the soldier-lover.

Cheryl's story is one that renews faith in lady luck. For five years she has been a stand-in around Hollywood, working small bit parts, recording "footsteps" for the insert department; and posing for fashion advertising — anything that would keep her near that golden door that refused to open for her until now. The day she was signed for the lead in the picture she was getting twenty-five dollars for one day's work in "Miracle of Morgan's Creek."

During the entire time that the search for the ideal "Canteen girl" and "soldier" was going on, the production problems were being met and solved . . . after a fashion. For Hollywood, like the rest of the nation, is being rationed, and ingenuity has replaced money.

The problem of how the picture was going to be filmed without running set costs out of sight took some real thinking. The picture had to be shot in both Hollywood and New York—scenes with motion pictures stars, naturally, were taken in their home town, and the stage actors' material was filmed in New York. This meant a double problem in building the sets.

Because "Stage Door Canteen" is known and recognized by so many service men, there could be no deviation from its construction. At first an artist was going to be hired to reproduce the famous murals on the walls of the Canteen—this would have used up the entire five thousand dollars, the figure allowed by the government for the entire picture. That idea discarded, Lesser had the murals photographed and reproduced by a special process which allowed them to photograph like paintings.

At first, two sets were to be built —one in New York and one in Hollywood. Again, money for materials could not be spent. So, by an ingenius device, the sets were built in small sections, used in Hollywood, then folded into neat parcels and shipped to New York. Even tin was a question because no Canteen table would be complete without a can of milk on the table. This problem was solved by "borrowing" cans from a milk company and guaranteeing their return without damage.

Now, the camera was ready to grind, with Frank Borzage directing. Borzage, a former Western actor and credited with such pictures as "Humoresque," "Seventh Heaven," and "Farewell to Arms," was the one man in Hollywood who could take unknown kids and work them with veteran actors and still have the youngsters come out stars.

The first day, Borzage teamed Cheryl Walker with Vera Gordon, whom he had made famous as the star of "Humoresque" two decades before. Vera understood Borzage's technique, and to the girl who was quivering with nervousness, Vera gave her staunch support and understanding. Once over that first day's work before the camera's eye, Cheryl was off to a good performance.

With Bill Terry, Borzage worked a different technique. Bill was nervous, but the camera was an old story to him. Borzage teamed him with two other unknowns who had featured parts in the picture for a wedding scene where three very nervous and ill-at-ease soldiers "stand up" for their soldier-comrade's wedding. Playing the scene gave vent to their nervous laughter and a few stuttering lines. Borzage knew that nothing could be more genuine than the real thing, and consequently, the marriage sequence is a new high in naturalness.

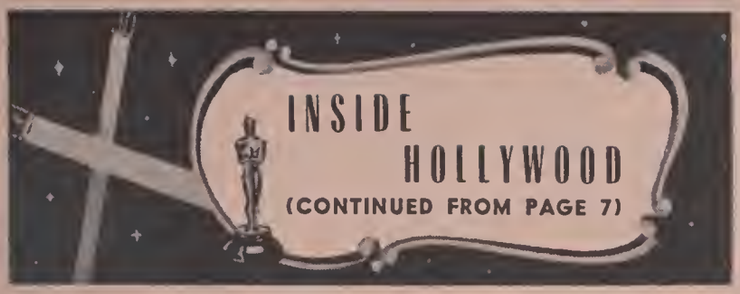
Next month the picture will be released throughout the United States, and Lon McCallister, nineteen-year-old youngster who plays one of the soldiers, will see it in an army camp. More than thirty of the two hundred fifty extras used in the picture have already exchanged Hollywood soldier costumes for uniforms provided by Uncle Sam.

And Hollywood has tucked one more production under its belt which will pour money into the coffers of the nation to provide comfort to the armed forces of the Allied nations.

THE END

You can't reveal all Broadway without one strip tease girl, and the most revealing of all is Gypsy Rose Lee . . . making Bill Terry look pretty dizzy.

The wife of Producer Sol Lesser, here talking to Yehudi Menuhin, is a great lover of classical music. Menuhin plays "Ave Maria" and "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" for the picture. Mrs. Lesser was too ill to be on the set the day he played. "Please call her on the telephone," said Menuhin when the situation was explained to him. Then he played the two pieces for Mrs. Lesser over the phone.



GREER GARSON VERSUS IRENE DUNNE

Metro is in a heck of a spot, having Green Garson and Irene Dunne under contract. Both stars are similar in type, both beloved by the American public.

The difficulty in the situation is that there are just so many really good stories to be had. It is easy to think of lots of great stories, but will they screen well and be timely to suit the public? A good love story is one of the most difficult things in the world to get, and both of the ladies specialize in this type of film.

Greer, with her new Academy Award, with "Random Harvest" out and coining money, and currently making "Madame Curie," is way out ahead of Miss Dunne right now. But Irene will do "The White Cliffs of Dover" just as soon as she finishes "A Guy Named Joe," produced and selected for Miss Dunne by producer Everett Riskin, who was the gentleman responsible for real stardom for this lady. "The White Cliffs" is said to be the greatest script ever seen on the Metro lot.

So we shall see what we shall see, and the situation bears watching.

WANTED—MORE MONEY

Young Norman Powell, son of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, can be found every day after school in Schwab's drug store waiting for a chance to deliver packages.

Once in a while he gets one to take out, and nine times out of ten it is to his own home nearby. Joan and Dick have raised both their children to take a pride in doing a job well. Each has his own duties around the house. In return for these services the children get their little allowance. Guess Norman is going to try to increase his income.

WHO SHE IS AND WHAT SHE DOES

Irene, famous dress designer for Metro, is as colorful as many a star she dresses. A candid camera fiend, the smart Irene recently lost her favorite camera. Her husband, Eliot Gibbons, now in the Ferry Command in North Africa, is sending her a brand new and complete German Leica camera, all new lenses and home photographic equipment. Gibbons bought it from a German prisoner and is sending it to his wife via a friend who is returning to the States.

Irene also joins our group of people who have small cars. She drives a convertible Austin, and decorates it with a smart, but terribly large Great Dane dog who is her closest companion and who just loves to go for a ride.

WHAT THE GLAMOUR GIRLS ARE WEARING

Fascinators. Some they buy, and some they knit or crochet themselves, but fascinators they are.

Betty Hutton goes to work at the studio in a turquoise blue crocheted one that exactly matches her softly tailored coat. A pair of rosy beige slacks and a short beaver coat finish off working girl's costume.

Jane Withers, gone glamorous with a vengeance, wearing a pale blue fascinator edged with crocheted lace, lunches at The Players with a service man.

Ann Sheridan wears a black yarn one covered with silver buttons, and Phyllis Brooks, wearing one of Mexican pink with purple grapes caught in the mesh, dances with Cesar Romero.

Norma Shearer's is of three shades of tulle, ranging from pink to lavender, and it ties under her chin.

(*Continued on page* 61)

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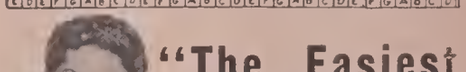

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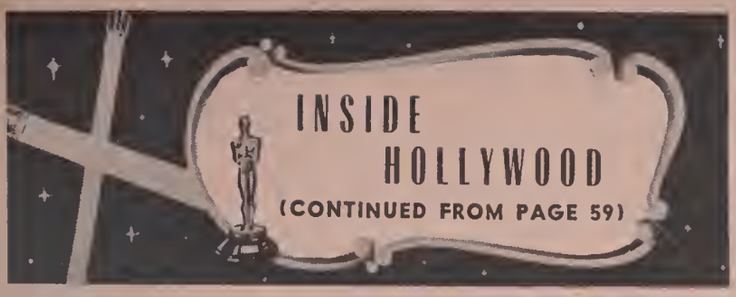
FIRST SCREEN TEST

JOAN BENNETT

"I was the extra whom nobody noticed!"

This Joan, a brain as well as a beauty, discovered the build-up was everything.

"I didn't even rate a screen test. That's how I got wise to what I had to do to get ahead. I was only past my mid-teens. It galled me to call on Constance for help. So I asked for a job as an extra. When I first saw myself on the screen, as one of a group of extra girls in 'The Divine Lady,' I was so unexciting and mediocre. I left Hollywood immediately. But my father, Richard Bennett, would not hear of my being defeated so completely. He put me into a Broadway play and nursed me along so I got by. Then I was offered a glowing Hollywood contract, and I returned as a leading lady. This time I was treated as though I were Somebody. Gradually, I sensed what I know now: so long as you judge yourself a dull mediocrity, that's the way you'll look and seem to people. So my advice is: don't play an extra role a moment longer than you absolutely must; maneuver some way to get a build-up which will pave the way and let you improve hopefully!"



BETTER THAN DIAMONDS

Paulette Goddard gets four eggs a day from her new chicken arrangement in the back yard of her swank Brentwood home. She is prouder of those four eggs than a diamond bracelet!

THEY USED TO GO TOGETHER

Howard Hughes has a new lovely named Sybil Merritt. She used to go around with Lana Turner's husband Steve Crane. Lana went around with Hughes just before she married Crane, so the cycle is completed.

TIME OUT FOR THE R.A.F.

One of the busiest stars in the movieland, Anne Gaber found time to go around to all of the prominent band leaders and collect music and arrangements, for she is the mascot of the RAF.

Anne also is the leader of an all girl band that entertains the English flyers training in this country and needs the arrangements badly. She didn't have the money to buy them, and it seemed impossible. So Anne put on her prettiest smile and spoke her nicest, and the result is that Tommy Dorsey, Sunny Dunham, Al Donahue, and other name bands gave out with their best arrangements.

IT WASN'T ALWAYS THIS WAY

Ex-jitterbug and now glamour girl Betty Hutton strolled into a restaurant in Hollywood with Eddie Cherkose, the song writer. She and her escort were seated opposite Perc Westmore and pretty Vicki Lester.

Nothing happened, not even a greeting passed between the couples, for you see, Betty used to be engaged to Perc, and song writer Cherkose used to compose the love songs for Vicki.

THE NEXT WALTZ KING WILL BE JACK BENNY

Don't say we didn't warn you. He is taking lessons from Arthur Murray. Also the groaner, Bing Crosby, who never before has been known to lift a foot unless it was absolutely necessary, is taking rumba lessons. And over in that corner you will see lovely Norma Shearer dancing her heart out, learning all the new steps to teach her husband when he comes home on leave. That cute kid in the middle of the floor is Miss Sandra Burns, daughter of the George Burns', with Irving Thalberg Jr., Norma's young son. On your toes!

ATTENTION—FLIGHT OFFICER COOGAN!

The first person Jackie Coogan called when he received his rank of Flight Officer was his ex, Betty Grable. It is well known in movieland that Jackie still carries the torch for Betty. She is still very fond of him in a friendly way, but that is that. Jackie rates a salute in more ways than one. He has earned his rank through hard and tough effort and is so proud of his rank that he could almost bust.

Salute to the Kid.

TO A LOVELY BRIDE FROM HIS PARENTS

Ann Rutherford is the proud possessor of some of the finest jewels in filmtown. That is no mean feat, as the town abounds with many famous collections of jewels. Her newest diamond bracelet is not the gift of her bridegroom Tom May, but from his parents who adore Ann and who would give her the Empire State building in emeralds if she should ask for it.

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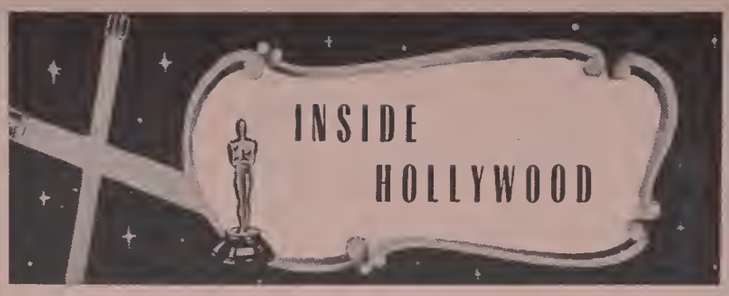

PUT THIS ONE IN YOUR PIPE AND SMOKE IT

Into the padded cell of the wealthy (which is literally true as it has padded walls and ceilings), the new Salon de Beauty in Beverly Hills, Al and Harry Ritz, madcap comedians, come with their wives.

The twist is that the wives sit out front and wait for their husbands to get their treatments. Personally, we don't think the Ritz brothers could be made any prettier, but perhaps we are prejudiced.

THINGS MOVE MORE SLOWLY NOW

Linda Darnell was driving publicist Alan Gordon's little English Austin in Beverly Hills. She failed to make a complete boulevard stop at a crossing and was picked up and given a ticket by a policeman on a bicycle. Times have changed.

THE ARTHUR GIRL DOES IT AGAIN

Chatter on the new Jean Arthur RKO set is hot and heavy. The unpredictable Miss Arthur has done it again. She has presented her wardrobe girl and very good friend, Mary Tate, with a grand piano.

It seems that Miss Arthur found out Mary had always wanted a piano, but couldn't afford one. Jean was having her house done over, and had the interior decorator do her music room over into a den, gave Mary the piano, and everyone is happy. Also, within the next few months if, down Mexico way, you see one tall blonde girl and another little one who looks like her sister, it will be Jean and Mary. Jean wants to go down to Mexico and rough it and wants Mary to go along. Mary is the tall girl.

WHAT THEY DRIVE

It used to be that you could judge a person's standing in movieland by the type of big and luxurious car they drove.

The Bruce Cabot specially built Lincoln was the town wonder. Connie Bennett's special body job Rolls Royce was stunning. You could glimpse the charming Colbert tucked into the corner of a great shining Packard town car.

Here they are now, according to war standards and gas rationing. Claudette drives her own little Willys-Knight, light gray if you please and not new. Great gargantuan Alfred Hitchcock, the English director, tucks himself into a small Austin. Brown eyes Boyer drives a low slung French Rennault. Paulette Goddard drives a small American Austin, a gift from admirer Burgess Meredith. George and Gracie Allen are other small car addicts; so are John Farrow and his wife Maureen O'Sullivan. The Farrow car is a 1942 brand new English model bought in Canada and driven down here.

Mortorcycle fans are Allan Jones, Van Johnson, Dick Powell, Ray Milland, and Sabu with his bright red turban. Robert Taylor is teaching his missus, Barbara Stanwyck, the mysteries of his two wheeler so she can use it when he goes into service.

Times have changed, but Lady Mendl still upholds the grand Hollywood tradition for luxury. She serves coffee to the boys at the Hollywood Canteen wearing white gloves!!

WHERE THEY GO AND WHAT THEY DO

When Betty Grable's beau George Raft was not around she was squired by the blond Van Johnson. Van also took Judy Garland to the Palladium, we think it was so she could see a certain musician named Johnny Mercer, but perhaps we are mistaken.

When Judy and Betty stay home, Van then takes out Pat Dane, who belongs to Tommy Dorsey.

(*Continued on page* 64)

BARBARA STANWYCK will be on Movieland next month. No, this isn't the actual photograph. But the cover is one of the *best* covers I've ever seen. You'll love it. And in the same July issue is one of the best stories ever written about Stanny—one that every mother will want to read, called, "I Am Rearing My Son to Be a Good Husband"—and with it are exclusive photographs of her heretofore-never-photographed son, Dion.

There's also a story coming in July about Paulette Goddard and why she's been such a sensational success in her bond tours. And another story you'll enjoy is about the private life of Bob Hope—himself, his wife, his home life, and his child.

But I didn't mean to tell you all that. I just wanted to tell you to be sure to look for the simply super photograph of Barbara Stanwyck on next month's Movieland.

AND I also wanted to tell you about the hat and ruff that Rosalind Russell is wearing on this issue. Like? John Frederics created that pink straw and ostrich feather hat. Incidentally, too, John Frederics is going in for a lot of pink this summer . . . to create a little romance to counteract the war. And the ruff that Roz is wearing is made of green tulle a la Howard Greer. This is also a romance in wartime idea—very feminizing, and yet it doesn't have that silly effect that women used to produce when they wore furs in summer.

FIRST SCREEN TEST

IDA LUPINO

"I was the frizziest over-done blonde!"

IDA LUPINO depended on artificiality to take her away from every-day reality.

"I wasn't content to grow up like a normal girl. I yearned to be a super-siren, and my notion of how to become one was to be a fantastic actress. So I persuaded my father to let me try my wings as a background player. Since he was a stage star, I took the name of Ida Ray. I bleached my hair as near to golden blonde as a beauty operator could get it. I wore gobs of mascara, the heaviest flaming lipstick, and did not spare rouge. When I got a screen test, at last, I was determined to be another Jean Harlow. So all the night before it, I went over and over my scene with my father. He kept warning me about simplicity. I would nod absent-mindedly. Then when I saw the test—well, I wasn't any Harlow. I sat right down on the curb and bawled. A total failure! But director Allan Dwan gave me a second chance, a wonderful reprieve. I stayed blonde for several years, but less frizzed and increasingly simple. Finally, I developed enough courage to let my hair go natural and to be sincerely myself. I'd struggled for a glamour that wasn't in me; I grew to reliance upon gradually attained acting technique. I'm no longer a phony!"

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☆

Doesn't he ever take out a girl who belongs just to himself?

Mickey Rooney is trundling around town with the beautiful new MGM contractee, Katherine Boothe, but all Ava Gardner would have to do is crook her pretty finger and back he would go, which upsets the Boothe Miss very much.

☆

MAY I BORROW MY "SHEERONG?"

On a recent trip in the East selling bonds, Marie Montez auctioned off the "sheerongs" she wore in her recent picture. When she got back to Hollywood and prepared to start a new jungle opus, she asked designer Vera West to do another one for her like she had worn in the last picture. Miss West had to inform her that it was impossible to duplicate the "sheerong"—no more material. Not daunted, Maria wrote to the man who had purchased it from her, and he is sending it back to her for one more picture.

☆

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT!

Poor Martha O'Driscoll and Bill Lundigan. They just had to fall in love at the time in both of their lives when they couldn't afford to. Bill once carried the torch for Margaret Lindsay, then for Marguerite Chapman. When these attachments were over, Bill told this writer that he was through with love until he got out of the army. He was going to work in two more pictures and get enough money to take care of his obligations and then enlist in the army.

Martha, on the other hand, broke her engagement with a very wealthy young man about town and started to pursue her career with vim and vigor. The result is that Martha is getting bigger and better parts all the time and progressing rapidly.

Bill and Martha then met. Enter the villain, love. They do love each other, but marriage is out for the duration, and by the time you read this, Lundigan will be answering to the roll call in an army camp.

It shouldn't happen to a dog.

And here they are—Martha O'Driscoll and Bill Lundigan. This is probably the last time you'll see Bill in civvies.

A very obliging violinist at the Players kept Jackie Cooper and June Horne glued to the floor. Jack'll be in the army soon.

"And this is my wife, Mary." That's about what Henry Rowland is saying to ace cameraman Arthur Miller on the set of "The Moon Is Down." Why? Well, suppose you read the reason why.

Henry Rowland is an actor. A good one. Henry also is a married man. Mary Rowland is blond, attractive, and not without experience before the footlights herself. Which is a good thing for the Rowlands, for Henry, the Breadwinner, is going into the army, and his pretty wife will have to carry on for the duration.

Rowland, who has played more Nazis in films than there are in the German high command, decided that it would be nothing more than intelligent to see that his wife knew the "right people" (cinematically speaking) before he donned his uniform. So, to the set of "The Moon is Down," in which he plays the inflexible and unpleasant "Captain Loft" for Twentieth Century-Fox, Rowland took his bride.

Mrs. Rowland met Irving Pichel, the director. He liked her right off, said "she ought to be in pictures." Replied Henry, "That's the idea." Then she met Nunnally Johnson, the producer of "The Moon is Down." Mary had heard a lot about producers, how they were either awfully nutty, awfully wolfish, or awfully, awfully distant. Mr. Johnson turned out to be a nice guy.

Then the actor-seeking-a-job-for-his-wife took her to the sound panel, where Eugene Grossman, the "mixer," explained that a good director could make any actress act acceptably, but that there wasn't any known substitute for a fine voice. Makeup man Lou Hippe showed her some of the tricks of his trade, and finally she met Arthur Miller ASC. Mr. Miller is one of the great photographers of Hollywood, the winner of last year's Academy Award for lensing "How Green Was My Valley." A formidable group, but Mary got along beautifully and the boys liked her.

This week Henry Rowland leaves for the Rockies, to play the lead in Warner Brothers' "Mountain Fighters," first technicolor film of American soldiers on skis. It will probably be his last picture before he joins the colors.

But it's all right. Mary Rowland is testing this week at Twentieth for a term contract.

THE CHIEF IS ONLY A MAJOR NOW

Gossip around movieland about their friends in the army brought up this one about Frank Capra and ex-studio head Sam Briskin.

During civilian days Mr. Briskin and Mr. Capra worked for the same studio. There was no love lost, but Mr. Briskin would usually win, because of his high executive position. Now Mr. Capra is a Lieutenant Colonel, and Mr. Briskin is just a mere Major. They work in the same unit, and when Major Briskin demurs at an order from the Lieutenant Colonel he soon finds out what army precedence means.

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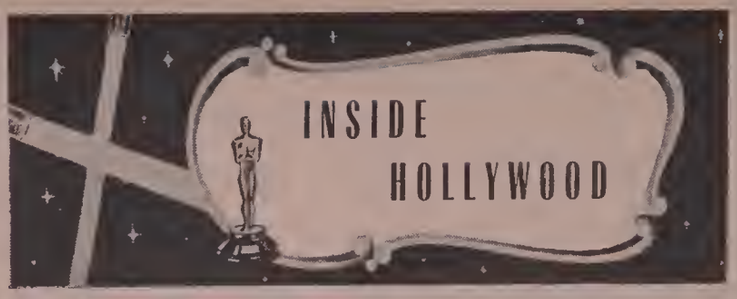

☆

A CABLE TO "PETUNIA"

☆

When Jeanette MacDonald cabled Captain Gene Raymond, overseas with the Army Air Force, prior to her going into Cedars of Lebanon Hospital with an infected hand and arm from a bee sting, Gene cabled back, "Dear Petunia. Thought I had told you about the bees and the flowers."

A REASON FOR HER HATRED

In case you don't think Luise Rainer means it when she says "I hate the Fascists" in her present picture, "Hostages," listen to this—

☆

Luise was working in Europe with the American Committee to Aid European Children shortly after war broke out. Her father and mother, both Viennese by birth, were in Belgium when the German blitz came. Her father, although an American citizen in his youth, lost his citizenship when he was forced to remain in Austria during the First World War. Her mother, Emy Rainer, had retained her American citizenship.

☆

Her mother escaped the Fascists by way of Switzerland and Italy and safely reached New York. Luise had, meanwhile, been evacuated with a group of refugees. Her father was on his way. Months passed, however, and there was no further word from him. Luise's brother Robert was already in the United States army, and her other brother Rudolph was about to enlist, so Luise decided it was up to her to go to Europe to find her father and bring him here.

Her father was jailed three times by the Fascists as he fled into neutral countries. He very nearly died during one stay in a German concentration camp. For four months he was thought to be dead, and only through Luise's work in France was he located and his escape engineered into neutral Spain.

He is sixty-four years old. Naturally, this experience has affected his heart, and today he is in Luise's Hollywood home, a desperately ill man. No wonder Luise means what she says: "I hate the Fascists."

WHEN ORSON TOOK HIS PHYSICAL

Orson Welles is a private in the United States army with a three-month deferment to complete "Jane Eyre" and possibly to work on motion picture shorts for the office of Coordinator of Inter-American affairs (building good will with Latin America). All of which leads us to the story of what happened when Mr. Welles took his physical examination for his classification of 1-A.

☆

"Mr. Welles," said the officer in charge, "you will probably be made an officer in the morale division."

"No," replied Mr. Welles, "I'll be just a plain private."

"But, Mr. Welles," protested the officer, "with your experience in motion pictures and on the radio you would be more valuable to us in building morale."

"All right," said Orson, "if I'm that valuable . . . let me be a magician—that's something I know something about."

WHY THEY PAY HIM WHAT THEY DO

Spike Jones, maddest musical mad-cap who has just been signed at ten thousand dollars a week (the highest salary ever paid an orchestra leader) has the best take-off on you-know-who's radio slogan. The new home he has just purchased bears the name "Cornegie Hall," and his slogan is "The best tunes of all come from Cornegie Hall." This zany musician, after his popularity with "Der Fuehrer's Face," is publishing two mad tunes called "Oh, Gee, I Got a Gee-I Haircut" and "Little Bo-Peep has Lost Her Jeep."

☆

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FREE!

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This Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING!

If you send your order at once, we will include absolutely free a regular $1.00 value simulated genuine sterling silver birthstone ring in this smart new design. These beautifully colored simulated birthstones are highly faceted to bring out their beauty and brilliance. Be sure and state the month you were born on the coupon at the right.

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March ..Aquamarine	September..Sapphire
April.....White Sapphire	October ....Rozieron
May....Green Spinel	November..Golden Sapphire
June ....Alexandrite	December ...Zircon

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DOROTHY LAMOUR

THE LIFE AND ROMANCE OF DOROTHY LAMOUR

Introductory Offer!

to Readers of

MOVIELAND

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TWO HANDS THAT CLASP AND UNCLASP

A SWORN STATEMENT:
This same design ring sells for $25 in 14 Kt. Gold in America's finest jewelry stores.

Clasped Hands — Symbol of Lasting Friendship!

TWO HANDS, exquisitely wrought from Solid Sterling Silver, makes this one of the most unusual rings ever produced — And THESE HANDS CLASP AND UNCLASP exactly as illustrated! Your friends will gasp with astonishment when they see the miracle of the human handclasp brought to life in Sterling Silver. LOYALTY—FRIENDSHIP—LOVE—ADMIRATION—all are symbolized by this most unusual of all rings—a gorgeous piece of jewelry that demands attention and excites interest wherever you go.

Legend has it that good fortune comes to the wearer of a ring of this design—that good luck is a natural result of having it always on your hand—that it creates personal confidence in your own charm and personality, causing others to regard the wearer with respect and admiration.

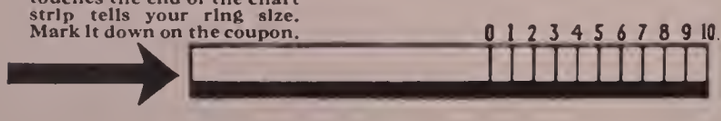
Designed for people who aren't satisfied with "ordinary" jewelry. The genuine solid STERLING SILVER HANDCLASP Ring answers your desire for something different, made from one of the World's most prized metals. In New York and Hollywood, wherever the 2 in 1 Good Luck Friendship Ring has been shown, it has created a sensation! Not one ring but TWO—joined together! Stars of stage, screen and radio, men and women in all walks of life are all fascinated by the startling novelty of the perfect HANDCLASP that makes this ring different from all others.

AND IT CAN BE YOURS . . . for only a fraction of what you'd expect to pay, thanks to our introductory offer to readers of this magazine.

SEND NO MONEY — Just this Coupon

● You've read our sworn statement—and you'd naturally expect this ring to sell at a high price. To introduce it to Movieland Readers we offer it to you for only $2.95 plus 10% Federal Excise Tax and postage. SEND NO MONEY. Simply deposit $2.95 plus Federal Excise Tax and postage. Inspect the ring . . . wear it . . . be thoroughly convinced. The ring is yours on approval for 10 full days. Then, if you aren't completely satisfied, in every way, return it and get your money back. Don't put it off. Mail the coupon today.

FOR RING SIZE . . .
Use the accurate chart below. Cut out the strip carefully, wrap it tightly around the middle joint of the ring finger. The number that touches the end of the chart strip tells your ring size. Mark it down on the coupon.



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Send my 2-in-1 Good Luck Friendship Ring in genuine Solid STERLING SILVER at once. I will deposit with the Postman $2.95 plus 10% Federal Excise Tax and postage on arrival. It is understood that I can return the ring in 10 days and you will return my money in full immediately and without question.

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RING SIZE ☐

Would you turn your back on a wounded Soldier?

You think you wouldn't...you don't mean to...

But unless you are giving every precious minute of your time...every ounce of strength that you can spare...towards helping win this war as a civilian, you are letting down those soldiers who are sacrificing lives to win it for you.

What you are asked to give up isn't much compared with what they're giving up. The extra work you undertake is small compared with the gigantic effort they are making. But to a wounded soldier, what you do can mean the difference between life and death.

You make the choice.

LOOK AROUND YOU! *Pick your war activity—and get into it! In your local Citizens Service Corps or Defense Council there is something for every man, woman and child to do. If no such groups exist in your community, help to organize them. Write to this magazine for free booklet, "You and the War," telling what you can do to help defeat the Axis. Find your job—and give it all you've got!*

Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

OUR WRITERS

Gladys Hall, who wrote about Paulette Goddard's bond touring on page 20, and who should have a more recent picture of herself than the one above, has this to say about herself:

"Was born in New York City (I've interviewed too many movie stars to be trapped into giving dates), took the entrance exams for Smith College but married instead of matriculating. My husband was Russell Ball, one of the foremost portrait photographers. Have three children, two girls and a boy. My first published efforts were poems (I hope). Also did fiction for various magazines, and a syndicated column, The Diary of a Professional Movie Fan, for newspapers. Have lived in Hollywood for fourteen years from which vantage point I do articles for women's magazines. Have been for years, am now, and hope to continue to be a regular contributor to motion picture magazines and am said to have interviewed more stars and to have written more words about them than any other survivor (if there is any other) of the D. W. Griffith era. Oh, yes, and I'm a "ghost," too. In fact, as a spook, I get around quite a bit. But just where I "materialize" and under what bylines must remain one of the few secrets I dare not print.

MOVIELAND

EDITED FROM HOLLYWOOD BY RUTH WATERBURY

VOL. 1, NO. 6 JULY, 1943

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NEXT MONTH'S MOVIELAND

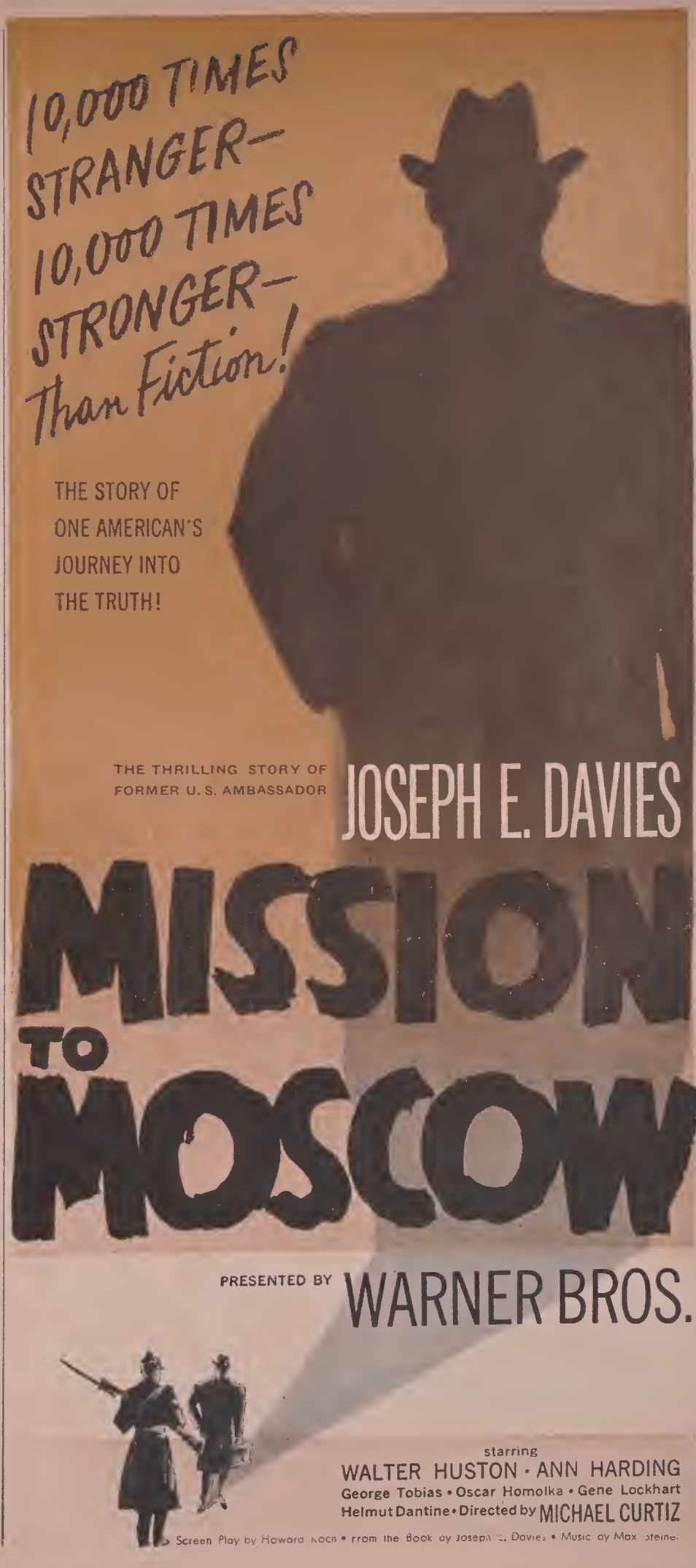
(Or Business of an Editor Thinking Out Loud)

Jiminy Christmas, if I didn't promise that beautiful Barbara Stanwyck cover on this very issue that features Lamour and had to switch at the last moment because Dottie's marriage was news . . . but on the August issue, so help me, that Stanwyck cover will appear together with the most wonderful story . . . inside the magazine, of course . . . on Barbara and her son.

Got my editorial neck out, too, saying we'd have a story in the July issue on Bob and Mrs. Hope . . . we have got a story on Bob and Mrs. Hope, and a darb it is, too . . . but have we photographs of Bob and Dolores to illustrate it? . . . we have not . . . and whose fault is that? . . . the war, that's what, and that characteristic of Bob's that makes him unable to light in one place for one hour if there's any possibility of his making just one more camp or one more broadcast that will make some lads in uniform laugh . . . that Hope stalled us on photographs every day for four weeks . . . always he had to go away . . . and we couldn't get angry with a guy who's doing a morale job the way he is, but that Hope story will be along presently.

However, we have got two stories I'm sure you'll want to read about two other guys who are hard to tie down in type . . . one of the very elusive Charles Boyer . . . it will tell you things you never knew before about this charming Frenchman . . . and we will, also, give you what we feel is far and away the finest story ever printed about Fred MacMurray and his wife, Lillian . . . only a very intimate friend could have written about Fred in this amusing, romantic vein . . . so a very close friend did, and proud indeed is MOVIELAND to present this word portrait . . . illustrated by exclusive Dallinger informals.

Ruth Waterbury



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GEORGE "SHUG" FISHER
and
THE TENNESSEE RAMBLERS
with
ROGER CLARK
ESTHER DALE
JUDY CLARK

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

Quick picture guide

AERIAL GUNNER This inexpensive, unpretentious film starring Richard Arlen and Chester Morris is very worth your time, particularly if you like service movies and beautiful air photography.

The story centers around two boyhood pals, one of whom becomes a "bad guy," the other a fine, successful fellow. They tangle once again when the war sets them down at the same training field. There's a girl they both want, of course.

If that doesn't sound very original, don't worry. It's been freshly handled. Performances, direction, dialogue, all excellent.

THE DESPERADOES A rousing tale of "Cheyenne Rogers," a guy with a price on his head, in the old Western days after the Civil War. This is a rip-snorter for action.

Cheyenne rides into Red Valley, only to discover an old pal is now sheriff. There's a beautiful girl, there's comedy and romance, there's a horse stampede that solves a lot of things.

A blessed relief from war films, the whole family will enjoy this. Glenn Ford, Randy Scott, and Evelyn Keyes top the cast.

THE HIT PARADE OF 1943

This one will take your mind off the world. It's about a girl (Susan Hayward) who comes to New York to get her songs published. She submits one to a publisher (John Carroll) who promptly swipes it.

Instead of exposing him, she agrees to his proposition that she ghost write for him on a 50-50 basis, planning to wait until she has written several, and then crack his reputation. But love walks in.

Although the plot is well-worn, its fine handling makes it "different." The dialogue is amusing, and the whole thing is crammed with good tunes.

ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY

Pierre Aumont as a young Free French officer who, under orders of British Intelligence, returns to a Brittany village to pose as a young wastrel suspected of being a Nazi agent. His job is to locate a hidden Nazi submarine base so that the British can destroy it.

All the usual features of mistaken identity films arise. There's the young wastrel's fiancee, who loves the fake gentleman more. There's the young wastrel's naughty girl friend. There's dear old mother to deceive and undeceive, and of course there are the Nazis to outwit.

Aumont is charming; Susan Peters is miscast. The sum is goodish excitement.

THIS LAND IS MINE Dignified, very worthy, here is, unfortunately, another film about the Nazi occupation of a country. Many such films are already out and showing (of which Movieland considers "Edge of Darkness" far and away the best). "This Land is Mine" comes too late in the cycle, and not only does it offer nothing new, but it is slow-paced.

Charles Laughton is a timid schoolteacher in a town the Germans have taken. He is dominated by his old mother, is afraid to confess his adoration of beautiful Maureen O'Hara. In the all-too-familiar atmosphere of killings, beatings, and sabotage, he finds his courage.

Laughton gives another one of his memorable speeches—this one, delivered in a court room, on the meaning of liberty, and running for eight minutes solid.

SEE OTHER MOVIE REVIEWS ON PAGE 54

ONE LINE REVIEWS ON PICTURES ALREADY REVIEWED

AIR FORCE

Thrilling story of a bomber and its crew. Don't miss.

AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY

Deanna Durbin in a slow, disappointing thing.

CABIN IN THE SKY

All-colored musical with terrific tunes and dances.

CASABLANCA

Most exciting, romantic movie starring Bergman-Bogart.

FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM

Roz Russell, Fred MacMurray in romantic air film.

HUMAN COMEDY

Best picture of the year. Mickey Rooney stars.

JOURNEY INTO FEAR

Exciting, suspenseful. Joseph Cotten starring.

MOON IS DOWN

Dreary but artistic film concerning Norway vs. Nazis.

SHADOW OF A DOUBT

Swell Hitchcock mystery stars Cotten, Teresa Wright.

SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT

Good musical with Ameche, Oakie, Janet Blair.

TARZAN TRIUMPHS

Still terrific fun, even if this is around Nazis.

THEY GOT ME COVERED

Lamour-Hope in a pretty amusing spy hunt.

YOUNGEST PROFESSION

Very funny comedy about kid movie fans.

هل معك قطعة علك؟

("HAVE YOU GOT A STICK OF GUM?")

AN OLD FAVORITE MAKES NEW FRIENDS!

Yes...in the Arabic language, too, there is a way to say, *"Have you got a stick of gum?"* America's fighting men in North Africa are hearing it every day! And answering, "Sure!"

Because everywhere they go, the Yanks are discovering that a simple friendly gesture like sharing a package of delicious Beech-Nut Gum is a real help in winning the confidence and good will of natives in foreign lands. For it means, "We're your friends," in a language everybody understands.

Not only that... the men in the Armed Forces enjoy the refreshing goodness of Beech-Nut Gum themselves, too. And because their needs come first of all, at times *you* may not be able to buy all you want at home.

Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package . . . with the red oval

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Science now shows that most fat people don't have to remain overweight any longer. Except a comparatively few cases, every one of these thousands of persons can now reduce quickly and safely—without unwarranted exercise, discomfort or diets.

REDUCE Chin, Neck, Abdomen, Arms, Hips, Thighs, Calves, Ankles

Something New & Quick

Are you one of these thousands, most of whom have tried to reduce by following food fads, menus, etc.—and failed? If you are, here's something new, what modern science has discovered on reducing foods, drugs and devices. Here's how you can reduce scientifically, with new health and attractiveness—and without unnecessary exercise, dicting, massage, etc.

Simple Directions Guaranteed Harmless

The "Complete Weight Reducer," a wonderful new book, has just published these marvelous reducing revelations. No matter how overweight you may be from non-glandular dysfunctions, these measures will help slim you considerably in a few short weeks. Just follow the simple directions on general reducing and spot reducing on abdomen, double chin, hips, neck, thighs, arms, legs, etc., at once and your reducible pounds and inches of excess fat will go down, down, down . . . until you soon feel like a different person, with new pep and popularity.

Endorsed In Medical Journals

Illinois Medical Journal says: "Can be used quickly and easily." Michigan State Medical Journal says: "Gives positive advice and instructions." Medical World says: "Should be read from cover to cover before starting any treatment." Mississippi Valley Medical Journal says: "Physicians can recommend to their overweight patients."

Also praised by many editors and columnists all over U.S.A.

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You need send no money — just mail coupon now. We will send you the COMPLETE WEIGHT REDUCER for 5 days' free examination. When it arrives, deposit $1.98 (plus a few cents for postage and handling) with the postman. Follow its simple instructions immediately and start reducing. If within 5 days you are not convinced that this shows you the way to considerable weight loss, pounds and inches, you may return it and we will instantly refund your deposit of $1.98 in full. Hurry . . . This is your great opportunity of becoming slimmer and slimmer. So act NOW!

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Please send me at once in plain package, for 5 days' free examination, the COMPLETE WEIGHT REDUCER. When it arrives, I will deposit $1.98 (plus a few cents for postage and handling) with the postman. If within 5 days of following its simple reducing instructions, I am not completely satisfied, I may return it and you will refund my full deposit of $1.98. Otherwise, I will keep it and the deposit will be considered payment in full.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

☐ Check here if you want to save postage. Enclose $1.98 with coupon and we ship prepaid. Same return privilege with refund guaranteed.

Canadian orders $2.50 in advance.

DADDY HAS A BRAND NEW COAT

GOSH: You should see Bing Crosby's new sport coat. After the fire at Bing's the whole Crosby menage had to go out and purchase whole new wardrobes. It must have been a blissful and entirely pleasant experience for Dixie Crosby, for what woman can resist a new hat, much less a complete wardrobe?

☆ For Bing it was torture. Even to get him to buy one of those wild shirts of his is a major operation. However, he did pull up to the smartest tailoring shop in town and go in and order six of the wildest suits imaginable and then topped it off with a green plaid coat that would make a loud scotch plaid wail in envy.

☆ When he returned for his first fittings, the whole back end of his station wagon was filled with tow-headed kids who avalanched out into the shop and were fitted for matching suits. However, their father didn't have a chance, or they either, as a stolid starched English governess calmly ordered four little dark blue outfits.

Like father like son, the whole tribe wailed for a coat just like Daddy's.

PICTURES ABOUT "GOOD NEIGHBORS"

☆ Camera tricks are going to have to be worked when Norman Foster finishes up his part of Orson Welles' "It's All True."

Norman directed the story of the bull and bull fighter

It's on again—the engagement of Betty Hutton and Perc Westmore that was broken off some time ago. In the picture at the right, they're pricing wedding rings—honest.

who were pardoned for their noble fighting in the ring which is one of the sections of the motion picture.

There is still two weeks shooting to be done, and the young Mexican boy who was ten when the picture started will be twelve when it's finished. He has grown four inches and weighs twenty pounds more.

Incidentally, the technicolor film which Welles took in Brazil is sensational—he's cutting it at his own expense and hopes that 20th Century-Fox will buy it from RKO so that it can be released to the public some day. RKO had laid down an edict—no more money.

☆

GOOD WILL ALL OVER THE PLACE

Oscar Homolka turned down twelve roles in films before he accepted the highly important assignment to play Maxim Litvinov in Warners' "Mission to Moscow," and thereby hangs a tale. Since Mr. Homolka is known for the care and study with which he approaches a characterization, it was only natural that he should be more than careful in "prepping" for the portrayal of this most distinguished envoy to the United States.

☆

A luncheon was arranged in Washington. Homolka and the Ambassador were introduced to each other. They stared interestedly at each other for some minutes.

"I know you," said Litvinov to the actor. "I saw you in seventeen plays in Europe. I am glad you are going to play me on the screen." To Homolka's amazement he named the plays.

☆

As Litvinov continued to stare fixedly at him, Homolka said, "Mr. Ambassador, I'm supposed to be studying you, not you me."

"Forgive me for staring," said the Russian statesman. "I was just getting an idea of what I'm like. A man never knows what he is until an actor portrays him."

☆

"I hope you will like me playing you, Mr. Ambassador," said Homolka politely.

"Yes, I'm sure I will," said Litvinov with a twinkle. "But I give my permission for Homolka to play Litvinov on one condition. You must take over the Embassy for one day."

"Mr. Ambassador, nothing would please me more," said Homolka urbanely. "But it is only fair to tell you that if I were to take over your duties for one day, it would take you and your colleagues one year to straighten out the mess."

☆

The luncheon ended with mutual expressions of good will. Litvinov went back to the uncluttered Russian Embassy. Homolka flew back to Hollywood, an actor who almost became an Ambassador.

So-much-in-love department: Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens, here attend the ballet. This is one of those "we are waiting until after the war to marry" engagements. Nice people, these two.

NEW LIGHT ON A VITAL PROBLEM

every woman should understand

Improved, new feminine hygiene way gives CONTINUOUS ACTION FOR HOURS!

● For the sake of your happiness and health you owe it to yourself to learn the *up-to-date facts* . . . the truth about modern feminine hygiene!

You may think you do know—but many women who think that, still make the mistake of relying on weak, ineffective home-made mixtures. Or worse, they risk using over-strong solutions of acids, which can easily burn and injure delicate tissues.

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Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories! Non-greasy. They spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize, by actually *destroying* odor, instead of temporarily "masking" it. *Give continuous action for hours!*

Powerful, yet so safe for delicate tissues! Non-poisonous, non-burning. Zonitors help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists . . .

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 7701A, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS IN THE SERVICE

$10.00 LETTER

DEAR MISS WATERBURY:

Recently Lowry Field was the recipient of a very well known and well liked individual, none other than John Carroll.

He is a different person than one would expect him to be, in that he is a "regular" fellow. I personally would contest anyone who would say John Carroll is not one of the "boys."

Though I haven't had much contact with him, I have heard from various sources on the field that he is well liked by the men, and is in no way resented by anyone.

He has been recommended and passed for Officer Candidate School and shortly will be on his way to three months of hard work. Incidentally, when he goes to O.C.S. he will go in the grade of Corporal, which he really deserves.

Private Carroll has been assisting in the preparation of a series of training films which are being made on the field, and he is doing a grand job of it. The men seem eager to be able to work with him, from officers down to the lowly private.

He looks good in a uniform, and is neat in appearance at all times, which is very commendable.

When this soldier comes out of O.C.S. with those gold bars on his shoulders, I for one would be only too willing to be in his command.

If the rest of the people in Hollywood are anything like John Carroll, I think we could use all of them in our Army. John Carroll is a real soldier and I am very glad to have had the acquaintance, slight though it may be, of a real buddy, and a friend of everybody.

Yours truly,
Sgt. L. H. Foster
Lowry Field
Colorado.

$5.00 LETTER

DEAR MISS WATERBURY:

Since I've been in the Marine Corps I have seen many entertainments. The one I liked best was good old professor Kay Kyser and his band.

You see, when a fellow hears music, his mind stops thinking of what's going to happen to him next. Each fellow likes a certain kind of a song because it reminds him of his sweetheart, who might be his wife, his mother, or his girl friend. Certain songs bring back memories, whether happy or sorrowful.

I heard a song that made me join the Marine Corps. The title is "There's A Star Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere." Back in civilian life this song made me cry. You see, there I was in civilian life, thinking of the fellows in uniform and I said to myself, "I should be in a uniform."

So here I am in the best fighting force in the world.

Although I never danced in my life, I really like to hear Kay Kyser's music. Kay and his whole band are tops with me.

Sincerely,
Pvt. Louis R. Bukiewicz
Camp Elliott
San Diego, Calif.

$5.00 LETTER

DEAR MISS WATERBURY:

Marlene Dietrich, Guy Kibbee, and several others appeared here last Sunday and played two shows before packed houses.

Dietrich amazed me and the rest—for we all know she has an eighteen-year-old daughter—but she's tops! She's regular, and made a million friends out here — because she's HUMAN! And is still the gorgeous one. She was tops with us all—had her picture made with a bunch of bluejackets.

Naturally, we all love Guy Kibbee —he's a grand old gentleman!

It's wonderful for the big stars to come to us—we realize it's a hardship—and we are grateful.

We salute Marlene and all the others—"nice business" says us.

Sincerely,
Burney E. Howard, S.2c
Destroyer Base
San Diego, Calif.

ATTENTION, you service men . . . and you service girls, too! Write and tell us about thot Hollywood personality in your midst—how you like him or her and what's doing; or write about Hollywood camp shows you've seen—which you've liked best and why.

For no more than five hundred words we'll poy ten dollars (for the best) and five dollars for the others . . . if published.

Pleose sign name, rank, and outfit. Address Ruth Waterbury, Editor, Movieland, 9126 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

$5.00 LETTER

DEAR MISS WATERBURY:

During my last week of basic training which is well known as "boot camp," I bunked several huts away from Pvt. Tyrone Power, U.S.M.C.R. I inquired and found that he was in hut 522 and going through boot training with Platoon 3.

On my way back from washing clothes, I stopped at the hut and looked in. Someone from behind asked me who I was looking for. I said I was looking for Tyrone Power. He said I wouldn't find him in there. I turned and saw that the Marine who was talking to me was Tyrone Power.

I was really embarrassed and to make matters worse, two non-coms were standing there watching. I walked quickly back to my hut.

During the course of my last week at the San Diego base, I asked several of the fellows in Power's platoon what they thought of him. They all thought he was a regular guy. He didn't make anyone believe he felt superior in any way. I heard later that he had all of his platoon's uniforms fixed and pressed, but I don't know how true it is. He marched in the front right rank of his platoon. He was "honor man" of his platoon as you probably read in the papers.

Our platoon was standing "at rest" on the drill field one day when Platoon 3 was marching by. Our corporal was a little sore because we weren't executing our movements correctly. He told us to watch Private Power march. A few of the boys scoffed, of course, but I thought he marched well.

One of the topics of talk in our spare time was Private Power. Some of the boys kind of razzed him a little, but that's only human nature when someone famous is around. Our platoon sergeant told us not to bother him in any way. I guess he figured that he was being bothered enough by other platoons. He told us not to ask for his autograph because it was childish.

The day we broke up, I saw photographers taking pictures of him. He washed clothes and had a short haircut just like the rest of us. He was just one of us. That's why we all liked him so much.

Sincerely yours,
Pvt. Clarence Smith, U.S.M.C.
Field Artillery Battery
Camp Pendleton
Oceanside, Calif.

by JOHN WINBURN

THE LIFE AND ROMANCE OF DOROTHY LAMOUR

SO the rumor ran its exciting course through the Army Air Corps depot at San Bernardino—

Dorothy Lamour was coming over on a visit!

At last, a chance to see the sarong girl who made pulses pound like the sound of bombers over Tokyo, yes, the Princess of Pin-ups, in person! The girl who started Bob Hope and Bing Crosby, the most popular lads in the land, off down roads of adventure in the blissful confidence that at the end they would find Dorothy Lamour!

It was all due to the enterprising work of a couple of scouts who had spotted Dottie at Arrowhead Springs Hotel, resting after the arduous journey on "The Road to Morocco." Being that near, maybe she'd come over and visit the camp.

She not only would, she'd sing for them! The delighted boys at the depot had this on the word of their administrative officer, popular Captain William Ross Howard. He was even now departing, neat, handsome, and determined, to accomplish the objective.

Light banter and frankly envious remarks wished him luck. The gremlins must have been off at work in some other Air Corps base that Sunday, for Captain Howard was destined to be even luckier than he knew. He was destined to be the one man in the whole Army, Navy, and Marine Corps to have a dream come true.

That is how they met. He fell in love, but naturally! What was almost too good to be true, what delighted the nation, was the unfolding of another story book romance that is the essential pride and joy of the American people. A handsome, rich, deserving hero; a Cinderella girl whose own natural charm and personality has made her

Dottie and Captain William Ross Howard cut the cake, and the guests, which included every big star in Hollywood, took it.

an idol—and marriage. That is a story America loves.

And the life story of Dorothy Lamour is concocted of such stuff as dreams are made of. The Constitution didn't say so, but all girls are created equal, too! If the greatest stars of Hollywood can come to dance at Dorothy's wedding reception, then it all goes to prove another girl may win to the same high pinnacle.

Certainly, such a hope cannot be considered utterly fantastic, when one girl made it come true.

Dorothy was a working girl. She was a product of democracy, rather proud of tracing her ancestry back along a noble line but not giving too much thought to it, ambitious to get ahead but not breaking her heart over it.

Consider these two pictures, and you have the sort of fantastic contrasts that renew the faith of all girls in the magic of movieland.

Picture One:

A slender, dark eyed girl, old-fashioned enough to persist in wearing her hair long, sits on a gunny sack of old clothes in the dim and musty loft of a warehouse in Chicago, sewing buttons on reclaimed Army uniforms for a bare living. The girl next to her reaches down, pulls off a slipper, and hurls it at a rat in a dark corner. And the girl with the long hair goes right on sewing. She has been at this for six months, but now she is thinking of the job her mother heard about —running an elevator at Marshall Field's big store. If she can land that, and escape from this terrible place . . .

Picture Two:

. . . Marlene Dietrich comes up and kisses her tenderly on the cheek, and laughing-eyed Gracie Allen hugs her delightedly. A score of camera-men flash their bulbs, like magnificent fireflies that consume themselves in one bright flame. The greatest stars in movieland gather around as the cake is cut. She is the center of this, a bride, and beside her is a tall, dark, handsome Captain, wearing the wings of the Air Force; her husband. They dash from the reception, knowing that he must return to duty within a few precious hours. But first . . . Dorothy remembers.

Not stopping, in the midst of all this, to make an effort at conscious memory of all the things in her

life, but to react instinctively to all that has gone into it, loneliness and heartbreak and luck . . . and kind friends.

And so she turns to Bill, presses his hand tight, and tells him that she wants to stop and see a girl friend who couldn't come to the wedding.

"I went to hers, and we were so sure she'd be at mine," Dottie explained. But her friend has just had a baby, and since she couldn't come to Dottie, then the star would go to her.

Bill understood. It was a joyful surprise to the friend. It was typical of the things that make up the character of Dorothy Lamour . . . the girl so many millions of men have fallen in love with, the girl Captain William Ross Howard III met and married.

What has gone into Dorothy's life, to make of her the darling of fate? Is she, then, so remarkable, so brilliantly talented that nothing could stop her rise in the world? Not a bit of it. On the contrary, what makes her story fascinating is its battle against odds, its courage.

Dorothy was born in a charity ward, in New Orleans, December 10, 1914, at Touro Infirmary.

Courage was Dorothy Lamour's birthright. She was born in that charity ward because her mother, Carmen Lamour, was keeping a bargain she made when she eloped with John Lamour against the wishes of her family. Indeed, both families were well-to-do, and a word from either of these young people would have given them the money they desperately needed.

But Carmen La Porte had run away and eloped with John Lamour because she loved him. Maybe she was too young to know what it would cost, to weigh and balance. But she made her bargain. She kept it. Dorothy has her mother's independent spirit, and she has her same faith in a bargain and a promise.

John Lamour was French-Irish, and in appearance Dorothy resembles him as well as her mother. He was a soldier in the first World War, and the yeasty unrest that followed it during the turbulent twenties was answered by the roving restlessness of Lamour. He and Carmen separated, and he was killed in an airplane crash in 1922.

Dorothy has much of his same daring. She, too, likes the thrill of flying, and was secretly taking flying lessons when her mother found out and managed to persuade her daughter that Dorothy had other talents better suited for making a living in the world.

Dorothy's great-grandfather, a Marquis of France, was disinherited for marrying the woman he loved. This is a family story Dorothy kept to herself, partly because she always loved it and partly because it might sound like boasting about ancestry. At any event, it became part of the things that you must trace and find to understand a person.

The Marquis De Vuquié came to America, where all men had freedom, and soon made enough to send for his wife. But the money reached her too late; she had died in giving birth to their daughter. Instead, the money brought little Marie De Vuquié across the ocean alone, at the age of four, with her name pinned to her dress.

Dorothy never wearied of this story, for in it was all the high romance and the tragedy of an opera.

When lovely little Marie grew up, she married John La Porte, Carmen's father.

Dorothy was born in the month when the Germans overran Belgium and part of France, and you can understand that all this deeply affected the people of French descent in New Orleans. Even as a baby, Dorothy felt all this. She would attempt to make socks for the soldiers, taking a bit of cloth and struggling for hours with needle and thread, and Carmen would struggle to keep a straight face over the absurd tangle contrived by her serious-faced child.

But she was more of a success when she sang for the soldiers. Dorothy had a remarkable memory for the ballads of the day, and would sing whether invited or not. Going to the station with her mother, to wish departing soldiers luck and pass out little gifts, Dorothy would begin a song and soon be surrounded by laughing, delighted soldiers.

In World War II she was able to do more than sing for her heroes. She has toured every section of the country, selling war bonds, and has broken all records. The Treasury Department calls her The First Lady of Bond Selling, which is by way of being the highest award a girl might win in a man's war.

After the boys came home from that first World War, Carmen and John Lamour separated. Carmen was determined to support her daughter, and she found a job as

Below—At the reception, wearing blue, Bill's favorite color, with real blue hyacinths in her hair, Dottie refused to kiss her groom, agreed she'd kiss merely one finger . . . to oblige the photographers. At the right—Dottie and Bill stand before the simple living-room fireplace in her mother's home, immediately after the wedding ceremony.

a cashier, but those early years in Dorothy's life were spent in comparative poverty. They literally had nothing but each other. But it was a grand companionship, compounded of understanding and mutual sacrifice and a vast amount of affection. Carmen was still very young, so that the two were much like sisters.

Dorothy is the most unselfish girl you'll find; now you know why. She made most of her important decisions in life from a completely unselfish point of view, considering others rather than herself. Money means little to her, since she always got along without it. That is why the stories of her bounty are endless in Hollywood; she knows the value of money and what it will buy, and she knows how much a few dollars can mean to somebody in an unfortunate circumstance. But somehow she can't think of spending it on herself. She simply never got into the habit. Her manager, O. J. Castleberry, whom her mother married, was obliged to set up a form of forced saving, or Dorothy wouldn't have a nickel to her name. And he was only able to convince her of this about a year ago after one of her generosities nearly left her strapped. You'll find this trait also demonstrated in her home. She doesn't acquire the usual costly bric-a-brac that clutters up some girls' lives.

She doesn't have much in the way of jewelry, either. In fact, she didn't have an engagement ring when she was married, and didn't particularly care. Captain Bill didn't have a chance to buy one, being stuck way out there at San Bernardino with no time off. On the day he came in to get a marriage license with Dorothy, there was only enough time to dash up to the jeweler's at Hollywood and Vine and select the two plain gold bands for their double ring ceremony.

The baggage you carry on your trip through life does seem to tell its story. Take a doll and teddy bear, for example. That story begins when Dorothy was still very young. She wanted to attend a Christmas church party, but she had no good dress to wear. Carmen counted her nickels and pennies and found they added up to about fifty cents; hardly enough for buying finery.

After her daughter had gone to bed, Carmen Lamour paced the floor, trying to think of some way to get a dress for Dorothy. She went to the window and looked out at the stars in the soft Louisiana sky, and no doubt there was a prayer for guidance. Under her hand, resting at the window, was a curtain . . . a curtain of pink voile.

In the morning, beside the Christmas tree Carmen had cut down from the back yard and trimmed with apples, was a lovely dress of pink voile. Dorothy's pleasure was boundless, and her joy made everything worth while to her mother. Two years ago, at Christmas time, Dorothy was buying toys for crippled children, when she turned to her mother and whispered excitedly:

"Mother, do you remember the dress you made for me from a pair of pink curtains, and you couldn't buy a doll?"

Her mother quietly took a clerk to one side and ordered a doll and a big teddy bear. Of all Dorothy's gifts that year, she liked the two toys best. Last Christmas she brought the doll to her mother and persuaded her, without trouble, to make a new dress for it.

Most of the stories of Dorothy's childhood center about songs, which is significant in the light of her career. Yet she didn't feel that it was more than a social accomplishment, something to go with the plink of a ukulele when the boys and girls got together.

Dorothy Dell, a school mate and her closest friend, thought otherwise. She insisted that they would both wind up in the movies, some day. Dorothy had ambitions. She managed to infuse Dorothy Lamour with them, but years of privation, of lacking what other girls had, gave Dottie Lamour a sense of frustration and self-conscious shyness.

Both girls took part in a beauty contest in New Orleans, at Dell's insistence. Dottie Lamour was runner-up to her friend, and the determined Dell girl talked her into going to Galveston for the national finals. Dorothy Dell was the winner, and it started her on the career that led to Hollywood, and a tragic death in an auto accident in 1934.

But Dorothy Lamour had so little faith in her beauty and ability that a minor accident nearly served her as an excuse to back out of her biggest chance.

It happened in Chicago, after she had gotten that job at Marshall Field's, running the elevator and modelling clothes. Dorothy Gulman, introduced to her by Dorothy Dell when Dell's show was over with, came to the city, took an interest in Dottie, and began to promote her career. This trio of Dorothys formed what might be called a Boost Lamour club, in which Dottie was a silent partner. Gulman, being in the publicity business, got the idea of arranging an audition for Dorothy at "celebrity night" at the Morrison Hotel.

When the big night came, Dorothy was allowed to leave the store early and go home to dress. Dorothy was nervous and unsure of herself, and it was all her mother could do to pep her up. She was helping Dottie into a blouse when the cheap material split.

Dorothy burst into tears. It was all she needed to tell her that she had no business standing out in front of all those people to sing.

Carmen drew her daughter onto her lap.

"You aren't going to let your friends down, are you?" she asked. "Just tell yourself it doesn't matter one way or another, but go ahead and sing."

Dottie brushed away her tears, and put on the mended blouse.

There was a sea of blurred, meaningless faces staring at her. The orchestra began to play her number, "Dancing on the Ceiling." For the first time in her life, and probably the last, Dottie forgot the words to a song. In a panic, she edged over to the leader and managed to read the words over his shoulder. When it was all over, she slipped over to Dorothy Gulman's table, sure that she had failed.

A tall, fine looking young man came over to them.

"I'm Herbie Kay," he said. "Would you like to try out with my band?"

Dorothy was given an excellent training in the two years she was with him. When she left Kay's band and went to New York, where both of them discovered, a bit belatedly, that they were in love, correspondence sprung up between them, he proposed, and they were married in a very short time.

Dorothy was doing well in New York, singing on NBC and at the Stork Club. From time to time Herb got to New York, or she got away to visit him, but it was the sort of long distance marriage that Dorothy instinctively knew was apt to be dangerous.

When an offer came for her to go to Hollywood to broadcast for NBC, she thought it over and refused. Then she told Herb her decision.

Over the long distance phone, while the minutes ticked by and the charges piled up, Herb argued her into making the move, even though it meant they would be a thousand miles apart. There must have been a truly unselfish friendship between these two, something much bigger than their romantic regard for each other.

And so Dorothy Lamour and her mother came to Hollywood. Their clothing was inexpensive, and all they had in the world was contained in two cheap suitcases. No one was at the train to meet them. Nobody noticed them in the station. That was in January, 1936.

Three years later, when she returned to New York with the Charlie McCarthy radio show, she was a star, a celebrity, and five thousand people jammed Grand Central station for a glimpse of her.

What happened to bring all this about is part of the deliriously inexplicable magic of movieland, where anything can happen—and did!

Next month: Read what broke up Dorothy's first marriage. Read about her search for love before she found the one ideal man; read about her rise to success, the laughter between herself, Crosby, and Hope. Watch for all this in next month's MOVIELAND, *the August* MOVIELAND *on all newsstands.*

SALUTE TO A *Gallant Guy*

Captain Clark Gable could have taken this war easy. He was beyond draft age, and even when he enlisted, he was given the chance to start in as a Major. He refused. He went in as a mere boot and earned his wings. His ambition now is to be an aerial gunner and serve overseas. He is now on duty at an English base, but his personal wish is to get his personal quota—and a high one it is—of Japs. How's for all the Gable fans making at least the first down payment, and preferably, buying a whole bond, come Fourth of July, as a tribute to a great screen lover who loves his country most of all?

Introducing HELMUT DANTINE

BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

Victim of a concentration camp, Dantine has by no accident scored so vividly in playing Nazis. If you haven't already, go see him in Warner Bros.' "Edge of Darkness."

HELMUT DANTINE arrived in New York, from Hamburg and points east, on Christmas Eve of 1938, with one expensive. European-cut suit, two ties, and exactly two dollars and fifty cents in cash.

The next time he came to New York, it was by way of Hollywood and points west. It was Christmas Eve again, four years later. He then had an elaborate wardrobe, suits, ties, and stuff, considerably more cash than two-fifty, rave notices about his first important part in "Mrs. Miniver," and was under long term contract to Warner Bros. Which isn't bad going even for an American boy but is a real success story in the case of Dantine, who spoke broken English when he arrived and knew as much about America as the average American knows about China.

Dantine is quite casual about his success and doesn't like to see himself as a Horatio Alger type. He has worked hard and, besides, he thinks he was lucky in more than one respect. In the first place, he is Austrian and, more specifically, Viennese—the Viennese having a time-honored reputation for being cosmopolites and displaying an inborn facility for internationalism, waltzes, and worldly charm. Secondly, he came here just in time; at the age of twenty-one it isn't too late nor too hard to forget a lot of things and start from scratch again. But, above all, he was lucky to find "a wonderful American girl." His wife, as you know, is Gwen Anderson, a successful Broadway actress in her own rights, who is playing the name role in the Brock Pemberton production of "Janie" and may play it in the movie version which will be made by Warner Bros.

"Being married to a broad-minded, kind-hearted, cultivated American woman is certainly the luckiest break a European can get on his way toward Americanization," Dantine says. "It must be hard if you have to learn all by yourself, depending on the trial-and-error method. It's so much easier if there is somebody who helps you, with patience and understanding, until you get used to the little things. There is no fundamental difference between a European and an American. Basically, we have the same ideals and hopes and ideas. It's the little things that are so important and make you feel awkward and ill at ease, when you miss them."

The little things: American table manners—changing the fork from the left to the right hand after you've cut the meat—and learning that Americans don't expect you, in great detail, to tell them how you are when they ask "How are you?" and such things. Most Europeans who for the first time come to the shores of this country, pretend to know "all about America" because they have read a few books, and Dantine was no exception. Consequently, he was in for a rude awakening when he realized that his ideas of America were strictly Hollywood, consisting of such associations as skyscrapers, cowboys, Gillette blades, and De Mille bathtubs, and the belief that most Americans spend their time either in Wall Street, talking to a Vanderbilt or Rockefeller, or behind the bars of Sing-Sing, next to the cell of Edward G. Robinson.

Dantine was considerably stumped, he remembers, when he ordered his first apple pie at a Chicago eating place, to have it served with American cheese on it. He likes pie, and he likes cheese, though not necessarily at the same time, and with European wordiness he told the waitress to remove the cheese.

"She refused flatly. She said she couldn't serve me the pie without cheese. Her cool insistence fascinated me. She was so different from the girls in Vienna. I got a little frightened, and I ate the pie and the cheese. The funniest thing is that I've come to like it. It's so easy to learn if you want to learn."

Contrary to many self-styled experts, Dantine is a firm believer in European-American marriages which have a more than even chance to work out because both partners bring so many assets to it.

"People always say that 'international' marriages will break up because of national prejudices," Dantine explains. "Never since we got married, did we have a single argument as far as politics was concerned. Gwennie gave me so many wonderful things—her strong, unbroken optimism, her adaptability, and a broad-minded spirit and faith in other human beings which I had almost lost." Dantine modestly considers his own contribution rather unimportant: a knowledge of the sad aspects of life, education in several languages, and what you would call "background."

I asked him whether he thinks his marriage would have worked out as well with an Italian or French girl. He hesitated a little and said, "No.

BEHIND EXTRA-SWIFT STARDOM IN HOLLYWOOD THERE IS ALWAYS AN EXTRAORDINARY PERSONALITY, AS THIS STORY OF A VERY EXTRAORDINARY YOUNG MAN REVEALS

I don't think so. The trouble with people over there is that they have become so narrow-minded and engrossed in their chauvinistic antics that they let politics poison even such things as young love. Americans have never known that silly jingoism, and I hope they never will."

Dantine has come a long way toward getting Americanized. He cannot think of ever living again in another country and admires the American way of life. There are a few minor things which he doesn't like—the papier-mache Christmas trees on Hollywood Boulevard, for instance, and sliced white bread. He is forever looking for addresses where he can get heavy, dark rye

"Being married to a broad-minded, kind-hearted cultivated American girl is certainly the luckiest break a European can get," Helmut Dantine says. The inset photograph above is of Gwen Anderson, his wife, as she appears in "Janie."

bread, "the whole bread, not only the crust should have a definite taste," and at times he has been found brooding about the question why so many charming women here let their slips show.

He was shaken when he took Gwen out for the first time and found himself in a large, arena-like place, where two thousand boys and girls were enthusiastically trying to sprain their hips at the sound of boogie-woogie music. He admits that his own ideas of going out are rather conservative; a quiet little corner where you can talk to your leading lady and look at her, to the faint sound of violins and cellos.

Dantine admits that there is a good side to everything; he now even likes drugstores where you eat ham and eggs, "right in front of the poster of a girl selling you a laxative or something against B.O.

"We should have had such a drugstore in Vienna," he says, pensively. "A place where you can get everything, twenty-four hours a day. In Vienna if you happened to need an aspirin after nine p.m., you had to set out on a long, hazardous expedition until you found that certain pharmaceutical shop which was 'on duty' that night. The transaction involved waking up the apothecary and paying a sur tax in addition to the regular price. When you came home, your headache had gone or you were half dead."

Dantine never thought of becoming an actor but, like most young men in theater-crazy Vienna, he went to "the theater" seven times a week. During school, the classmates would discuss the latest performance of Werner Krauss or Albert Bassermann with much the same fervor as boys here discuss the doings of Joe DiMaggio. Everybody was a would-be actor. Still, to "really" become an actor, was considered a little quaint for a young man of good family.

Dantine's father was a high Austrian government official, and Helmut was all set to follow his father's career. He went to Vienna University and studied at the Consular Academy. At the age of twenty, he had diplomas from both institutions. When the Hitlerites occupied Austria, Dantine was just about to go to the Austrian Embassy at London with the prospect of being a nice young man who brightens up the parties of dignified dowagers and is a walking publicity campaign for Austria's Salzburg festival.

Dantine would no doubt have made just as good a diplomat as he made an actor. He is good-looking, well-bred, charming, polite, and has the unobtrusive, slightly sloppy elegance of the young career diplomat. Ladies who generally abhor the "continental line" have been seen quite pleased when Dantine bows lightly from the waist and kisses their hands, quite matter-of-factly.

A little reserved with casual acquaintances, Dantine is always polite and full of charm. He can't help it, he says, but he will never get around to slapping a girl's back and calling her, "Hiya, Babe!" Nevertheless he considers American men far more gallant than Europeans. They treat women as their equals and have more patience with the sometimes bizarre moods of the fairer sex. He is very enthusiastic about the subject of American girls. He likes their graceful outward appearance—chic—and thinks they have a wonderful sense of humor and are good sports.

"When we were engaged, I tried to impress Gwen with my knowledge of what I thought was American slang," he says. "Today I know that I made horrible mistakes. Gwen never let me know it. She would give me a quick glance as though she wondered whether she should tell me my mistake. Later, she always did. I have been more careful since then in using slang."

He didn't come to Hollywood because of the movies, but because his relatives happened to live there. He spoke French, Italian, German, and some English and decided to enroll as a regular student at the University of California at Los Angeles in a course in business administration, "because it sounded vague and promising."

He was deeply impressed by the frank, open-hearted welcome which the boys gave him at U.C.L.A. "They were a swell bunch of fellows," he says. "Never a glance, never a single word that would have made me feel badly. I thought what an American at Vienna University would have had to go through. They would have made him feel like an outcast the very first day."

One night he accompanied his friend Werner Klemperer—the son of the famous conductor—to the Pasadena Community Playhouse. The old, inborn, Viennese love of the theater became burning hot. The theater was far more exciting than business administration, and the prospects were also vague and promising. He enrolled at the school that is conducted as an adjunct to the Playhouse and applied himself to learning every aspect of theatrical production. He was more interested, and for that matter, still is, in direction than acting.

He acted in several Playhouse productions when they needed a good-looking romantic lead. He was seen by a Warner casting director and got a role in "International Squadron." During a summer he directed a production of Clifford Odets' "Rocket to the Moon" at the Summer Theater in Del Monte, California, with Gwen Anderson playing the part of Cleo. "We were both unknown and full of great hopes, and we decided to face, side by side, the hard facts of life in Hollywood and got married."

Dantine's break came when he was cast as the young Nazi flyer in "Mrs. Miniver." That he made such a success of a minor part is no accident. He has very definite and convincing ideas about playing a Nazi.

Hollywood presents Nazis either as "Heil-Hitler" shouting orators who make silly speeches about the New Order in the wrongest places, or as dumb, half-witted maniacs, with one Allied hero singlehandedly defeating a whole regiment of the German brutes. Dantine rightly considers this attitude as a dangerous case of under-estimating a very competent, hard-working, and fanatically fighting foe—just as dangerous as the other extreme of building up the "invincibility" of certain Feldmarschalls who subsequently are being chased fifteen hundred miles across North Africa. The Nazis are not "invincible;" but they are not the pushovers Hollywood would like you to believe. If you see Dantine as Captain Koenig in "Edge of Darkness," you will see what he means by that. His Nazis are ruthless, arrogant, competent, and terribly vicious. He plays them well, but it is good news that Warners' are planning other casting for him. He is too intelligent to be typed.

He takes acting very seriously and goes into minute research when he gets a new part. He says that his penetrating thoroughness is sometimes irritating, and he admires his wife for the patience with which she accepted this typical European heritage of his. He likes any part that brings a message to audiences and makes people discuss it after they leave the theater. He was very proud when Katharine Cornell and her husband-director, Guthrie McClintic, offered him a part in their sensational Broadway production of Chekhov's "Three Sisters."

He had to refuse, having a movie engagement, but he was proud just the same. He would have been the only foreigner in the cast. He had another moment of satisfaction the other night while we were watching a preview of "Desert Victory." On the screen appeared a group of miserable looking German prisoners. Suddenly, Dantine seized my arm in excitement. "That's him," he said. "No doubt. That's Colonel Hufnagel who was in charge of the Vienna concentration camp at Rossauerlande, when I was there. So they did get him, at last." He sounded quite happy.

He doesn't like to speak about himself. Success has in no way affected Dantine. His idea of a perfectly good time is writing a letter to his wife or playing a game of chess, or debating the postwar world about which he has sensible and serious ideas. Some day he hopes to have his own production, with his wife playing the lead in a play or movie under his direction.

"Sort of a junior Katharine Cornell and Guthrie McClintic, you know," he says.

THE END

TOGETHER *Again*

Remember Movieland's story a couple of months ago in which we said that, despite the annulment of their marriage, we believed Lana Turner and Stephen Crane were still in love and would re-marry? A lot of people around Hollywood pooh-poohed us, but we stuck to our yarn, and now we are happy to tell you it has all come true. Lana and Steve were re-wed on March 14th in Tijuana, Mexico. It was the night before Steve went into the Army. Said Lana, "I wanted him to go, knowing I was married to him. I re-married Steve, now that he's quite free and we know it's legal, because I love him and because I want our baby to have a normal life with its father." Notice how Steve proudly wears his wedding ring, which matches Lana's. Steve, originally rejected by the Army for poor health, underwent a doctor's care so that he could get into service.

Good-luck, Lana and Steve. Movieland hopes you will be happy forever.

PAULETTE

One of the shrewdest business women among the stars, Paulette Goddard hung up an amazing record, Bond selling. Here she is shown in the finest role of her career, in "So Proudly We Hail." With Claudette Colbert and Veronica Lake, she plays a nurse on Bataan.

A LETTER TO UNCLE SAM (by GLADYS HALL)
CONCERNING PAULETTE AS A BOND SELLER
(AND TELLING UNCLE MANY A THING ABOUT
ALL THE GLAMOUR GIRLS ON BOND SELLING TRIPS)

GOES ON A BOND TOUR

"DEAR Uncle Sam:

Remember Paulette Goddard? I hope you do. Because, at the risk of boosting merely one Hollywood gal's contribution to the war effort, Paulette did turn over thirty-four million dollars to you, Uncle, that is, Bill Gargan and Paulette did, at the end of their Bond Tour. What is more, it was cash in the bank, Uncle dear, not in 'promises to pay.' You're too good a business man, and always have been, not to chuckle in your beard over that.

Now you and I know, Paulette is merely one of the movie dolls, just one of these supposedly spoiled darlings who has gone out on this most necessary war work. She only did what scores of other stars have done. But because the Goddard is swell copy and because her bond selling experiences are typical, I want to tell you about them, Uncle, so that you'll understand all your loving people . . . and so your loving people will understand how Hollywood girls are feeling and acting these war days.

You folks back there in Washington didn't give Paulette easy territory, you know. In fact, she was given an itinerary intended for someone else. 'Someone else' passed it up. As 'Too strenuous.' 'Who can take it?' your Treasury Department asked. 'Well, Goddard can take it,' said our folks out here in Hollywood.

'Just put the lilies on the other track,' Paulette said . . . and did take it. And covered the toughest spots. Places in Pennsylvania, conservative, the citizens in some parts Mennonites who not only do not go to movies, listen to radio, or read the newspapers but, furthermore, do not believe in War. Other locales in New York State and Jersey and Maryland—the Gold Coast of Maryland, as it were, where the millionaires have been nicked so often they are as immune as a swamp dweller to the bite of the mosquito. The fact that Bill and Paulette, two film actors, were in their midst, didn't mean a thing.

But honest, Uncle, it isn't to brag about our Hollywood women that I am writing you this letter. It's to give you a laugh. I think you are due for one; long overdue. It's to tell you what fun they had on that tour, Bill and Paulette. You should have heard some of the dialogues between them. I'll give you a sample:

'There's two hundred and fifty thousand dollars lying around kinda loose in Lebanon,' Bill would say. 'Look, Paulette, that's a lotta money —you want it?'

'Throw me a beefsteak, feed me, and let's go,' Paulette would answer. 'As long as I'm refuelled from time to time, I can continue to pick their pockets.' In fact, that was her pitch (her speech, in Bond Tour jargonese, Uncle). She'd lead off saying, 'Lock the doors, I'm going to pick your pockets.'

Bill christened Paulette Mabel, Uncle, on account of that kind of patter, on account of she was always out for the Big Score. Why, Uncle, she didn't stop short of anything . . . much. For five thousand dollars she took off her coat. She sold the orchid out of her hair, the socks off Bill's feet, his hat (his only hat) for the same tidy sums. In case you don't quite get the Mabel gag, sir, Mabel is a character like the girl in 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes' or in 'My Sister Eileen' or . . . well, remember the play, 'Up In Mabel's Room?' That's the character. The anything-happens-to-me kind of girl. The everything-happens-to-you-when-she's-around kind of girl.

Now, you may think this was sort of flippant talk to be talking while Paulette and Bill were about the serious business of selling War Bonds, Uncle. It wasn't really. Not underneath. Hollywood stars have, I know, a somewhat flippant surface manner. It's their kind of camouflage. But apart from that, if Wing Commanders and bombardiers can do their kind of jobs, meet what they meet with a wisecrack, a grin, who are stars that they can't sell a few mayors and millionaires and several hundred thousand other citizens with some of the same?

I tell you, sir, those stars on tour discovered something: doctors will tell you, 'Get a laugh and heal a wound.' Stars can tell you, 'Get a laugh and open a check book.'

But I'll admit Paulette's approach to the tour was different from most. She doesn't hold with people gasping like fish, falling on their faces at going on Bond Tours. Paulette will tell you she never had more fun in her life. She had so much fun that she wants to make another one soon, is going to make another one soon. And with your kind permission, Uncle dear, she also wants to go overseas to give the boys far from home a laugh or two. If she does go, she wishes Bill could go with her again. Paulette says Bill's very gay, yet has a great sense of responsibility toward his job.

Anyway, she got back to Hollywood hearty, healthy, and five pounds heavier than when she went away. Which probably makes her sound like a peasant. Well, why not? There's peasant stock in you, too, Uncle, as there is in all the American family. Certainly, Paulette must be less orchidaceous than other players. For many of them come back from bond tours with fallen arches, lost voices, and nervous breakdowns.

Paulette's really well cast as a Bond Tourer, come to think of it. She's Bond Tour fodder. She fits sleekly into the demands of the pattern. Let me prove it:

She's healthy, which you have to be in order to stand the pace of these tours.

She's always lived as though the next hour would be her last. Paulette always tried to live each hour to capacity . . . and beyond. She confesses she always has a frantic sense of time passing, of feet that skitter like the feet of insects. There is no saying more poignant to her than 'So much to do, so little done.'

Furthermore, this Goddard lass is always interested in change, no matter what it is. Even dying. I believe she'd be so interested in dying, she'd have a wonderful time.

If you have this attitude, you get rid of non-essentials. Paulette has. She has spent her life, trying to eliminate non-essentials, keeping it simple. She'd rather not own anything. She likes to travel light.

She has, in addition, the absurd belief that she's completely useless; that she hasn't contributed anything to life, not anything really important; that there is nothing she can look back on and be proud of. To me that's goofy. I think Goddard as a girl who's been self-supporting since she was fourteen has lots to be proud of, making her way to stardom . . . but she says no.

William Gargan went along with Paulette on the Bond Tour amusingly described herewith. Gargan, a perennial "comeback," is at it in "Hardigan's Kid" now.

She says she hasn't played even one scene the way she'd like. The nearest she came, she says, was her role in 'The Great Dictator.'

My point is, Uncle, that a Bond Tour fills all these bills of lading for a girl like Paulette. She likes to fill every hour she lives, and every hour on a Bond Tour is filled . . . to bursting. That frantic sense of hers that time is passing is somehow all right on a tour. It is passing all right, but it should be, since the quicker Bond sellers get from one town to another, the more money they make. Paulette's stabbing thought, 'So much to do, so little done,' is likewise assuaged by the heartening certainty that quite a lot is getting done.

Her craving for change is satisfied. Three and four towns a day, thousands of people, new people, all kinds of people make of life a kaleidoscope, which is the way she likes it.

She likes to travel light, and that is the way she, alone among film dolls, did travel. She took one suitcase, one shoecase on that tour.

And her conviction that she was completely useless, hadn't contributed anything, had done nothing to feel proud of, abated at least temporarily, while she garnered the shekels for you, Uncle dear.

You see?

That traveling light, Uncle, had a bit of feminine guile mixed in with a distaste for excess baggage . . . of any sort. Having traveled before, Paulette knew what men think of women who are laden with luggage. Her sly hope was that men, seeing they were not in for carrying ten fortnightlies, six overnightlies, and fifteen Adrian hat boxes, would carry her off the train. They did.

Clever of her, you will agree, I think, to take only three different dresses, one for morning, one for noon, one for evening. She knew she'd be in a different town every day, you see, so three dresses for three appearances were sufficient to preserve the sartorial standards of Hollywood. There were times when she wore all three dresses at one time, one over the other. Then all she had to do was peel and be Ready-Eddy for any occasion. I call that a rationing stunt to be proud of.

Speaking of rationing, her evening dress was made out of a yard and a half of black jersey silk. It was short, Uncle; Paulette claimed it was 'patriotically' short.

Bill Gargan said didn't she mean 'pathologically?' It was backless. It was frontless. It was also, largely, sideless. But a pair of gloves the size of Sally Rand's fan accompanied it, and preserved the proprieties.

One night in Wilmington, Delaware, Paulette got up to make her pitch, wearing that dress, and the cat-calls and whistles out-louded the high pressure salesmanship she was trying to put across.

'What's the matter?' Bill-to-the-rescue asked the hooting crowd, 'Haven't you ever seen a pair of gloves before?'

That stopped 'em. They had a sense of humor, too. You should be proud of your nieces and your nephews and your uncles and your cousins, sir; they all have a sense of humor. They're proving that, aren't they, from Dieppe to the Aleutians? And not even your mighty munitions factories or defense plants can give them a stronger weapon with which to fight . . . and win.

Your Hollywood kin are not exactly fancy-pants either, Uncle. But I think you know that now. And though it is the least part of what so many of your folks are doing, surely these Bond Tours prove that Hollywood cannot be accused of laziness, self-indulgence, of temperament, or of being unable to exist except on the luxury standard.

As I told you, Paulette and Bill often covered three cities in one day, cities sometimes three and four hundred miles apart. Usually, the luxury living Miss Goddard would get up to her hotel suite at three or four in the morning, would have her hair shampooed crouching under the washstand spout because she was too tired to stand up under the shower, and be up again at eight, dressed and ready to go even if she did have to take a sponge along and wash her face in a car going eighty miles an hour.

In fact, when she'd appear in the morning, Bill would take one look at her, turn slightly green and moan, 'My hat, look at Mabel, the Baby Wampus Star! A woman who never gets tired!' Paulette wouldn't admit to Bill that putting on her lipstick was sometimes a major problem, she was that tired. It went on in rather odd places, but it was on, it was always on.

In most of the towns, Uncle, she'd get in the car with the Mayor and the Richest Man In Town. There she'd be, the richest man in town on one side of her (in fact, she was Hobby Lobby for a time. She heard tell of a rattlesnake hobby, a bird feather hobby, a fish scale hobby, a safety pin hobby, beach pebbles, wisps of women's hair and so on) and the Mayor, with his jokes, on the other.

Invariably, the R.M.I.T. would get her ear just before she stood up before the Public Address system and whisper, 'Be sure to mention my commodity, won't you?' 'I will,' Paulette whispered back, 'for one hundred thousand dollars.' Smart, that gal is, Uncle.

The Mayor from the next town would meet her with, say the Soap King in his car. If the tycoon looked vulnerable, they'd leave Paulette alone with him before her speech, smacking their wallets over the 'take' she'd make. Paulette says she can still see Bill's bright, expectant face as she tore herself away from one of these tete-a-tetes. It usually went like this, 'He's given me a bar of soap,' she'd say, and Bill would know that really meant a fortune for you, Uncle Sam.

Paulette was so frightened of the mike at first, by the way, that she was a case for the doctors. But after the first week, she ate five mikes a day. Bill used to send Paulette a bottle of milk every night to help her digest the mikes she'd chewed.

They had all kinds of experiences, Uncle, some threaded with laughter, some with thrills, a few with tears, some with all three . . .

There was the day they drove to Reading for a million dollar dinner, arrived ravening with hunger, and were served two teaspoonsful of stew and some black bread, on paper plates. The type of food, they were told, Americans in German and Jap concentration camps get.

There was the night of the open air rally in Frederick, Maryland, when Bill's pitch went wrong, and the kids heckled him.

And there was the night at Wilmington, Delaware, when Paulette ran into a crowd that was lethargic, to put it gently. Certainly, they were cold, perhaps inimical.

As Paulette threw her pitch and felt it bounce against the stone wall of those faces, a priest, very pontifical looking, suddenly joined her on the platform. He explained his presence there by saying that he had been called upon to bless bonds, twenty-five-dollar bonds, five-thousand-dollar bonds and so on. He said, 'I don't know whether God approves this, but I am glad I have been called because,' his eyes rested on Paulette for a moment, then with a perceptible wink, he added, 'because star-gazing isn't so bad.' There was, then, for the first time the thrill of life along the keel of

that atrophied audience. And then he said, this man of God, who knew so well the magic of the common touch, 'I am going to invest my only worldly possession, the seven hundred dollars I earned as a bonus in the last war, in bonds here tonight. And so to you, Miss Goddard, I give my only worldly possession.'

After that, a field day. After that, they came up, spilling money. That was one of their experiences threaded with tears, Uncle. It was pretty heart-reaching, and as beautiful as the simplicity with which it was done.

In contrast, there was the night they were at dinner, a million dollar dinner, in Chester, Pa. 'Come on,' Paulette would say to the tail-coats and tiaras gathered hospitably about that bountiful board. 'Come on, now, I've never seen so much money in my life!' Bill would cue in then with 'Don't believe her, folks!' . . . which was, of course, good for a laugh and more checks.

After dinner it was suggested that they two stop at a certain address on their way to the hotel where, they were told, they might pick up an additional fifty to one hundred thousand dollars. They stopped . . . right in front of a saloon. Hoodlums surrounded them. 'The people I want you to meet are right here,' the Mayor says, leading the way to a side entrance. Paulette thought she was going crazy as she said, 'Yes, Mr. Mayor.' She tagged after him, though, even if she was scared.

She and the Mayor entered a small, dark room, murky with smoke. There was a Damon Runyon group of men gathered around a table. The murk wasn't any thicker than the silence.

Paulette saw a microphone there, walked right up to it, said, 'Lock the door, boys, I'm going to pick your pockets.' One guy stopped eating soup, said, 'Twenty thousand dollars,' and resumed eating. Another announced, barely glancing at our glamour girl, 'Take off your coat—five thousand.' She was in there less than half an hour all told. She walked out with two beers and fifty-one thousand dollars.

In Philadelphia, at the conservative Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, a magnificent luncheon of one thousand people at one thousand dollars a plate was given for Paulette and Bill. The D. A. R., the Junior League, Waacs, Waves, every club and organization were represented; every woman of any prominence in the city was there. The atmosphere was Main Line and veddy-veddy. After every filet mignon, Bill would sell Paulette's orchid for one hundred thousand dollars or some such trifle. After Paulette had made her pitch, and that tired old orchid was on the auction block again, a colored woman bid seventy-five hundred dollars. Paulette didn't wait for another bid. 'SOLD!' she cried. There was a dead silence in the place. Then Paulette went around the table, Uncle, brought the colored woman up on the platform, put her arms around her, and kissed her . . . and they stood and cheered. Paulette says the word Democracy stopped being a word to her in that moment—it lived and breathed. I'll bet it breathed for those other women, too, Uncle.

Paulette says you can't tell what you are going to say, Uncle, until you stand up there before the people. A girl can't use material prepared by a top bracket Hollywood writer who has never been in a factory. Instinct has to speak for you. Paulette admits that towards the end of the tour she and Bill were just about out of stuff . . . and instinct. Bill's pitch had fizzled out like a damp Fourth of July pinwheel until all he had left was a limp 'Very glad to be here, folks, thank you so much,' while Paulette plagiarized everybody's pitch, particularly that of Administrator of the Treasury Department, Ludlow. He knew how to talk to them. 'How many of you have members of your family in uniform?' he . . . and eventually Paulette . . . would use as their lead-off remark.

So that's a little story of just one Hollywood Bond Tour, Uncle. The point is, these two stars, like most of the others who have gone out from this town, came out smiling. In Bill and Paulette's case they also came out with thirty-four million dollars to the good for your great, good cause. So we hope you are smiling, too, Uncle Sam.

Ascribed from Miss Goddard's memory this summer of 1943, by your admiring and affectionate niece,

Gladys Hall."

Lake and Goddard were expected to fight during the shooting of "So Proudly We Hail." Being clever cookies, they decided to get along like this.

"THE THINGS THAT WE WILL MISS"

LIKE MANY THOUSANDS OF MARRIED COUPLES, SEPARATED BY SERVICE, LUCILLE BALL AND DESI ARNAZ COUNT THE THINGS TO WHICH THEY MUST SAY GOOD-BYE FOR THE DURATION

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

IN ONE of Desi Arnaz' recent pictures ("The Navy Comes Through") he was cast as a Cuban sailor. Picture dialogue follows:

Pat O'Brien: What are you, a Cuban, doing in the Navy?

Desi (with an irrepressible grin and a twinkle of rhumba eyes): Well, the U-nited State' come down, one time, to free Cuba; now *I* come to set free the U-nited State'.

Desi was inducted late in April.

"The things we are going to miss," said his tiger-lily haired wife, Lucille Ball, even as every fighter and every fighter's wife in this wide land, when that draft card notice comes. Henceforth Desi and Lucille began adding them up.

To begin at dawn, Desi is going to miss that alarm clock routine. For some odd reason, Desi always insisted that the clock shall be placed on the night stand beside *his* half of the bed. A bed, incidentally, to remind one of the vast sweep of the Texas prairies. A bed on which a B-24 could easily land.

When the alarm blares forth at 5:30, as it must when the Arnaz family is working at the studio, Desi lies blissfully still. No muscle moves; no dream is shattered by the detonation. Lucille awakens at the first note and navigates across the bed, leans over Desi's slumber-filled shoulder, and snaps the alarm button.

1 Right an the day that Mavieland's cameraman was calling an the Arnaz', Desi gat that natice fram the draft baard. Here he's shawing it ta Lucille, his wife.

2 You've seen Lucille at the gate befare? Maybe sa, but we thaught it was just the sart af picture that Desi might carry in his mind while he's at camp, sa we had ta print it far yau.

3 Now Lucille will have ta learn haw ta coak. Desi's been chef during this maidless time. Desi's last picture is "Bataan"; Lucille's is "Du Barry Was a Lady."

Her place will be taken—in the awakening department—by a top sergeant with practically no love in his eye.

When he goes on fourteen-mile hikes with full pack, Desi is going to miss those old-time glorious rides to the studio. The Arnaz ranch is twenty-eight miles from MGM. The highway threads sweetly between rows of graceful eucalyptus trees, streaks through sleepy villages, and weaves in and out of a canyon silver-green with sage and lavender with morning shadows. This morning ride has long served as a family conference table for Lucille and Desi: they rehash the events of the previous evening, sometimes sing spontaneous duets, or discuss the book one has finished and the other is reading.

Speaking of books, Desi and Lucille are going to miss the wild scramble that maintains order in their reading. They are members of the various monthly book clubs, and each knows the dates to expect the current offering. Their post box is an ample tin affair, perched R.F.D. fashion on a pedestal before the front gate.

It is approximately sixty feet from the nearest Arnaz door, but this distance has been covered with incredible speed by both Lucille and Desi. They have an agreement that whoever first snatches a new book out of the post box is entitled to read it unmolested.

Such a competitive spirit adds great flavor to any publication, however dull. In the Arnaz household it is considered an added fillip of triumph, for the victorious one to read his book in plain sight of the other while making appreciative noises.

Around the ranch there are going to be a hundred items aching for Desi's presence. "What will Lucy, the lovelorn, think when she perches on her favorite tree and finds you gone?" Lucille asked him disconsolately. Lucy is a mourning dove who frequents the Desi garden, bathes in the swimming pool and takes time out to issue her mourning communique of woe. Lucille, who has a genius for titles, named the bird.

She also named Harold, the humming bird, and Helen, his wife. She named Felicity, the cat, who is currently excluded from the good graces of the three cocker spaniel playmates, Tommy, Pinto, and Dandy. Felicity, you see, is in an interesting condition and is no longer able to romp with the dogs. They resent her bad disposition and her utter disinterest in helping them stalk all manner of imaginary prey in the garden. Desi isn't going to be on hand to assist with the naming of Felicity's kittens, but Lucille has promised to confer with him so that he won't entirely miss the baptism.

Desi's favorite tree is a bushy affair about the height of a water-hydrant. "He labored over it when it was merely three feet of stark bark and one stubborn bud," Lucille avers. "Now that it's going to show proper gratitude by blooming, I'll have to take some pictures to send him so that he won't miss his triumph entirely."

When Lucille was a bride of three weeks, staying in New York with Desi who was playing a theater engagement, she was ordered back to Hollywood by her studio. "Let's fly," she suggested to her groom.

No, Desi wanted to travel by train. Lucille remembered, with sinking morale, the confined space of a Pullman drawing room. She thought, "I'll never be able to slip away by myself to make me pretty for my new husband; he'll see me slathered with cold cream and rumpled of hair. I can't bear it."

But she couldn't persuade Desi to fly. They went by train. Scarcely had the last car pulled out of Grand Central before Desi went to work on the six strings of his guitar. He chorded, he plucked tentative melodies. He repeated a lovely persistent phrase.

She cold creamed her face, yet he didn't notice; she pincurled her hair, and he failed to comment. He just played the guitar. Lucille, new-wife-like, tormented herself with the tearful thought, "He's tired of me already."

In Glendale, California, three days later, Desi suddenly showered his wife with the sunshine of his smile. "Listen," he advised, "I've been composing a song in your honor. It's called, 'My New World With You.'" He played the melody tenderly and sang the romantic lyrics, while the song's inspiration shed ecstatic tears.

This summer, when Lucille gives her usual moonlight swimming parties and barbecue dinners (everybody will have to bring his own ration stamps), the echoing hills are going to wonder what has become of the singer and his guitar. Soldiers or sailors in some distant camp will know the answer.

Music is going to be one of the big misses . . . but what of the small, funny, endearing quirks of a man that pebble a woman's heart when that man is away? What of Desi's complex question, anent a discussion of school day problems: "Lucille, did you have trouble with your mul-pli-tic-ation tables?"

Ordinarily Desi speaks perfect idiomatic English with a slight accent, yet occasionally a Yankee phrase throws him. He and Lucille were having dinner one evening in a very small country restaurant. "For dessert," Desi told the waitress, "I would like some goose-pimple pie."

The waitress, controlling her expression, explained, "Those are gooseberry tarts."

Desi got it. "What difference is it—pie or tarts? The same crust, the same filling. Okay, I weel take goose-pimple *tarts* for dessert."

Frequently, Lucille adopts his Cuban terms. Their summer house, for example, is called a "bohio" meaning "hut" in Cuban. Desi built it himself, and—lolling in a summer hammock—used to dream by the hour in its thatched shade. The lolling, the building of quaint shelters, and Lucille's collection of odd words are alike done for the duration.

Since help has been so rare a household luxury, Desi has been doing the Arnaz cooking—a boon that Lucille will desperately miss. Desi has a number of specialties, one a palate-flooding dish titled "Ginger Beef."

Another specialty (gloriously unrationed) is arroz com pollo, which means "rice chicken." When the larder is reduced to the remaining wings, neck, and back of said chicken—the rest have been consumed with rice—Desi makes soup.

"I hate soup," his wife announced, upon first hearing of his kitchen kapers. "I never eat the stuff."

"You weel eat this," said her mess sergeant calmly.

P.S. She did, accompanying it with one of the succulent artichokes that are grown in the Arnaz victory garden.

One of Lucille's chief hobbies is going to languish during her husband's absence, to wit: the scrapbook she has long kept to record the events of their life together. The first page is covered with pictures taken on the set of "Dance, Girl, Dance," where Lucille and Desi met. These are followed by shots from "Too Many Girls," the picture in which they worked together, and during which they began to pull arrows out of their hearts.

All the interviews given, stating that they WOULDN'T marry, and all the pictures taken when they *did*, are duly filed. There are first anniversary pictures, and second anniversary pictures. Soon now there will be third anniversary pictures—with Desi in uniform.

One thing Lucille is positive she isn't going to miss during her husband's absence: telephone bills.

Last spring, while Lucille was working in "The Big Street" at RKO, Desi went on a personal appearance tour. He flew to New York and, by some miracle of management, gave five shows a day despite his telephone calls to the west coast. After two weeks of this, Lucille suggested that he cancel the rest of the booking and come home, because his entire salary was going—ten minutes at a clip—into the accounts receivable department of the astonished telephone company.

The conversation always began, "Darling, I miss you so dreadfully . . ."

Lucille will be hearing the selfsame words frequently from now on. Which fact has prompted her philosophy, "I'll be missing a lot when Desi is gone—but I won't be missing his voice, because he'll telephone when he's missing me."

THE END

VERY *Great* ACTOR

Twice an Academy winner, long a permanent resident of the "box-office ten," Spencer Tracy, so often called "an actor's actor," is probably the finest male performer left on the screen today. His next picture is called "A Guy Named Joe," and this is a true Tracy character, the apparently simple, down-to-earth guy. It is Spence's great dramatic ability that makes him seem so much the common man . . . for actually he is nothing of the sort. He's a nervous, moody, shy person, possessed of deep charm and a firm religious feeling. He's a veteran of the First World War.

THE VERY PRIVATE LIFE OF MISS

A major star since the earliest days of sound, Jean Arthur has always avoided the spotlight off screen. This exclusive story will tell you why she stays at the top, why her marriage is so successful in a town where most marriages fail.

Jean Arthur

BY JERRY BREITIGAM

A YOUNG woman came along the studio street in deeply cuffed blue denims, a little like cowboy pants. She wore a heavy green sweater, a raincoat draped loosely over her shoulders, sleeves flapping, as protection against the seven-thirty chill of a California morning. Obviously an actress on her way to her dressing room, to be made up for the day's work.

"Hello," she said, pausing and also looking up at the stretch of sky between the behemoth sound stages, where planes winged over, catching the sun. "I'll bet you think it may be one of your boys up there."

So I said, sure, I was doing a little speculating like a father of two airmen will, although I had a pretty good idea that neither of them was anywhere in these parts.

"Well," she commented, "our boys in the air are pitching it to Adolf. It's what's going to lick that guy."

Then Jean Arthur hustled along to her dressing room, to get ready to face the camera for scenes with John Wayne in "A Lady Takes a Chance," which her husband, Frank Ross, was producing at RKO Radio.

And that, citizens, was the feminine movie star who off screen in more ways than one comes closer to being like you and me than anybody else who faces the camera.

I thought about that as I watched her duck into her dressing room farther along the street. I was chuckling a little over those blue denims. They meant that, although the hour was early, she had been up since dawn, and before coming to Hollywood had done a bit of poking around in her garden in that canyon down near the sea.

It isn't much of a garden, but big enough for lettuce, beans, peas, tomatoes, and a few like items—just the kind of garden the average suburban householder puts in.

And if it isn't much of a garden, some people might think it grows behind not such a much of a house, either. It's a rambling, six-room, brown, shingled bungalow in a sheltered sunny cover in a canyon, where you can smell the salt tang of the not far distant sea.

She and Frank Ross live there, with their whole staff which consists of an elderly housekeeper who takes Sunday off. That's the day Jean cooks for her husband, not much (she doesn't like cooking), but enough as she once said, "to hold us from starving." Most of that day, in old clothes, they putter around the place, doing this and that odd job, wondering when night comes down what it was they got done.

"But," said Jean once, "having a heavenly rest—without company."

Without company, because friends know the day is sacred to Jean and Frank as a day of rest and recuperation, during which they can charge their batteries for the next week's battle. So friends don't disturb. Nor do the curious sightseers who patrol Southern California Sundays, even despite gas rationing. They don't know the way to the house, and they'd never dream it was a big movie star's home if they did find it.

Those cuffed blue denims now. They are what Jean Arthur always wears around the house. And the sweaters, too—Navy blue, green, red, brown. She has a host of them, all well worn. The moment she gets home after a day's work at the studio, she's out of costume and into her working-loafing clothes. And sometimes, as on this day I caught her coming to work in them, she doesn't wait until she gets home, but makes the shift in her studio dressing room.

Of course, a movie star's hair is an item, too. When she's at home, Jean usually braids it, ties up the ends with little bows of hair ribbon. As a matter of fact, on this morning in question, her hair was still that way. They'd have quite a head-shaking time over her up in Mel Berns' make-up department—this star who refuses to act the role in her private life.

Some time later I dropped around to Frank Ross' office, and we talked a little about that aspect of his wife.

Frank is a compact, medium-sized chap of thirty-eight or so, with a cap of dark curling hair and a thoughtful face, sharp and keen, which occasionally flashes into a breath-taking smile. He calls his wife "the non-exhibitionist star."

"Jean looks on acting as a business," he said. "She's like the barber across the street there, in the studio shop. When he's working, nine to six, say, he's a barber. But after hours, he's a human being.

"Well, Jean is like that. She likes acting. She never gets over the wonder of the movies. She thrills to the thought that to untold millions the motion pictures are escapism—that is, a chance to get away for an hour or two from the world that is too much with us all.

"But," said the man who knows Jean Arthur best, "Jean doesn't want any part of the phony aspects which so often go with stardom.

"She doesn't want a social life—a so-called social life—where too often you entertain or are entertained by people who aren't and never could be really congenial friends.

"She doesn't want to go places merely to be seen and get her name in the papers.

"She doesn't like people who fawn and sort of—well, you know, worship. She says that's a lowering of human dignity. Shucks," he said, "she's just like you and me, Jean is. She can spot a phony, and she doesn't like 'em."

Frank Ross sat there, turning an idea over in his thoughts for a moment or two, then burst out with:

"It's a funny thing when you think of it. What is the basic trait of all players? What makes 'em become actors and actresses? Exhibitionism, isn't it? Isn't it? Yet, Jean hasn't got a trace of exhibitionism in her system."

They've been married more than a decade, and there is a standing story to the effect that they used to live on the same Los Angeles street when Frank Ross was a building contractor. The story goes that their respective fathers met first and that Frank's father came home one night and said to him, "Say, boy, I met a mighty cute kid out walking with her old man. You ought to ask her for a date."

I brought up this pleasant legend.

"Yeah," said Frank, "I've heard the story. But it didn't happen just that way."

Then he proceeded to tell me the way it did happen. He told it a little reluctantly at first, because it revealed a part of his past which didn't jell, the time when he thought he was going to become a singer in the movies. But as he went along and got caught up in the story, you could see him get a little excited underneath, as a man is likely to do when recalling some golden moment out of his past.

It seems Frank, who was born in Boston but moved to New York City at eighteen, where he went into the contracting business, also liked in those days to sing.

"Popular songs, you know. That kind of singing. I had a fairly high baritone. I sang around but not professionally."

Then along came a movie scout who heard him sing one night at a party, and tagged him to come to Hollywood. So Frank showed up at Paramount.

Now the girl who had been born Gladys Green back in the Wash-

A scene from "The More the Merrier," showing Jean in her favorite "off screen" pigtails.

On the set of "A Lady Takes a Chance" Jean consented for this story to pose with her husband, Frank Ross, who is also her producer. Frank here tells how they first met.

ington Heights district of New York City, who had been a Howard Chandler Christy model when tagged by a movie scout to hie West, also was there. Her name was now Jean Arthur. She was five-three, with blue eyes, brown hair, a fetching huskiness of tone, and the walk of a girl who had grown up a tomboy and knew how to climb fences and trees. Knew how once, at any rate, and maybe still could do it.

"So we'd see each other on the lot and say hello," said Frank. "And that went along for three months. Incidentally, I never did get to sing; it never came to anything, so that was that. Then it came time for me to go back to New York because they weren't taking up my option. I was to go East the next day. So I rambled around to the set of 'The Saturday Night Kid' and there was Jean, and I asked her for a date, and she said okay.

"I often wonder," mused Frank, "how things would have turned out if I hadn't asked her for that date."

But, as it happened, they did date. They married soon afterward, too. For Frank went back to New York to resume his amateur standing as a singer, his professional status of builder. And Jean, deciding she wasn't getting very far in pictures, being largely confined to Westerns, also went back to New York, determined to add stage experience to her repertoire and then have another go at the movies with her chances improved. And so they met and married.

Jean played two and a half years on the Broadway stage, and her guess was right. When she returned to Hollywood, backed by that experience, things were vastly different, and she became a star in a very short time.

But getting that stage experience was no easy job.

"That was ten years ago," said Frank, "and stage producers still looked down on the movies. The pretty young girls of the movies today can go to New York and be readily accepted. But not a decade ago. Why, one producer told Jean he'd be afraid to hire her, a girl with only movie experience, for fear that she would fall down on the stage."

So Jean Arthur went uptown to the 88th Street Theater in New York, where a company was presenting "Lysistrata," and took a minor part in the cast, in order to get started. She next played a maid's role in a play inching closer down Broadway to Times Square. Eventually, she arrived at the latter heart of the stage world and began getting better and better roles, even though the plays often turned out to be flops.

"It's an experience," said her husband. "Whenever Jean talks about it, she says it's what made her. It's her idea that every girl who wants to become an actress should have stage experience. Success in the movies shouldn't come too easily for anyone."

People in her company, helping her make "A Lady Takes a Chance," like Jean Arthur, no two ways about it. Big John Wayne, a family man with four kids, is as regular a human being as you'll want to meet. So is Bill Seiter, who is directing this rollicking comedy.

She likes music on the set; so whenever she works, she brings along a mellow-toned recorder to play in non-working moments. But she inquires around first to find out whether anybody would object. Finding on "A Lady Takes a Chance" that not only didn't they object but on the contrary liked music, too, she placed the recorder outside her trailer dressing room where everybody could enjoy it.

And if you think that doesn't mean something, you ought to see the way some feminine stars lock themselves (and their music) away.

And, oh, yes, in any story about Jean Arthur, it certainly ought to be mentioned that she doesn't give interviews. She hasn't sat for a formal word portrait in about four years.

"I went all through that years ago," said Jean. "But I just can't force myself to do it any more. It seems so presumptuous to be giving out interviews as if you were a-a-oh, as if you were some divinity. It gets me upset afterwards, thinking, did I make a fool of myself. Then I writhe and writhe, and it takes me three days or so to get over it. So I gave it up. I just don't see the sense in writhing."

THE END

CHINA'S "JOAN of ARC" IN HOLLYWOOD

Madame Chiang Kai-shek

(MOVIELAND, PROUD TO BE THE ONLY MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE PRESENT, REFLECTS A GREAT MOMENT IN HISTORY AS RECORDED BY ITS STAFF CAMERAMAN, NAT DALLINGER

Claseup af the beauty section. Abave—loak sharply and in the back raw, left ta right, you will see Narma Shearer, Shirley Temple, Barbara Stanwyck; sitting in front of them, Dorathy Lamaur, Ida Lupino, Ginger Ragers, Rasalind Russell; first raw, Janet Gaynar, Jaan Bennett, Mary Pickfard, Marlene Dietrich, Irene Dunne. Belaw—Loretta Young, Lana Turner, and Rita Haywarth. Behind them are Bab Taylar, Adrian, Dr. Griffin, Buddy Ragers, Majar Tam Lewis, Captain Freddie Brissan.

above—Jaan Bennett and Ingrid Bergman, and below—Judy Garland and Janet Gaynar enter.

TURN THE PAGE NOW FOR THE ACTUAL CEREMONY

Rudy Vallee led the cambined Navy, Army, and Marine Carps bands in playing "The Star Spangled Banner."

Madame Chiang, escorted ta her bax by eight Chinese Air Cadets fram Thunderbird Field, stands with the thirty thausand people wha

Next Madame Chiang, a frail but dynamic figure, walked dawn a scarlet carpet toward the Bowl stage. Walking past Chinese girls, bearing flowers, Madame Chiang was accompanied by L. C. Kung, her nephew and secretary general.

The beloved "Missimo" during her lang, inspiring speech, staad shadowed from the hat sun by a banner that in her language spells Victary. At the right yau see the portrait banners of the great Sun-Yat-Sen and behind

crowded the Bowl while our National Anthem is played. The American Beauty roses had just been given to her by Mary Pickford.

To begin the ceremonies, Spencer Tracy introduced First Class Seaman Henry Fonda who introduced Commander Croyden Wassell, who wears the Navy Cross for bravery.

that, Madame Chiang's dauntless husband, the Generalissimo. The men in the foreground are plain-clothes men. Here Madame Chiang is quickly gulping a glass of water to keep from fainting due to emotion and overwork.

Edward G. Robinson (here with Mrs. Robinson) acted as narrator, behind the scenes, during parts of Madame Chiang's speech. The entire arrangement of the "Missimo's" Hollywood visit and stay were beautifully handled by Producer David Selznick.

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

BY COMMAND OF THE GREATEST GUY IN THE WORLD TODAY—AMERICA'S FIGHTING MAN

The thrilling story behind the finest show being broadcast today—Hollywood's part in it—and why you, as a civilian, may never hear it

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

Illustrated by U. S. Army and U. S. Army Signal Corps photographs

THE letter was dated, *"Balboa, Canal Zone."* It was addressed to *"Command Performance, U.S.A."*

"We have heard very much about a song entitled 'White Christmas,'" the letter said. *"We will not have a white Christmas down here, but we wouldn't feel so far away from home if we could hear Ginny Simms' rendition of the song . . . (Signed) Ensign C. P. Ellis, Ensign R. E. Van Siclen."*

Two weeks later the boys amidst the steaming jungles of the Canal Zone heard Ginny sing "White Christmas" on the War Department's Command Performance. Far away from the continental United States our doughboys knew that the folks back home had not forgotten them.

Since April 1942 when the first Command Performance went on the air, the Hollywood Victory Committee, in association with the War Department, has furnished hundreds of players for these radio hook-ups.

The way it works is this. First the letters written by the men overseas come to one of two places, first to the War Department and second to the short-wave stations which beam out the shows. (This also includes NBC and CBS in New York.) So successful have the broadcasts been that recently the War Department has been receiving letters addressed merely "Command Performance, Los Angeles."

The Victory Committee handles only the requests for movie star appearances. The concert artists as well as the bands and musical aggregations are contracted for directly by the Radio Section of the Special Service Branch of the War Department. Lt. Col. T. H. A. Lewis (Loretta Young's husband) is the officer in charge.

The networks donate the time, and the show goes out over twenty-two stations and thirty-two beams. In addition to this it is also long-waved from Puerto Rico, Guatemala, Cairo, Chungking, New Delhi, Brazzaville, South Africa, and Leopoldsville, South Africa. Too, the complete Australian network carries it, as does the New Zealand network. The largest listening audience, however, is Great Britain, whose BBC carries the thing throughout the Empire.

The show is recorded and is sent out by Bomber Ferry Command or by an expeditious means at the disposal of the War Department. Rec-

Just Rita Hayworth's voice over the air-waves made the boys feel that war wasn't so unendurable.

right—Mary Martin can be noughty and nice, a blend which pleases the boys a lot.

below—Bob Burns, Dinah Shore, and Tommy Dorsey. Some of our lads sent Dinah the name plate off a German troop carrying glider, as a request that she sing them a "Command Performance" tune.

above—Crosby, the Crooner; Lamarr, the glamorous; Jimmy, the greatest Cagney; and the Professor, Kyser.

right—Bob Hope talks on practically everything, and the boys adore him. Here he's giving forth with Claudette Colbert.

ords are sent out weekly to all of these points. The result is a terrific, morale-building program which rates tops with our men stationed so far from home in this global war.

A lonely sailor at a Pacific base asks whether Carole Landis would step up to a microphone and *"just sigh"*—that's all. Carole comes down to C.B.S. and broadcasts what may be called the internationally best-known sigh on earth.

A lonely private in India requests Sammy Kaye to play "Dear Mom" for his mother back home in Pennsylvania.

The Command Performance files are full of such requests; lonely, nostalgic, funny requests. The boys at their isolated outposts are thinking of America day and night, and they feel reassured by this tangible evidence that America doesn't forget them.

A bomber squadron in England has a working assignment with Judy Garland. Whenever the boys shoot down a Nazi plane, Judy has to sing a song. Judy is happy to report that she's been quite busy swinging it for them these past months.

A group of soldiers in Trinidad wrote to Judy, *"We've been looking for 'Minnie' and can't find her—maybe you could help with your song,"* so Judy sang her "Minnie From Trinidad," hoping her song would help the boys find their Minnie.

A strange High-Low in Fine Art was reached when a soldier wanted to hear "the world's best violinist playing a duet with the world's worst fiddler." Jascha Heifetz was

THE MOVIES GO TO WAR

Clark Gable (before he went into service) and Bette Davis, frequent "Command Performance" stars.

Here's that Hope man again, this time doing it with Lana Turner to keep the boys happy.

invited to appear on a program with Jack Benny, late of the Waukegan (Ill.) Philharmonic.

Heifetz played first, whereupon Benny accused him of playing all the selections which he, Benny, had prepared. Heifetz said he was sorry, and now, how about playing a duo? Would Benny like to try Paganini's "Perpetuum Mobile?"

"That's impossible," Benny said. "That's been done to death. How about 'Love in Bloomiosio'?"

Heifetz confessed that he'd never heard of that musical masterpiece. After some derogatory remarks which must have given great pleasure to circles around Fred Allen, Heifetz compromised on "To a Wild Rose." But after the first bars, Benny switched to "Love in Bloom."

The possibilities of Command Performance are unlimited. It must mean a great deal to peoples in occupied Europe, to our Allies in fighting China and Russia to hear that delightfully informal, typical American mixture of fun and fighting spirit. *"The services rendered to us by the Hollywood Victory Committee and the stars of the screen, stage and radio,"* wrote Maj. General A. D. Surles of the War Department, *"are not only doing a tremendous job in the entertainment of our men in service abroad, but an equally important job in building good will for our country with an international audience."*

A marine corporal from the Pacific wrote, *"Tell my kid sister I'd like to hear her voice."* The kid sister—whose name happens to be Shirley Temple—acted at the following broadcast as master of ceremonies. Letters poured in from all continents. Miss Temple is as well known abroad as our leading political figures, if not more.

If commercially sponsored, Command Performance would cost more than two million dollars a year. Every big name has appeared on the program. Gary Cooper gave a talk on Lou Gehrig; Bob Hope gives talks on practically everything. Pat O'Brien and Dick Powell used the non-sponsored time to blast away, kiddingly, at radio's soap operas. As the Sunrise Kids, "brought to you by Krautbinder's Contended Cheese, Sweet as a Tropical Breeze," they played an "intimate drama of everyday life," in which the heroine confessed such titillating items as "After eating Krautbinder's luscious Limburger, I'm no longer a wallflower. The wall fell down on me."

Command Performance is only one among the Victory Committee's many radio activities. Last November Nelson Rockefeller, the Co-Ordinator for Inter-American affairs, received a request from South America. The letter said, *"They don't have Thanksgiving Day down here—so how about explaining to our good neighbors what Thanksgiving means to us?"*

The request was sent on to the Victory Committee which presently went to work. On Thanksgiving Day, French-born Michele Morgan, German-born Marlene Dietrich and Spanish-born Jinx Falkenburg stepped up to the microphone. Speaking in Spanish, they told their listeners what Thanksgiving meant to them and why they had so many reasons to be thankful. Then followed a special show depicting the first Thanksgiving Day in New England, and greetings from the American people to their friends in South America.

The show, intelligently and tastefully done, was a terrific success with the people south of the border. Once again it had been proved that Hollywood stars can magnetize an international (and national) audience more effectively than can any other attraction. Players have gone to all parts of the country and to Canada to appear on Government sponsored broadcasts. Often the

Pat O'Brien and Dick Powell, kidding all the usual radio "Soap Operas," ladled out the laughs.

Committee has been asked to furnish as many as five different first-rate programs a week—and has done it. Last Christmas, special programs were broadcast to Russia and China. Norwegians heard greetings from Hollywood in their native tongue. The French stars in Hollywood sent messages to their friends in Nazi-dominated France. Radio transcriptions were made for an Australian bond drive, half way around the globe.

Whenever officials feel that a big name is necessary to sell a cause, they shoot a request to the Victory Committee. It was a Hollywood agent, Nat Wolff, who is the husband of Edna Best, together with another agent, Cornwell Jackson, who started a Radio Allocation Board. This board, working in Hollywood and Washington, has been one of the most successful users of Hollywood talent. For example, Washington had decided several months ago that Secretary Hull, being one of the best known and admired of our cabinet members, should go on the air for bonds, scrap drives, etc. It was estimated that Secretary Hull could expect a listening audience of at least twenty-five million people, but fine as the statesman was, revered as he is in public opinion, Washington soon realized he wasn't doing the "pulling" job that Bing Crosby, for instance, could do.

So they tried Bing out on it. In half a minute on the air Bing was able to do as much as Mr. Hull had done in fifteen minutes. This of course is no reflection on Mr. Hull, but it does prove that acting is an art in itself and that an actor's knowing how to read lines, whether they are about love, bonds or for scrap drives, is most effective. That's why when you dial in on your radio today, on every program you hear, one of its principal actors somewhere during the program speaks of the things our government wants.

In the past year, there have been two thousand, seven hundred and seventy-three appearances on Treasury Department programs alone. That ought to give you an idea. But you won't see the stars appear in theaters or stores. The Victory Committee has made it clear that it is no advertising agency. As a member said, "Our objective is sold through the stars—not the stars through the objective." The bond is the thing—not the star who sells it.

The bond selling sagas have become a matter of course to everybody in Hollywood and Washington. Last September it was the Motion Picture industry which led the Salute to Our Heroes one million dollar bond drive. Fifty-nine box office stars went to some four hundred American cities on special "Stars over America" tours. The bond blitz was an unabashed success. Sales that month reached eight hundred and thirty-eight million dollars.

Don't think it always means easy going for the men and women of Hollywood. (See the story on Pau-

Cary Grant and Bert Lahr are two very funny radio men.

Edgar Bergen (Charlie McCarthy was out at the moment knocking wood) found Betty Grable a wonderful team mate.

lette Goddard's bond tour on page 20 of this issue.) Then men, especially, could tell you different stories. Pat O'Brien, James Cagney, Bing Crosby have been kicked around by superpatriotic hecklers in the audience for "not being in uniform" more than once. They have been called "draft dodgers"—and worse. Most of the male players not yet in the armed forces are above draft age; but audiences seem to believe that stars are eternally youthful, even off-screen, and should kill Japs and Nazis, single-handed, even at the age of forty-six. (You'd be surprised how many of our heart-throbs are forty-six and over.) Most of the stars have been ordered by Washington to continue with their jobs and not to seek the comfortable way out, i.e., disappear on a desk job.

The ladies, too, have taken a beating, though more on the physical side. Doctors had to be summoned when the strain of continuous personal appearances, lack of sleep, and the general delirium that surrounds a movie star en route, became too strong. Rita Hayworth cracked up and had to be shipped to the desert for a rest.

Bette Davis also went through a slight case of collapse. And Greer Garson broke down from sheer physical and nervous exhaustion. Until then she had done a wonderful job. "That girl is selling America to the Americans better than many people who have been born here," a high Treasury official said.

Greer Garson had a moving experience in a small town in South Carolina. "There were five hundred war mothers in the audience when I stepped on the platform to speak. Each of them had a boy in the service—or more boys than one. I saw a number of women in the front row wearing gold stars. They had already given their beloved children to their country, and now they came to give their money, too! The discovery choked me. I had spoken many times before, but I wasn't able to find the words. Whatever I'd say would sound preposterous beside the sacrifice these women had made.

"While I was standing there, a woman with a gold star came up. She smiled. 'Miss Garson, I want to buy a bond.' I swallowed and gave her the bond . . ."

Maybe you, too, have heard Charles Laughton reciting Lincoln's Gettysburg address — which must have sold untold millions of bonds and stamps; or Adolphe Menjou, a bond-selling miracle in several languages; or Marlene Dietrich, who knows what it means to become an American . . . and also knows how to explain it to those who don't realize how fortunate they are.

Ilona Massey made a bond-selling speech at an Illinois steel mill. She promised to kiss each man who bought a twenty-five dollar bond. A grease-covered man came forward. He bought his bond and got his kiss.

"That's what I call democracy," an over-zealous yesman felt compelled to say. "A star kissing a simple worker."

"You're mistaken," Ilona answered. "A worker has just kissed a peasant girl, and she enjoyed it. You see, I have been born a peasant girl, and still feel that way."

Not all the incidents are corny or melodramatic. There's fun, too. Irene Dunne, one of the Victory Committee's super-salesladies, once offered her crazy hat to anybody who would buy a fifty thousand dollar bond. The reaction was so terrific that she had to auction off her earrings, her bag, her gloves, her handkerchief, and lipstick.

"Then, unfortunately, I had to call the auction off," Miss Dunne says, ruefully. "They were beginning to bid on my stockings and so on—or rather off and off and off."

THE END

FIRST SCREEN TEST

JOAN FONTAINE
"My every effect irritated me dreadfully!"

JOAN was seventeen and unschooled in acting when MGM put thumbs down on her possibilities.

"I was naturally worried about being Olivia de Havilland's sister, for she had made such a hit, and I didn't want to be compared disadvantageously. So I made no try at her studio. Rather, I wangled a test at MGM. I did a sequence from the play, 'There's Always Juliet.' I simply was unprepared for it. I was frightfully amateurish. Just bad! I literally shook from the shock of seeing myself. I moaned aloud, 'I can't look like that, I just can't sound like that!' I was sure I'd never catch up with Olivia. Success had come easily, quickly, for her. I labored through B's, a C actress. But ironically that first disillusioning test kept me in the movies! Five years after I made it, George Cukor was viewing tests, and that one accidentally was run by error instead of the one he wanted. As a result, he called me to test for Melanie in 'Gone With The Wind.' I had no sympathy with Melanie, couldn't understand her; I knew Olivia could, and suggested her. But Mr. Cukor still recalled that first test—saw something beyond my many amateurish mannerisms. He disregarded the fifteen B's I'd done since, contending I'd at least been original, if untrained, and gave me 'Rebecca.' It's necessary to find out how green you are, but not fatal!"

THE HANGMAN

The movies film the living history of a murdered town, this being the picturization of the true story of Lidice, the Czech village in which every man was killed because of one Nazi life lost, that of Heydrich, the murderous hangman. Produced by a new firm, Angelus Films, and starring John Carradine, it has the truth and power of "Wake Island."

1. Spring, 1942. The Czech mining town of Lidice looks peaceful. Nepomuk (Edgor Kennedy) is a lazy wark-fearing fellaw, while Hanka (Ralph Morgan) is village spokesman ta Nazi-appointed Mayar Bauer.

2. Karel Vavra (Alan Curtis), on leave fram the British Army, returns ta his native Lidice by parachuting fram a bamber. He wants villagers ta revolt. His only canfederate is his sweetheart, Jarmil Hanka (Patricia Marisan).

3. One of the first men in Lidice ta voice his resentment publicly against the Nazis is Miner Bartanek (Richard Boiley). In a few haurs, the Gestopa take him awoy.

4. Next day, Mrs. Bartanek (Elizobeth Russell) and the children have their husband and father returned to them—in a coffin.

5. With the help af Nepomuk, Karel assembles the men af Lidice for a secret uprising. He gets nawhere because they fear what may happen ta their families.

6. The Supreme Reichpratectar af the cauntry, Reinhard Heydrich (Jahn Carradine), appears an the scene, seeking valunteers far the German Army. He is attracted ta a University student and takes her away.

7. Lidice's beloved priest, Father Semlanik (Al Shean), calls far abservance af mass. As the worshippers file fram the church, Heydrich drives by. He wipes his feet on a haly vestment and kills the priest wha pratests.

8. Heydrich calls in the German Mayor Bauer (Ludwig Stossel) who is beginning to doubt the rightness of the Nazi cause. Neither Mrs. Bauer nor housekeeper (Lore Lane) can prevent the Gestapo from taking Bauer away.

9. In revenge, Mrs. Bauer gets word to Hanka that Heydrich returns to Berlin via the main road that night. Hanka hides in a cave with Jarmila and Karel. The three arrange to destroy Heydrich as he travels the highway.

10. As the car nears the bend, Jarmila moves to the middle, alone. The lecherous Heydrich slows down, Jarmila runs clear, and Hanka throws hand grenades, causing the car to topple from the road.

11. Mortally wounded, Heydrich is rushed to a hospital, where he is visited by Heinrich Himmler (Hobart Cavanaugh). Heydrich, in pain, curses Hitler. Himmler phones the press that Heydrich died uttering praises.

12.

The Nazis retaliate for the killing of Heydrich by jailing the women, killing the men, and sending the children to Germany for "proper" schooling. There is hope at the end, however, as one man survives, just as one did in the real town of Lidice.

THIS MONTH'S MARRIAGE

1

She starts in a typical American city, this girl knawn ta the theater marquees as Linda Darnell. The place is Dallas, Texas, where until very recently papa still warked in the past affice.

2

At eleven she is scrawny, but she knaws haw ta flirt in frant af a camera—this girl wha saan evalves inta a beauty.

3

By thirteen she is beginning ta blossam—dans a castume far pageant given by dancing class. Also belongs ta church dramatic graup.

4

Linda Darnell af Hallywaad, 1943. She's baught her family a big Beverly Hills hame, but she lives alane in a ane-raam apartment—that is, she did far a few months.

5

April 1943, attended by Ann Miller and Carparal Bill Heath, she is married ta Peverell Marley.

6

With all the traditianal wishes and hapes af the hand upan hand upan the knife ceremany, Linda and her husband cut their wedding cake.

7

And that's the end af aur stary—as shawn in the picture Linda and Pev pased far especially far Mavieland.

IT happened on April 18th in Las Vegas, Nevada, the wedding of dark-eyed, exquisite Linda Darnell, aged less than twenty—and Peverell Marley, the cameraman, aged forty-one. It was the happy ending to a courtship that began three years ago when Linda first appeared on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot and Pev made a movie test of her.

Linda was a shy, gawky kid then, a bit bruised by being discovered—and dropped—by RKO—more than a bit frightened that she might lose out on this newest chance at a big-time contract.

Pev was a veteran of the movie business. He saw at a glance that Linda was completely photogenic, that it didn't matter what "angle" you photographed her from. But he also saw that she was so nervous that she would photograph badly and awkwardly from sheer fear unless he made her laugh and relax.

Thus, out of kindness, he started to laugh and clown around for the benefit of this pretty child. Thus, affection was born, between them, and thus one of the finest screen tests ever recorded at Twentieth was created, and Linda went at once into the leading role of "Stardust."

They were friends from that day on, Linda, still in her teens, and Pev, three times divorced, mature, wise to Hollywood, kind, and tolerant.

Pev was in love right from the beginning and made small attempt to hide his devotion, but he was wise enough to realize that Linda was still a child. When he photographed her pictures—and he photographed three of them in a row, right at the beginning of her career, and many individual ones thereafter—he expressed his love by way of the closeups he took of her, by the care and affection he lavished on the love scenes he took of her and Tyrone Power, or any of her co-stars.

Linda began to grow up. She revolted against her family, took an apartment by herself. She began to have dates with boys close to her own age, and when Lana Turner eloped in January 1942 to Las Vegas with Stephen Crane, Linda went along with Alan Gordon, a Hollywood press agent. People then began to say Linda would marry Gordon. Linda said she wouldn't—and, as you know, she didn't, of course.

Pev waited. Pev was always there, always kind, always understanding, always having Linda's best interests at heart, always adoring. Those are rare and attractive qualities to find in a man anywhere. They are absolutely unique and precious qualities to find in a Hollywood man.

Four months ago, Pev went into service. That was when Linda discovered how very much she had depended upon him, how very dear he was to her. The first time he came home on furlough, she realized.

Ann Miller, Linda's chum, went about Hollywood the Friday before the elopement, telling everyone the news. Linda, when questioned, even by her studio, insisted it wasn't true. But it was. With Ann and Corporal Bill Heath as attendants, she and Pev flew to Las Vegas and were wed.

Monday after the wedding, Linda, all smiles and happiness, invited all friends to a party at Ann's house where our Mr. Dallinger made the pictures you see here.

There is one more little note that shows how joyous this exquisite bride is. She was working in "The Girls He Left Behind Him" at the time of her wedding. It was a fine role and a glamorous new chance for Linda since in the film she was to be dancing partner to the great Tony de Marco.

So what happened on Tuesday after the wedding? Linda said she just had to leave the picture—she'd hurt her legs dancing. Twentieth looked her over. She had on the craziest home-made bandage they'd ever observed.

Her bosses looked and grinned, took her out of the picture, so that she'd have six weeks off for a honeymoon. Pev is getting a furlough for part of that time.

It certainly is love when a Hollywood girl puts aside a fine role for a mere honeymoon!

The best of luck to you, Mr. and Mrs. Marley.

STRIKE UP THE BANDS!

by M. M. RAISON

THERE'S a favorite story they tell around motion picture studios about bands—and bands have taken Hollywood by storm, both in and out of pictures.

It seems that the production manager or the assistant director, two always harassed gentlemen, will suddenly lose a band.

This is no mean feat, even on a large studio lot. "I Dood It," Red Skelton's picture, may be shooting with Jimmie Dorsey as the main music-maker, or his brother Tommy may be next door in "Girl Crazy." Or, as recently happened, Cab Calloway, Benny Carter, and a great Negro drummer called Zutty Singleton, may be beating it out for "Stormy Weather" at Twentieth Century-Fox.

Suddenly, there is no music and no band. The assistant director and the production manager run from set to set, peering under stray bits of scenery, calling out "Tommy!" or "Jimmie!" or "Cab!" frantically.

The stars are waiting. The director is sitting patiently in his chair. Extras are standing around idle, clicking up dollars. Still no band.

Then suddenly, from far off, comes an eerie sound. The sound grows in volume as brasses, saxes, fiddles, and drums join in. The assistant director and production manager run toward the sound, hoping against hope. But they know what they will find. A jam session! The Dorsey boys have gotten together, or Cab has joined bands with his colored brethren, and the most expensive jam session in the world is taking place.

From experience—bitter experience—the assistant director and production manager know it's useless to try to stop a jam session. So they sit on their hands and wait. Pretty soon, the stars, the directors, the extras, and stage hands begin to gather around. Some of them start to jitter. Some start to sing. It isn't long before the Magic of the Jump is reigning supreme; while somewhere in the Administration Building of the studio, the Man-Who-Watches-Costs is tearing out what's left of his hair.

That's the story they tell around the studios. They tell it at MGM where about twelve bands are scheduled for pictures on the forthcoming fall program. They tell it at Columbia, at Universal, at RKO, at Twentieth, at Paramount, at Warners', at Republic, and even at little Monogram where Paul Whiteman is making a picture, and "Scat" Davis is about to make one.

In other words bands have made a comeback, with a capital "C," a comeback which is phenomenal and stands out as a unique phase in motion picture history.

There was a time, you remember, when pictures wouldn't touch bands with a ten-foot pole. That was after they'd spent millions on Paul Whiteman, Ben Bernie, Rudy Vallee, and Ted Lewis. The fact that those musical gentlemen flopped was no fault of their own. In those days, back in the early thirties and early sound films, studios just didn't know what to do with bands.

Their idea of photographing them was to stick them on a stand and "cut" occasionally to a tenor sax with a soulful expression, or to a trumpet with a derby, or a comic drummer. Once in a while, the director would remember to cut to the "plot" to Maisie putting a Micky Finn in the heavy's glass, or to Leland drowning his torch in a bucket of suds. Then he'd cut back to a crooner, mauling the mike, or smirking at the cabaret audience. If you remember, all the action always took place in a cabaret. The screen writer couldn't conceive of any other place where a band might be found.

Well, what happened? People couldn't stand bands in pictures. To the bewilderment of the producers, audiences would walk out on band pictures and go to the corner beer parlor to listen to a juke box, or hot-foot it down to the nearest dance-hall where the same band could be seen and heard in the flesh. To say that this baffled the motion picture moguls is to put it mildly. And since they were baffled, they went back to a time-honored custom. They skipped the whole thing.

When pictures dropped them, did the bands gather in a corner and pout like some of our ex-stars? Did they hint darkly that their souls belonged to the stage anyway, and they were going back to New York where they were appreciated? Not a bit of it. They did the unforgivable. They went along blithely, making more and more money and, what was more annoying to pictures, more and more fans.

Benny Goodman, Harry James, the Dorsey brothers, Freddie Martin, Xavier Cugat, Glenn Miller, Kay Kyser, Woody Herman, Count Basie, Bob Crosby, Freddie Slack, Duke Ellington—they all swept the country with their records, their personal appearances, their one-night stands and playing engagements.

Glenn Miller and his outfit, particularly Frankie Sinatra, get as much fan mail as Gable.

The Boogie-Woogie Men Are Turning Into Glamour Boys, and Hollywood Is Getting Hep to a New Set of Musical Stars

Retained in civilian life by none other than the OWI, because of the fine morale work he was doing, is Prof. Kay Kyser, here with Joan Blondell, playing his regular weekly, payless date at the Hollywood Canteen.

Cugat, king of the rhumba and conga, turned out to be not only a neat stick wielder in "You Were Never Lovelier," but a slick comedian.

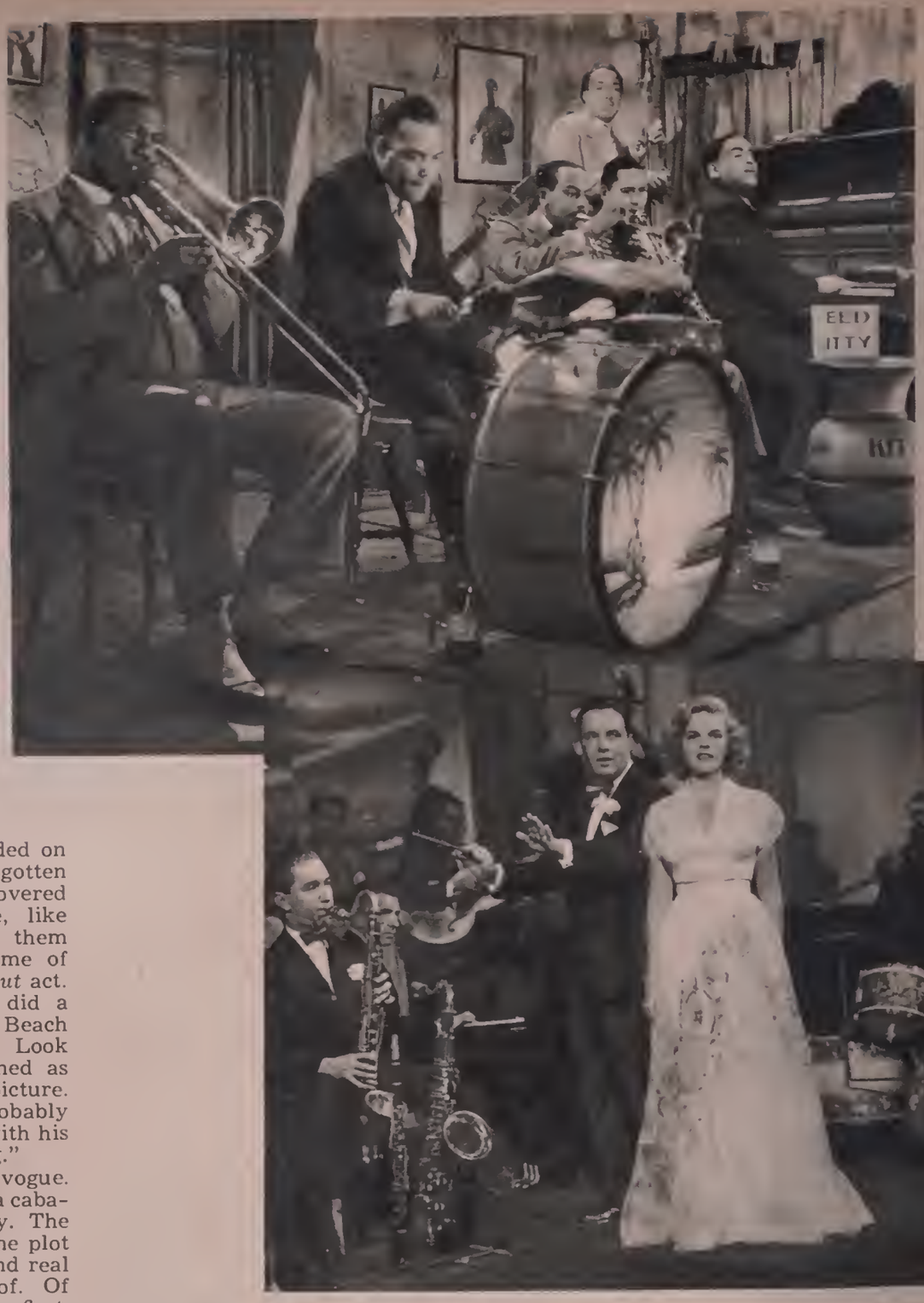
The Magic of the Jump gets really going when Cab Calloway cuts into it.

A new language was coming into vogue. People talked about "jive" and "skin-beaters" and the "dog-house" and "rug-cutting." The younger generation began wearing strange clothes and performing strange gyrations on the dance floor.

This was more "confusin' than amusin'" to the picture makers, who had decided, autocratically, that bands were dead.

Far from being dead, bands were Big Business which gave pictures quite a run for their money. They had managers, bookers, advance men, and advertising experts of their own. They made millions of dollars yearly. And they had millions of fans. That was the rub. With War looming up and all the young male stars going off, pictures needed those fans. So pictures capitulated . . . and, as usual, did it on a colossal scale.

Can you imagine a studio signing *twelve* bands? That's what MGM did. Columbia put five bands in one picture, "Reveille with Beverly," a "B" product which is cleaning up. Twentieth put three in "Stormy Weather." There isn't a studio in Hollywood, who hasn't signed at least two bands. Never has there been such a bonanza era for bands, what with their other duties, such as radio and personal appearances.

No wonder Tommy Dorsey's boys arrived on the set of "Ship Ahoy" at MGM one morning and jumped into the pool to a man. It was a practical pool, built for Eleanor Powell and Red Skelton, stars of the picture. The apoplectic assistant

Fats Waller, saan ta be seen in "Stormy Weather," got himself the best black band in the world, and all as the result of a gag.

director was looking at his watch when the Tommy Dorsey band trooped in. They looked like hell. They had been playing the Palladium, had been on the air and had made records, all within the last twelve hours. They had to wake up somehow. So they jumped into the pool, following Tommy's lead. Naturally, they didn't bother to remove their clothes. It freshened them up, however, and the make-up man had only two circles to hide under their eyes instead of the customary targets.

There was one man, however, whose circles they just couldn't hide. He was the drummer, who also held a defense job in an aircraft factory, the graveyard shift.

When the bands re-descended on Hollywood, the studios had gotten a little smarter. They'd discovered that musicians were people, like anybody else, and some of them could even act. In fact, some of them wanted to do nothing *but* act. Look at Rudy Vallee, who did a wonderful job in "Palm Beach Story" in a semi-comic role. Look at Xavier Cugat who is signed as a comedian in his next picture. Look at Kay Kyser, who probably started all the "book" plots with his "That's Right, You're Wrong."

"Book" plots became the vogue. Instead of sticking a band in a cabaret, it was fitted into the story. The musicians were woven into the plot and had real lines to speak and real situations to work in and out of. Of course, it was difficult at first. Tommy Dorsey, for instance, had to explain to his boys that when it said "Shake hands" in the script it really meant "skin man," or when it said, "Listen, fellows," what the script writer really meant was "dig this." After a while the boys began to get onto the fact that a "drummer" was really a "skin-beater." Slowly, but surely, the script was translated by Dorsey into jive talk, and his boys did a creditable job.

There's a bit of controversy raging as to who actually was responsible for the band renaissance in pictures. Some of the boys hold out for Kay Kyser and his series of pictures for RKO: "That's Right, You're Wrong," "Playmates," "My Favorite Spy," and the others. Kay, being such a good comedian himself —and a distinct picture personality —endeared himself to the movie fans right away.

Bing's baby brather, Bab, goes smaath for Judy Garland in "Presenting Lily Mars."

Some, however, hold out for Benny Goodman in the "Big Broadcast of 1936." Others feel that Artie Shaw helped a great deal with "Second Chorus," the Fred Astaire picture. Still others hold out for Glenn Miller in Twentieth's "Sun Valley Serenade," the Sonja Henie picture. There are those who claim the entire thing was started by Woody Herman in "What's Cookin'?" and Harry James, idol of many, in "Buck Private."

Then, again, Bob Crosby has his fans. They feel his band and Bob's personality gave swingsters that shot of adrenalin in pictures. Incidentally, Bob is so good that MGM has signed him as an actor. That left his band leaderless until the boys got together and voted Eddie Miller the leader, a young man who plays a lot of tenor sax. The ex-Crosby band has just been signed by Universal for "You Can't Ration Love."

But inevitably the argument gets back to Professor Kyser and such pictures as RKO's "Playmates."

In connection with "Playmates," a story is told about the late John Barrymore who was rehearsing on the Rudy Vallee air show when Kay Kyser came in.

Rudy said in an off-hand manner, "Of course, you know Kay

Tommy Dorsey is just as much the star of "DuBarry Was a Lady" as is Red Skelton. Tommy and his band, like brother Jimmy and his outfit, can't be cowed by Hollywood swank, however. In fact, on "Ship Ahoy" . . . well, read what happened.

This wacky-looking, wacky-acting gent is Spike Jones, debuting in Warners' "Thank Your Lucky Stars." He says his band shucks corn. He featured a "birdaphone." He's crazy . . . like Einstein!

Kyser, John."

Barrymore stared at the band leader. "Oh, yes. Of course, I've heard of Mr. Kyser. How do you do?"

Kyser turned red. "But, Mr. Barrymore. Surely you remember me—we just finished a picture together, 'Playmates.'"

"Oh, yes. Yes, indeed. How is the picture doing?"

Kyser turned redder. "It hasn't been released yet. It's in the cutting room at the studio."

"Oh, yes," said Barrymore turning away. "Just let me know when they expect me at the studio, and I'll be there."

A similar vagueness attacks motion picture executives when they approach bands, for example, one of the colored band leaders picked for "Stormy Weather" at Twentieth was Fats Waller.

It seems that any band that Fats Waller directs is his band, because his regular players were too scattered to enable the studio to get them together for the start of the film.

Producer William Le Baron told Fats to pick out his own personnel.

Fats thought a moment, then proceeded to write down twelve names. He pushed the list across the desk to Le Baron.

"Just get me these," he said, dead-pan.

Le Baron glanced at the list, picked up the phone, called Casting and began calling off the names Waller had written down.

"You don't really mean you're going to get me those men for my band?" demanded Waller incredulously.

"Certainly," said Le Baron.

"But I was ribbing you," Waller admitted. "Why, all those men are famous—every one of them is a band leader and has a band of his own!"

Le Baron took the news calmly. "That makes it all the better."

Believe it or not, that's how Waller got such famous colored band leaders as Zutty Singleton, Taps Miller, Ned Stanfield, and Johnny Horace, plus nine others, to play in Waller's own outfit.

Al Shenberg, assistant director for MGM, who handled the colored bands in "Cabin in the Sky," relates a tense moment in the shooting of that picture. Lena Horne, the sensational colored singer, sprained her ankle on the set, and Duke Ellington, gentleman that he is, ran over, picked her up, and carried her to her dressing-room. He had just ducked out the front door when Sergeant Joe Lewis appeared. Joe, on leave, had come to surprise the girl he admires very much. And Joe is a very jealous hombre. Sometimes he hits first and asks questions afterwards. The Duke, later, agreed it was a close shave.

Shenberg says that the traditional cry of the assistant director, "Quiet, please!" meant nothing to the bands. The moment they got on the set, they started tuning up. As Louis Armstrong put it, "I gotta put my choppers into my horn . . . loosen 'em up." Trying to direct a quiet scene against a cacophony of horns, saxes, fiddles, and percussion instruments is enough to turn any director's hair gray, if it isn't that shade already. As a matter of fact, Shenberg says that he doesn't know of a director who handled a band, who didn't turn gray overnight. He's a comparatively young man himself, and he's gray as a ghost.

"The Dorsey brothers, Ellington, and Armstrong did it," he explains.

But there are a few laughs. One came when the pallid Dorsey swingsters were dressed in chaps and ten-gallon hats for "I Dood It." That night-club tan just didn't seem to fit in with the rugged outdoor garments. The make-up men worked overtime. They turned gray, too. It seems that you can dress up cowboys to look like musicians, as is evidenced by the many cowboy bands. But you just can't dress up a musician to look like a cowboy.

One of the local boys who made good is Spike Jones, who leads a band called "The City Slickers." Spike was born next door to Hollywood, in Long Beach, and, strangely enough, did not have to go East for recognition, as Harry James did.

Spike just finished "Thank Your Lucky Stars" for Warner Brothers and has been signed by MGM, as one of those twelve bands. Spike, who looks not unlike Jimmy Cagney, was made world-famous by his recording of "Der Fuehrer's Face," which features a Bronx cheer. In "Thank Your Lucky Stars," he definitely started an innovation, in both pictures and band arrangement, when he used a billy goat as part of the band.

There is one portion in the score which calls for a loud and musical "Nyaaaaaa," and the goat supplies it beautifully.

But innovations are nothing new to the unpredictable Mr. Jones. He calls himself, frankly, "The King of Corn," and includes in his band a "birdaphone," played by a wistful gentleman known as Willie Spicer. No one has ever seen Spicer, but Spike explains that he's the man who makes that rumbling noise when the elevator starts.

New to the screen and another MGM signee is Vaughn Monroe, a six-two, broad-shouldered, two-hundred-pounder out of Carnegie Tech. Needless to say, the film scouts have their eyes on him as more than a band leader. He will make his debut in "Harum-Scarum," the Abbott-Costello picture.

As a matter of fact, besides comedians like Kay Kyser, Xavier Cugat, and Rudy Vallee, pictures will have to look toward bands for romantic leads also. Frank Sinatra with Glenn Miller, for instance, gets as much fan mail as Gable did. And Bob Eberly with Jimmie Dorsey is the Bob Taylor of bands.

Ask a musician which of the band pictures he liked best, and he will think a minute. "Sun Valley Serenade" was all right and so was "Reveille with Beverly." But as an almost unanimous choice, they will pick "Orchestra Wives," because they all feel the band was intelligently used in that picture. Even musicians think that musicians are people. As for the picture producers, they're convinced (at the present writing), that bands are here to stay.

THE END

SHOPPING ON GLITTER STREET

IN THE beginning Hollywood was nothing but orange groves and movie studios. Today it is the spirit that animates both Los Angeles and Beverly Hills. As it has become more influential and its people have become richer, the shops have sprung up. But only since gas rationing has it, in its otherwise sprawling existence, had one street predominately smarter than the sum of all its other streets.

In the Paris that used to be, this street was the very brief Rue de la Paix. In London it is Bond Street. In New York it's Fifth Avenue around the Plaza. In Hollywood it is two short blocks on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills.

below—Our first stop was Howard Greer's smart shop where every gown, coat, and suit is custom-made; Lynn, seated next to Greer himself, admired this dress but didn't buy it. (Later Ingrid Bergman did.) below right—Having ordered a new suit, Lynn strides forth from Greer's on her way to Adrian's, half a block away.

above—Despite the fur coats, it was duly spring on the calendar, if not on the thermometer, the morning that Lynn Bari and the editor of Movieland decided to trot along Rodeo Drive in search of new clothes. Just about to leave Movieland's office, Miss W. had to turn back to get the car keys she had (as always) forgotten.

above—Adrian, himself, was away in New York, but Lynn quickly decided upon this loud-checked suit which he calls, "Sadie Thompson, 1943." The suit requires, as you can readily see, the perfect figure, and the perfect figure is what Miss Bari has a neat bit of. Here she is getting a touch of masterly fitting while Miss W. looks enviously on.

left— What's the joy of getting new dresses if you don't get new hats to go with them? Lynn, invading John-Frederics' famous hat shop, stops to give a wandering soldier an autograph.

left—"Oh, I like this," says Lynn, "but you know how men are. They hate big hats. They get in their way while doncing."

above—Hats like these go not only to a gal's head but straight through the pocketbook. Madame Savoier tries to sell Lynn this number all pinks and orchid. "That's too crazy," says Lynn.

"I want this." Madame Savoier says. "You'll have to wear your hair in a new pompadour to do it justice." "Okay," says Lynn. "But Sid will go for this." (Sid is Sid Luft, test pilot, who has a padlock on Lynn's heart.)

above—Leaving the hat she had started out with originally (thot needed o new veil) corrying the new treosure, Lynn felt food wos in order. So she and ye invoded Romonoff's, run by the famous Prince Mike Romanoff, who is not a reol Prince ot oll, but twice os smart ond three times more omusing thon o houseful of Bourbons.

Inside Romonoff's, which is the most popular of today's Hollywood restouronts (ond ouch, those prices), dashing Lt. Charles Elin captures Lynn, whereupon Miss W. (for once not forgetting o thing) sensibly fades from the picture.

Van dated the whole glamour circuit . . . and there wasn't an unattached girl in town who wasn't delighted to go out with him. Here he is recently with Claire Trevor.

"Van Johnson's Going to Live!"

HOLLYWOOD'S SHOUTING THIS JOYOUSLY, AND HERE ARE THE REASONS WHY

by ALICE L. TILDESLEY

THE day after Van Johnson's accident, nobody did any work on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot.

"Have you heard about Van?" "What do they say about Van?" "How is he?" "Is there anything I can do?" "Oh, what can I do for him?"

Everyone was concerned about that blithe redhead whose infectious laughter used to set stage walls echoing.

You know Van. He was in the last two "Dr. Gillespie" pictures, in "The War Against Mrs. Hadley," "Destination Tokio," and "The Human Comedy." Six foot-two, red-gold hair, bright blue eyes, as full of high spirits as a college kid.

You hear so much about professional jealousy in Hollywood, and generally it is absolutely true. But not about Van. Electricians, camera crews, stenographers, waitresses, executives, and the lot police audibly worried about him. So did Joan Crawford, Richard Whorf, and Victor Fleming. Gene Kelly was ill with sympathy. Jean Pierre Aumont kept telephones ringing for days, trying to find a way to help. Irene Dunne and every member of the company making "A Guy Named Joe," in which Van was cast, urged that they hold the production for him. There wasn't an actor to be found who would even consider stepping into Van's role, to take that part away from him and permit the picture to go on.

Spencer Tracy rushed to the hospital and tried to give his own blood to the injured boy, but the blood bank was quicker, so they drew on that. Van was entitled to his quota of plasma, for he had just given his fifth donation the week before.

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz went to the hospital that night of the accident, too—like everyone else eager to do something. Lucille was in tears. She kept repeating that she was the one who had made Van go to MGM in the first place. Desi told her not to be silly, but you could see he was taking it as hard as was she.

You should have been there the day after the operation when MGM got the good news that Van was going to be all right. It was like Fourth of July.

I wonder whether I can explain about Van and why he changes Hollywood's emotions that way.

It wasn't what he did that made people care about him. It was what he is.

You couldn't help liking him. Whenever he met anyone, he came forward eagerly, expecting to be pleased. In five minutes, you felt you knew him well. When you spoke to him, he gave you his whole attention, his delighted attention—no glancing out of the side of his eye to see who that was who just came in, no tilting an ear toward a nearby conversation. You were the Queen of the May so far as he was concerned. He made everybody respond to that.

You couldn't imagine his doing anything mean. You liked to think he was a typical American boy, gay, sincere, ambitious, and enthusiastic.

Everything seemed exciting to him—Hollywood, pictures, stars, his own career. They used to kid him on the set because he was so thrilled with it all. In his first scene with Spencer Tracy in "A Guy Named Joe," Van nearly broke up the company. Spencer and Irene had just finished a sad little love scene (Spencer is supposed to be dead but has "come through" to Irene), when Van made his entrance. He came bounding in, with such tremendous vitality, such exalted joy, that he took everyone's breath away.

Spencer roared. When he could stop laughing, he said to Director Fleming, "Look. When this kid arrives, I'm really dead!"

Van adored Spencer. He confided that he intended to keep in the background whenever he worked with his idol. "He's so good! I'll spend all my time studying him. I'll be his shadow!" Van was always letter perfect, never missed a cue or a line. He was also always somewhere near Spencer, though he never talked to his hero unless Spencer spoke first.

"See that kid with the freckled face and the shining, homely mug?" Spencer indicated Van to a girl publicist one day.

"He's not homely!" the girl contradicted, indignantly. "He's handsome."

It was almost like Fate, the dangerous automobile accident in which young Van Johnson nearly lost his life. But it's more than Fate that made all Hollywood pull for his recovery.

"That's an illusion," laughed Spencer. "But take a good look at him. That kid, if his hair were redder, is exactly as I was at his age."

"But were you as boundlessly enthusiastic as he is?"

"Who—me? I was in everyone's hair!"

Van had a scene with Irene Dunne in which he proposed and she accepted him, whereupon he picked her up and whirled her around several times in great excitement. At rehearsals he repeated this action with such vigor that Irene grew dizzy and her hair began to fall down.

"*This* is only rehearsal, Van," the director reminded him. "You needn't do all the business. Just indicate it."

Van looked at him, dismayed. "But I can't help it. I feel this scene —terribly!"

In spite of his ebullience in other things, Van was a careful driver. His closest friend, Keenan Wynn, thinks it strange that he should have had an automobile accident.

"He was the most conservative driver I ever met," Keenan told me, earnestly. "The rest of us might take risks, but not Van. He was the kind of driver who comes to a full stop at all boulevards, looks both ways, and puts the gears into first before he goes on.

"It was almost as if the accident were meant to be, a pre-ordained, near-tragedy.

"Van lived in an apartment near my house and took most of his meals with us, so that he was part of the family. My baby can't understand why he doesn't come home; he keeps saying, 'Where Ban? Where Ban?' He can't say V.

"That night, Van had arranged for five of us to see a preview of Spencer Tracy's picture, 'Keeper of the Flame.' He had seen it twice, but he was so mad about Tracy, he thought he'd learn a lot by watching him again. We alternated cars as a rule, to save gas, and it was my turn to use my car, but no, Van wanted to use his.

" 'I'll put the top up,' Van promised. And he did.

"Against our advice, he drove by backways and byways to the studio, instead of going by main boulevards, as we usually did. We all kept shouting at him to turn here—not to go there—in the maddening fashion of backseat drivers, but he went obstinately on. It was like 'Appointment in Samarra,' my wife says, like fate, in other words. Van doesn't know why he drove that way.

"We had a silly saying we used as a gag: 'Here comes a truck—ca-rash!' we'd say. Van had just stopped at the boulevard and was saying 'Ca-rash!' when that other car came and 'Ca-rash!'—it turned us over. We escaped miraculously, with only minor scratches, but Van —we had agonizing hours when we thought he must be dead.

"Van was badly hurt, terribly hurt, almost decapitated. Why he didn't die, nobody knows. Yet even as he lay there in the street, after the first shock, the blood streaming down his face, he joked. Do you know how he referred to the accident? . . . 'Head-hunting in Culver City!' "

Keenan reached him first, and when he saw that his friend was conscious, leaned down and spoke in his ear. "You're not scarred," he said. "You're not scarred a bit." Van heard and understood because he smiled.

Later at the hospital, after the doctors had taken innumerable stitches and he lay bandaged on a stretcher, waiting to be taken to his room, he whispered, jerking an injured thumb at himself, "Dr. Gillespie's assistant!"

Next morning, when Keenan stopped at the hospital, he found Van feeling his head bandage. "I'd better be buying a new turban," he remarked. "This one is getting dated. Page Lily Dache."

He was thrilled to hear that MGM is holding the picture for him. When Irene sent word that she would go immediately into "White Cliffs of Dover" and "A Guy Named Joe" would be set back some weeks, he was elated. "Yah-ti-ti-ttah!" he greeted Keenan. "This is a great delay. I've a million new ideas for my part!"

Van's career is so important to him. He's always studying technique, always watching other actors, always working on his voice. Although he was a football player in college, he doesn't go in for athletics. He lies in the sun by the swimming pool, maybe swimming a little now and then, but mostly sunning himself, reading scripts, and scheming ways to get ahead.

He loves Keenan's baby intensely, but if the infant had a cold, Van wouldn't go near him. "If I catch it, I might not be able to go to work," he'd say.

"The only hobby he's ever had is his motorcycle," Keenan says. "At first, when I got mine, Van wasn't interested. He had no mechanical bent and didn't care how anything worked. Once in a while he'd ride on the back with me.

"Then one day I took him to a motorcycle lot and got him to try one out. We showed him how it ran, and he drove it around the block. Presently, he bought it for six hundred dollars—the first time I ever knew him to spend money on himself. We went out together on short trips. Van couldn't seem to learn to start his machine, so I'd start it, but soon I decided he'd better learn, so one day, when we were far out, I got on mine, waved at him and drove off. He had to find out how to start his—or else. He came home, thrilled to the gills because he found he could do it. Not mad at me, just sky-high that he'd conquered his motorcycle.

"The second week he was at the hospital he said to me, 'I know I can't see it—I mustn't move. But couldn't you bring my motorcycle under the window and start it, so I can hear the motor?' He'd got so he listened for noises in the motor and thought he knew what each sound meant."

Van loves to take his friends to share his pleasant discoveries. "I've found the most marvelous place to eat!" he'd cry. Before gas rationing they'd all pop into a car and drive miles up the coast, into the valley, or high into the mountains to try it. Lately, they usually found the marvelous places closed for the duration, or that the Army had taken them over, and Van would laugh. He didn't think it mattered—after all, they'd had a lovely ride!

Van and Keenan met in New York when both of them were working for that famous Broadway producer, George Abbott. Keenan was in a road company of "Room Service," Van in the New York cast of "Too Many Girls."

"Abbott players are all one big happy family, so we knew each other more or less casually," related Keenan. "That was about five years ago.

"Once we were both in Hollywood, we naturally gravitated toward each other. It's nice to know somebody in a strange new world, you know. The more we saw of each other, the closer we grew. Now we're like brothers. Naturally, Van came home to us from the hospital, though practically everybody in Hollywood wanted him at their houses."

Modesty seems an alien virtue for so infectiously joyous a person as Van. But he is modest.

When he first came from New York, he was under contract to another studio, for whom he did one unimportant role. After chafing through months of idleness, he asked for and obtained his release. That night he had dinner at Chasen's with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. Billy Grady, MGM's talent scout and manager, stopped by the table to speak to Lucille. It happened that Grady had seen Van in New York a year or so earlier, had offered him a picture contract which Van hadn't accepted because he was doing a Broadway play.

"What are you doing now, Van?" Grady asked, in passing.

Lucille said he was open for engagements, and Grady invited him to drop in at the studio next day. When Grady left, Lucille asked Van what time he'd go to MGM.

"Oh, I'm not going! Grady only asked me because of you. He couldn't get out of it. I wouldn't embarrass him," said Van.

Lucille threw out her hands helplessly. "Embarrass him, my eye! Listen to me, Van. You get over there at ten o'clock tomorrow. MGM needs you. You'll see. They'll be glad to get you!"

So Van went. And MGM was glad.

Now the whole lot's waiting for Van to come back! So is Hollywood.

Happy ending, isn't it?

THE FOUR BEST PICTURES

EDGE OF DARKNESS

Even if you have an aversion to war pictures (this reviewer admittedly has), see "Edge of Darkness." It tells the fate of one Norwegian village under Nazi domination.

Captain Koenig (Helmut Dantine), hated both by the Norwegians and his own men, lives only for recognition from Hitler. His girl companion is an escaped Pole.

THE MORE THE MERRIER

Jean Arthur, patriotic Washington stenographer, rents half her apartment to relieve the housing shortage. To her surprise, she finds her tenant an elderly gentleman.

Charles Coburn, said gentleman, decides Jean needs some romance, despite her protests that she is engaged, and rents half of his half of the apartment to Joel McCrea, a sergeant.

MY FRIEND, FLICKA

Endearing is the word for "My Friend, Flicka," the story of a boy's love for a wild colt he tames. Poor at studies and chores, Roddy MacDowell awakes when given this pet.

"Flicka" is as undisciplined as the boy, runs into a wire fence, won't be halter broke, becomes ill. As Roddy's father, Preston Foster wants to put the horse out of its misery.

HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO

The gaudy honky-tonk atmosphere of San Francisco at the beginning of this century forms the background for Alice Faye's screen return. She sings a cavalcade of old songs.

Johnny Cornell, an ambitious song-and-dance man (John Payne, and very swell, too), wants to make a million and a house on aristocratic Nob Hill. So he marries Lynn Bari.

OF THE MONTH

MORE MOVIE REVIEWS ON PAGE 6

Prepared to put down any rebellion, Koenig is constantly bested by the underground, the ringleader of which is a young fisherman (Errol Flynn) and sweetheart (Ann Sheridan), both working with England.

They are betrayed to Koenig by Ann's brother and uncle, who hope to escape death thereby. Go see how this magnificent drama ends. The whole cast is fine, but Helmut Dantine emerges as the star.

Neither Jean nor Joel will admit how attracted they are to one another until Coburn manages to bring them together, with the fiance, and jealousy begins flooding the place.

When the fiance discovers Joel lives with Jean—well, you must see this. The cast is perfect, the lines are always funny, the love scenes are riotous, and it's all a blessing in these dark days.

Mama, Rita Johnson, protests, and Roddy, finding Flicka fallen into a stream, stays all night with his colt, gets pneumonia himself as the result, thus staying the horse's execution.

You really must see this and its very happy ending. Beautifully photographed in color, it is charmingly played. Kids will love it, and parents will be touched and gratified by the lesson it teaches.

Alice goes on to new triumphs in London, but Jack Oakie and riotous June Havoc, as the balance of the act, slip down. Johnny finds society less than he expected it, and himself not so smart.

Of course it all works out satisfactorily, but not before Alice has sung "Lindy Lou," "Shine On, Harvest Moon," and a dozen others, and not before Jack Oakie has handed you many a laugh. See this one.

"MA HARDY" ADOPTS A DAUGHTER

FAY HOLDEN, the beloved "Ma Hardy" of the best loved screen family, has acquired a daughter.

A lovely twenty-year-old young actress is Fay's daughter, an actress named Mary McLeod. True as "Ma Hardy," Fay has mothered Cecilia Parker and Mickey Rooney for quite a few years. But this is the first time she has played a mother role in real life. And hereby hangs a story, which does much to reveal why Fay has become such a "mother ideal" to millions of movie fans throughout the world.

Fay Holden and Mary McLeod first met in Vancouver, Canada, about eight years ago.

At that time Miss Holden under the name of Gaby Fay was the leading lady of her husband's (David Clyde) stock company.

Mary was one of her most ardent admirers. Every Saturday matinee the little twelve year old girl would sit in the audience idolizing her favorite. Then at home she would stand before a long mirror and try to imitate her. Her nightly prayer was the wish that someday she might meet Gaby Fay in person. With this in mind she would hang around the stage door, hoping to get a glimpse of her.

One day the miracle happened. Gaby Fay noticed the little girl and stopped to talk to her. Flustered Mary blurted out how much she admired her, she herself wanted to be an actress and invited Fay to come to see a school play she was going to act in the following week —all in one breath.

To the child's amazement the actress not only attended the school

Fay has a real wishing well and here Mary dropped pennies while waiting for "something to turn up."

Lessons from expert to amateur — invaluable training for ambitious girl.

Warm hearted Fay Holden proved the "Lucky Star" for pretty, young Mary McLeod

by VIVIAN COSBY

Photography by Nat Dallinger

below—Mary acted like a real daughter and helped with the housework daily.

Nightly, Fay and Mary would discuss scripts and dramatic situations.

right—Fay with her husband, Dave Clyde, took Mary right into their home and heart.

play, but came back stage afterward and told Mary that she showed unusual talent. She even offered to coach the little girl. Thrilled to the very bows on her pumps at this dazzling turn of events, Mary worked hard to please her teacher, learning how to walk, learning how to speak.

Then at the end of the season came heartache. The stock company was leaving Vancouver, and it was doubtful when Mary would see Fay and Dave Clyde again, if ever. Before leaving, May made her pupil promise she would not neglect her education. There was plenty of time for acting after she finished school. Mary dutifully promised, her heart a cold hunk of lead in her flat, young chest.

During the next eight years Gaby Fay changed her name to Fay Holden, went into the movies, and became famous in the character of Ma Hardy. Mary grew up and became a school teacher. And that, supposed Miss Holden, was that.

Eight months ago, sitting in her garden quietly reading her mail, Fay opened a letter from Mary McLeod that startled her out of her serenity. For Mary had written she was coming to Hollywood to get into the movies. She was leaving her home. She was leaving teaching. She had to act!

Immediately Fay thought of all the girls who had tried to crash the gates of Hollywood, only to go home, broken in spirit. She did not want this to happen to sweet, pretty Mary, so she wrote immediately and forcefully to advise her erstwhile prodigy against taking such a step.

But even while Fay was writing the letter, Mary was on a train bound for Hollywood. Her feelings were very much mixed up. When she had left Vancouver, she felt very confident, but as she got farther away from home, she began to feel shaky.

After all she had never been away from home before, and the only person she knew in Hollywood, she had not seen for eight years. Supposing Fay did not want to be bothered with her?

Mary needn't have worried on this score. The moment Mary telephoned that she was in town, Fay rushed to welcome her with open arms. She insisted upon taking Mary to her valley home with her to meet Dave, her husband. But that very first night Dave and Fay held a council, with Mary the center of it. They explained to Mary how difficult it was to get a foothold in Hollywood. They told her about the fifteen thousand extra girls who were registered for work. Even if she had way above the average talent, it might take more than a year to get even a chance. Again they advised her to return home.

With tears in her eyes Mary told them how unhappy she was teaching school. The only reason she had studied to be a school teacher was to earn enough money to finance a career as an actress. She had hated every minute of it. Even in college she had studied dramatics on the side and occasionally played in sketches for the Canadian Broadcasting Company.

The girl's sincerity touched Fay, and she did not have the heart to continue arguing against a movie career. So she agreed to lend a helping hand, providing Mary would look upon the whole episode as a holiday. If she got a break, okay. If not, she was to return to her teaching job without any regrets. Mary agreed to this.

To seal the bargain she and Fay had a little ceremony at the wishing well in the garden. Mary looked at the image of her face in the water, then dropped in a coin, at the same time making a wish she would become a movie actress.

In the days following Fay and Mary would arise early in order to get the house work out of the way (for the servant problem had struck the Clyde household with a vengeance) in order to go on clothes shopping tours. They had a little difficulty with this at first because Miss Holden still kept thinking of Mary as a little girl of twelve. Finally, however, she did accept the fact that she was grown up. When the new wardrobe was completed, Fay spent a few days coaching her pupil. Then she was ready for the first important step.

Fay took Mary to her own agent. His reaction was a bit disappointing. He thought Mary should be glamorized. True, he admitted, Mary was attractive with her large brown

eyes and nice smile, but she lacked dash and dazzle. Something should be done to give her the "oomph" routine.

Ma Hardy did not agree with him. She declared Mary's simplicity and sincerity were the very qualities which made her different. Although the agent did not agree with Fay, he promised to see what he could do. And he was a man of his word, for a week later he got Mary a chance to make a test at MGM.

The first results of the test were very gratifying. There were rumors that MGM liked Mary and thought she might become a young Mary Astor. Frank Lloyd, the director, asked to see the test, and even another studio expressed interest.

In spite of this, weeks flew by without anything actually happening. Fay and Dave redoubled their efforts to do things to make Mary happy.

There was no denying, though, they were all under a nervous strain. Every time the phone rang Fay would hurry to it, hoping it would be good news. Nothing at all happened. All those cheerful rumors seemed to have turned out to be just rumors.

All too soon the time came for Mary to go home. Bravely she packed and tried hard to live up to her bargain of regarding her visit in Hollywood as just a holiday. Watching her, Fay felt miserable. She had come to love the girl as she would the daughter she'd never had. She was going to miss her. Perhaps, she thought, if she had allowed Mary to be glamorized, things would have turned out differently. Hoping to take away a little of the sting of the girl's disappointment, Fay planned a lovely farewell party for her.

At the party Mary proved she was really a clever actress. For as she gayly moved among the guests and later opened her going away gifts, no one would ever suspect she was concealing discouragement. Only Fay and Dave knew, and they marveled at her poise.

While the buffet supper was being served, Fay was summoned to the telephone. When she returned her eyes were shining. She picked up a glass of wine and said to the guests, "I propose we drink a toast. Not to Mary's going away but to the news that MGM has just signed her to a contract. She is to have a small part in 'Keeper of the Flame.' "

So the little school teacher's dream came true. She wasn't going to have to go home. She was going to stay, be part of Hollywood, not Miss McLeod, the nobody, but Mary McLeod, the actress. It was a divine and wonderful moment.

On the set of "Keeper of the Flame," Mary was nervous. To start your career in a picture with Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy is really something to be nervous about. Fay had refused to accompany her to the studio for she felt Mary should stand on her own two feet, from the very start.

Mary, however, certainly wished she had her "adopted" mother's moral support when she played her first scene. She gave it her all. She played it so thoroughly that when she had finished, the director quietly said, "Miss McLeod, please remember you're not acting in a little theater in Vancouver but in an A picture." The young actress wanted to go through the floor. Instead she listened carefully to the director's instruction, then went before the camera, calmed down, and did a good job.

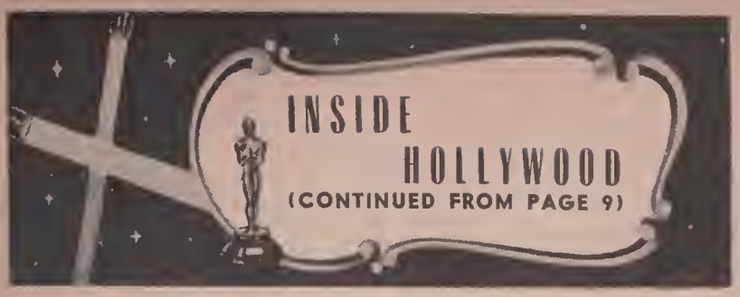
Following "Keeper of the Flame," Republic borrowed Mary for the female lead in "London Blackout Murder." Next she did "Bataan" with Robert Taylor. And right now she is back at Republic to make "Purple V."

Quite rapid progress for a newcomer! But Mary is taking it as calmly as she humanly can. She realizes she still has a lot to learn and spends all her spare time studying. For the biggest ambition in her life is to make Fay Holden proud of her.

(P. S. Fay doesn't tell her she is almost busting her buttons with pride in her already.)

THE END

The happy ending—Mary in the leading role of Republic's "The Purple V."



SHIRLEY TEMPLE IS CERTAINLY GROWING UP

The other day she appeared in Adrian's smart Beverly Hills custom dress show with a quite daring evening gown over her arm. She had lost weight since purchasing it a few weeks previously and had brought it back to have the expert fitters take it in.

When she finished her fitting, she sat in the main salon watching the long, leggy models glide by in their finery. She ordered two suits and a dinner dress.

Watching this pretty young woman, with bright lipsticked lips and smart coiffure, remembering little "Miss Corkscrew Curls" only a few years back, we make a prophesy: Shirley will be one of the few child stars to become a grown-up star of full magnitude. She has already proved she has the talent. Now she has the beauty, too.

TOO GOOD TO HOLD BACK

The irrepressible Eddie Sutherland, who is the "oldest" young director in pictures and who just finished putting Bing Crosby through his paces in "Dixie" tells this story.

Recently he attended the funeral of a prominent Hollywoodian. He went to the home of the deceased, then to the church services, finally to the cemetery.

Next to Eddie through the sorrowful journey was an old fellow, obviously an actor. He was so feeble that the director had to help him along several times.

Finally the burial ceremonies were completed, and Eddie turned to the oldster as they started to leave the cemetery.

"How old are you, Charlie," he asked.

"Ninety-eight," replied the ancient.

"Hardly worth while going home, is it?" asked Eddie.

Maria Manton, eighteen-year-old stage-actress daughter of glamorous Marlene Dietrich is seen in her first night-club appearance with her fiance, the amusing, talented British actor, Richard Hayden. Their marriage is temporarily delayed for the duration. They are seen at Club Mocambo on their last evening together before Dick sailed for military duty in England.

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AT THE TOP OF THE LADDER

Stars moan, "If I could only find the right role . . ."

When they say that, you know they are not so potent at the box-office as they once were. For good roles are constantly found for stars who really draw.

Best current example is that of Greer Garson. Every important woman's book that is bought these days at MGM is announced as for the exquisite redhead. Right now she is doing "Madame Curie." Next she gets the best seller, "Drivin' Woman," after that probably.

It makes the other woman stars at MGM writhe with envy. They can barely recall that two years ago MGM thought they had a dud in their undiscovered Mrs. Miniver.

Of course, it doesn't always work this way. Sometimes the reverse is true. Warners' have had "Mrs. Skeffington" for two years, been unable to cast it because the heroine is fifty years old.

A few weeks ago Warners' announced the picture for Alexis Smith, the fastest climbing girl on their lot.

A week later, Bette Davis announced she would play "Mrs. Skeffington," which just goes to prove once again why Bette stays supreme. Bette knows competition when she sees it . . . and how to remove it successfully, too.

A COMPLAINT FROM AFRICA

According to the Hollywood Reporter, a movie trade paper, Humphrey Bogart is going around Hollywood displaying his favorite fan letter. It's from an American soldier "somewhere in North Africa," and what slays Bogey is its ending.

Says the letter: *"I saw your picture 'Casablanca' in Oran, and now that I'm in Casablanca, I want to say that the town looks just like it did in the movie. But what I'd like to know is, where the h - - - is Ingrid Bergman?"*

THAT HAYWORTH GAL KNOWS HOW

Tip To Other Hollywood Stars on How To Stay On Top: Monday nights on the early shift at the Hollywood Canteen were as devoid of film stars as a studio on Sunday afternoon.

Harriet Parsons, the producer, who was captain of that shift, called and called name stars and got all kinds and types of excuses and promises. No one really seemed anxious to turn out for that particular time.

Finally in desperation Harriet called Rita Hayworth. She explained carefully that she would be appreciative if Rita could turn up if even for just one hour. She explained that there weren't too many boys coming in on that shift, but that they wanted to see some movie stars.

Rita said simply, "I'll come." No hedging about coming perhaps the following week, if she wasn't working or anything.

She arrived that Monday night, and not for just an hour but for the full shift from seven to nine-thirty.

Some people wonder how movie stars are made. Hayworth is a perfect example of the best kind. No request is too much or too inconvenient for her.

She is there, she is sweet, she is glamorous, and she is every inch the type of star that wins applause for Hollywood.

SISTER FOLLOWS IN BROTHER'S PATH

That pretty Neila Hart you will be seeing in Columbia productions is none other than the little sis of Robert Sterling. She will be a success, for it was at that studio Bob started on his road to fame. It was lucky for him and should be lucky for her.

AFTER THE MILK WAS DRUNK

Strange Sights Department:
It happened at smart Ciro's the other night. Sitting at a ringside table was a party comprised of Gary and Rocky Cooper, Ingrid Bergman and Major Croxton, a friend of the Coopers. All around them were people drinking champagne and highballs. But the foursome at the Cooper table ordered three bottles of milk and scrambled eggs. And they seemed to like it, too.

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SIX KINDS OF

1

2

3

1. Redating one onother o very greot deol, Poulette Goddord (ond did you ever see her looking lovelier thon here ot the Ployers) ond Chorles Choplin. Such good friends, they protest, when queried. (Of course, they did divorce one onother, but whot of thot?)

2. Gobin ond Dietrich, still together. Of course Morlene is still Mrs. Rudolph Seiber, ond her daughter, os you've read, is now engaged to Richord Hoyden who hos returned to Englond.

3. Oh, we're only discussing business, insist Morgo ond Agent Wynn Rocomoro, when you see them beoming ot one another nightly ot the Mocambo.

HOLLYWOOD LOVE

4

5

6

4. Susie Peters and Dick Quine. Sweetest, most normal love round town right now. Dick leaves for service soon. They were going to wait to wed till after the war, but now they say early fall.

5. Capt. John Huston and Olivia de Havilland. It certainly looks like Olivia's most fatal romance, but no one knows certainly whether Huston is yet divorced. Everybody knows, however, he must leave soon for an assignment in the war zone.

6. Maria Montez and Pierre Aumont. Says Maria, "I looooove Pierre. We are engaged." Says Pierre nothing. Says Hollywood, Pierre is going back to fight for free France and that will be that.

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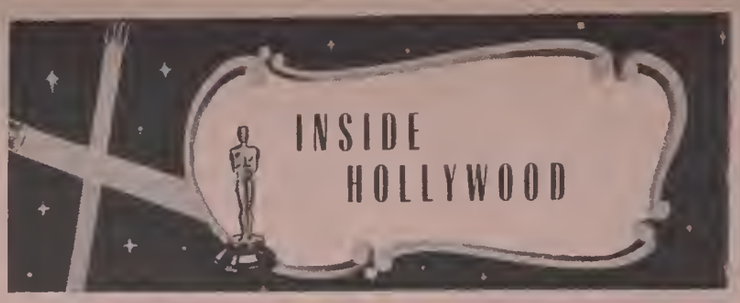

THE MYSTERY MAN WITH HAYWORTH

Everyone in movieland was whispering about pretty Rita Hayworth dining in a secluded corner of the Beachcombers restaurant in Hollywood. As the gossip got hot, every bachelor or near-bachelor in town was the lucky gentleman.

The truth is that the gentleman was Orson Welles, and he was talking over a radio script with Rita. It seems that Orson was to take over a certain radio show while the comedian was away and had picked Rita for the guest star. So they met in the eatery to discuss the script. The Hayworth heart is on the high seas, and everyone knows it.

Of course, you can't blame Orson for trying to mix a little pleasure with business, but we would lay ten to one that he didn't get anywhere.

NO PUBLICITY FOR THIS EVENT

Interesting story about the "illness" which keeps Teresa Wright from being in what was to be her first starring role for Samuel Goldwyn (after a two-year publicity campaign at his expense) is that Teresa is about to have a baby. Some months ago Miss Wright's husband, Niven Busch, Goldwyn story editor, and Mr. Goldwyn parted company at Mr. Goldwyn's insistence. Goldwyn refused to have publicity about Miss Wright's baby being the reason for her inability to star in "North Star" because he felt that some meanies around town might say it was Mr. Niven's revenge.

THE PRESS FORMS AN OPINION

An interesting development took place right after Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer discovered they had a terrific smash hit in William Saroyan's screen play "The Human Comedy."

Mr. Saroyan had been fired from the lot before production started and then entered the army. The army, evidently, didn't think too much of Mr. Saroyan's writings and paid little or no attention until the publicity

Blonde Jennifer Halt (Jack's daughter) is caught removing a button from the tunic of R. A. F. flyer, Robin Sinclair.

Looks here as if George Raft isn't toting too big a torch for Betty Grable. His cheerful little armful is Georgia Walters.

New boy in town, Borry Nelson of MGM, goes out with one of the cutest of the new girls, Acquanetta of Universol, who tosses salt over her left shoulder to bring them both luck.

campaign was launched on what Time magazine called "the greatest picture ever made on this planet."

Immediately after the review, Saroyan was called in by his superiors and ordered to write a story about a soldier who went AWOL for two weeks. Saroyan was asked how long it would take him. He replied, "Two weeks."

"Impossible," said the commanding officer, "you'll have to do it after hours."

So Saroyan went AWOL for two weeks, returned with the story. The army got and liked the story. Bill Saroyan got KP duty for thirty days.

"AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT"

Only Hollywood ribbers will get it, but C. B. DeMille is cashing in on his most embarrassing moment for "The Story of Dr. Wassell." The story is still repeated to any newcomer of DeMille's boner at the Motion Picture Academy dinner last year when he referred to the Chinese Ambassador as the "Japanese envoy."

DeMille blushingly corrected himself at once, and Dr. Hu Shih, the gentleman referred to, smiled understandingly . . . but columnists still refer to it as an "international incident." DeMille, naturally, has smarted a little under the rebuffs. Now, he has had a sequence written into "The Story of Dr. Wassell" where Gary Cooper grabs a small boy during a bombing raid and gives him to a sailor, saying, "Keep this kid occupied!"

The sailor rocks the infant uncertainly in his arms and then starts to croon a lullaby. "Just a Japanese sandman," he sings, then catches himself and corrects it desperately to "Just a Chinese sandman."

HE STEALS SECRETARIES

Claudette Colbert's brother, Charles Wendling, has stolen her secretary again. This is the third one he's taken away from his sister. You see, he marries them. This third and last one is Patricia Donahue, from the famous Donahue family in New York.

Claudette, Charles, and Patricia have been friends for over fifteen years. Last year Pat came to Hollywood for a vacation, met Claudette, and accepted the job of her secretary. Enter Charlie, divorced from wife number two. This time Claudette is going to get a secretary about fifty, married, and with six children, but Pat says her sister-in-law doesn't need to worry.

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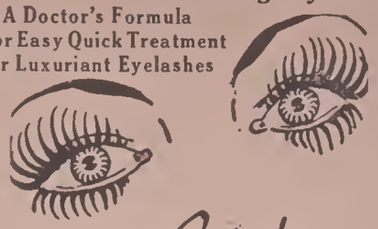

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YOUR GUIDE TO CHARM!

Part of Contents

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1. How to take care of your skin.
2. Professional Make-up Tricks.
3. Secrets of Smart Hair-Styling.
4. Hands can tell a tale: manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight
12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a woman smartly dressed? Knows her type never overdressed—never conscious of clothes yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
22. The normal figure woman: how to select the most becoming clothes; what goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
26. What men don't like in women's clothes or groomine.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

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29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
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40. What to do if your husband flirts; if someone's husband flirts with you.
41. Having a good time at a party.
42. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
43. How are your telephone manners?
44. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
45. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
46. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
47. Some age-old problems and their answers: To kiss or not to kiss; to drink or not; can a woman visit a man's apartment; can you invite a man to your room?
48. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
49. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others: let people know your likes and dislikes.
50. How to handle the question of money matters: with husband, friends, etc.
51. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerlain's Pertume"? etc., etc.
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Ladies . . . no more expensive hosiery mending bills. Now, in just a few minutes of your spare time, you not only save many dollars, but you also make as good as new the valuable, precious hosiery you can't replace at any price! Don't throw hose away because of runs, snags or rips. Here is today's great answer to hosiery shortage. By acting now, while they last, you can get this sensational discovery HOSE-MENDER at such a low price you'll be amazed and delighted!

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PERMANENT WAVE Complete Home Kit 59¢

June Lang Glamorous movie star praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave. Why not give yourself a lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave at home?

Ann Gillis Hollywood's cute "teen-aged" starlet shown with her stunning Charm-Kurl Permanent. Mothers why not beautify your daughter's hair with a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

Tina Thayer Mickey Rooney's lovable new screen star sweetheart in M. G. M.'s "A Yank at Eton" is pictured above with her lustrous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

Lillian Elliott One of the screen's loveliest mothers is thrilled with her Charm-Kurl. Monogram features her in "Road to Happiness." A Charm-Kurl Permanent enhances the attractiveness of older women.

Fay McKenzie The star of Republic's "Remember Pearl Harbor" is delighted with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave as shown in the above photograph.

So Easy Even a Child Can Do It

Charm-Kurl is easy and safe to use; no experience required; contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia; requires no machines or dryers, heat or electricity. Desirable for both women and children.

USERS PRAISE IT

Here are excerpts from a few of many letters of praise received from Charm-Kurl users:

"I am so proud of the Charm-Kurl Permanent I gave my 2 little girls. It's soft, natural." Mrs. W. P. Van Deusen, Minn.

Gives Natural Wave

"I've been a user of Charm-Kurl for some time and I like it very much. It gives me a nice, natural wave." Mrs. B. Maina, Ill.

Lasted 9 Months

"I have used Charm-Kurl before and it is really wonderful. My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a $10 permanent."
Miss Ruth Henry, Ohio.

Makes Hair Look Natural Curly

"I would ten times rather have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curly, and soft."
Carolyn Fleet, Penn.

Permanent Far Above Expectations

"The permanent which I gave my little girl was far above expectations and her hair which is soft and fine was not harmed in the least but looked like a natural wave."
Mrs. W. E. Williams, Maryland.

Delighted with Results

"I am more than delighted with the results of my Charm-Kurl. It's soft and fluffy, and it was the most "painless" permanent I ever had." Mrs. W. J. Stites, Utah.

Prettiest Permanent I Ever Had

"I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I ever had regardless of cost."
Miss Betty Moultrop, Wash.

Each Kit Contains 40 Curlers

Shampoo and Wave Set also included

There is nothing else to buy. Shampoo and the wave set are included in each Charm-Kurl Kit. With Charm-Kurl it is easy to give yourself a thrilling, machineless permanent wave in the privacy of your own home that should last as long as any professional permanent wave. You do not have to have any experience in waving hair. Just follow the simple instructions.

MAKE THIS NO-RISK TEST

Prove to yourself as thousands of others have done, without risking one penny, that you, too, can give yourself a thrilling permanent at home the Charm-Kurl way. Just follow the simple, easy directions and after your permanent wave is in, let your mirror and your friends be the judge. If you do not honestly feel that your CHARM-KURL Permanent is the equal of any permanent you may have paid up to $5.00 for, you get your money back.

Waves Dyed Hair As Beautifully As Natural Hair

Dyed or bleached hair is a problem when it comes time for a permanent. But many women have found that Charm-Kurl waves their dyed hair as beautifully as it does natural hair. In fact, some of them tell us that CHARM-KURL is the **only** permanent wave that will "take" on their hair. If your dyed hair is a secret, CHARM-KURL will keep it so.

SEND NO MONEY Just fill in Coupon below. Don't send a penny. Your complete Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit will be rushed to you. On arrival deposit 59c plus postage (or $1.00 plus postage for two kits) with your postman with the understanding if you are not thrilled and delighted with results, your money will be cheerfully refunded on request. We pay postage if remittance is enclosed with order. You have nothing to risk and a beautiful permanent to gain, so take advantage of this special offer.

CHARM-KURL CO.
Dept. 491, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Mail This NO-RISK TEST Coupon Today

CHARM-KURL CO., Dept. 491,
2459 UNIVERSITY AVE., ST. PAUL, MINN.

You may send me a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit complete with 40 Curlers, Shampoo and Wave set. On arrival I will deposit 59c plus postage with my postman, with the understanding that if for any reason I am not satisfied, you guarantee to refund the purchase price immediately.

If you desire 2 kits sent C. O. D. for $1.00 plus postage, check here ☐

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